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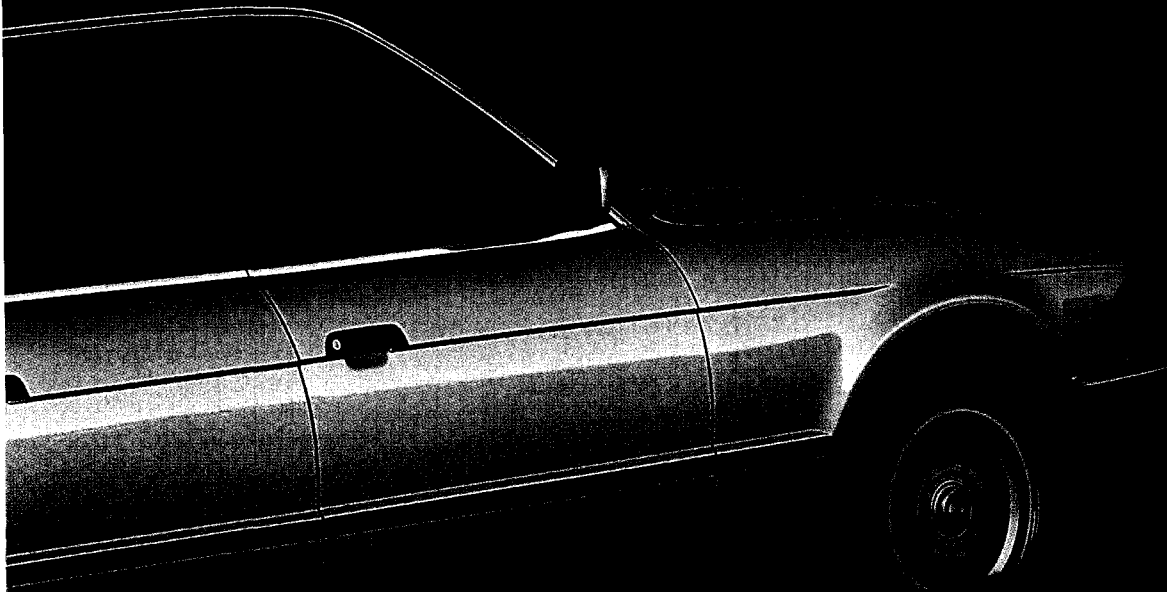
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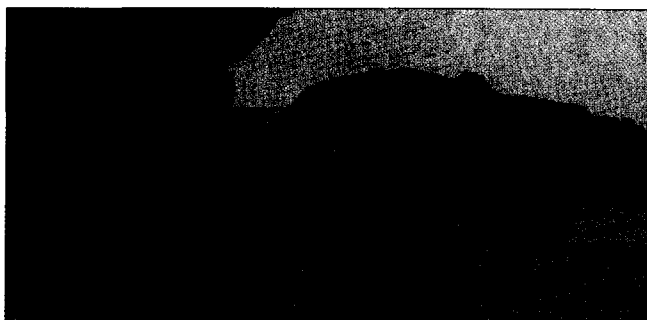
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A MAGAZINE'S design is more than decoration, more than simple packaging. It expresses the magazine's very character. *The Atlantic Monthly* has long attempted to provide a design environment in which two disparate traditions—literary and journalistic—can co-exist in pleasurable dignity. The redesign that we introduce with this issue—the work of our art director, Judy Garlan—represents, we think, a notable enhancement of that environment.

Garlan explains some of what was in her mind as she began to create the new design: "I saw this as an opportunity to bring the look closer to matching the elegance and power of the writing which the magazine is known for. The overall design has to be able to encompass a great diversity of styles and subjects—urgent pieces of reporting, serious essays, lighter pieces, lifestyle-oriented pieces, short stories, poetry. We don't want lighter pieces to seem too heavy, and we don't want heavier pieces to seem too pretty. We also use a broad range of art and photography, and the design has to work well with that, too. At the same time, the magazine needs to have a consistent feel, needs to underscore the sense that everything in it is part of one *Atlantic* world."

The primary typefaces Garlan chose for this task are Times Roman, for a more readable body type, and Bauer Bodoni, for a

more stylish and flexible display type (article titles, large initials, and so on). Other aspects of the new design are structural. The articles in the front of the magazine, which once flowed into one another, now stand on their own, to gain prominence. The Travel column, now featured in every issue, has been moved from the back to the front. As noted in this space last month, the word "Monthly" rejoins "The Atlantic" on the cover, after a decade-long absence.

Judy Garlan came to *The Atlantic* in 1981 after having served as the art director of several other magazines. During her tenure here *The Atlantic* has won more than 300 awards for visual excellence, from the Society of Illustrators, the American Institute of Graphic Arts, the Art Directors Club, *Communication Arts*, and elsewhere. Garlan was in various ways assisted in the redesign by the entire art-department staff: Robin Gilmore-Barnes, Betsy Urrico, Gillian Kahn, and Lisa Manning.

The artist Nicholas Gaetano contributed as well: he redrew our colophon (the figure of Neptune that appears on the contents page) and created the symbols that will appear regularly on this page (a rendition of our building), on the Puzzler page, above the opening of Letters, and on the masthead. Gaetano, whose work manages to combine stylish clarity and breezy strength, is the cover artist for this issue. —THE EDITORS

CONTRIBUTORS

Jon Bowermaster ("The Last Front of the Cold War") is the author of several books, including *Crossing Antarctica* (1992) and *The Adventures and Misadventures of Peter Beard*, to be published this month.

James Fallows ("Looking at the Sun") is the Washington editor of *The Atlantic*. He is the author of *National Defense* (1981) and *More Like Us* (1989). His article in this issue is the first of four to be drawn from his book *Looking at the Sun*, to be published next February by Pantheon.

Stanley Fish ("Reverse Racism, or How the Pot Got to Call the Kettle Black") is a professor of English and of law at Duke University. His essay in this issue is from his book *There's No Such Thing as Free Speech*, to be published this month by Oxford University Press.

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Jane and Michael Stern ("Happy Trails") are the authors of numerous books. Their latest, *Way Out West*, will be published this month.

May Swenson ("What I Did on a Rainy Day") died in 1990. Her poem in this issue is from her book *Nature*, to be published next year.

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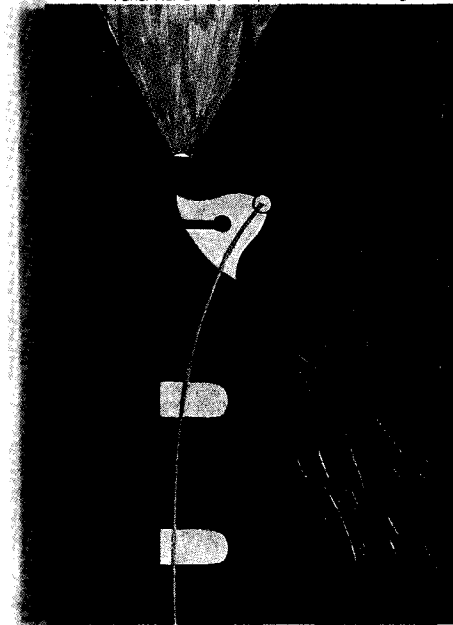
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LETTERS

Women and the Bible

Thank you very much for Cullen Murphy's fine review ("Women and the Bible," August *Atlantic*) of current thinking on the role of women in the Bible and in that part of the modern world that remains shaped by the Bible's ancient stories and poetry. The recovery of the power of women-symbols in sacred narrative augurs a future in which humanity may indeed reflect our origins in a male-female Creator.

Two points might be added to Murphy's article. First, although I applaud the spotlighting of distinguished female scholars, there are also many male scholars who have shared in the recovery of biblical women's stories (for example, Ched Myers, working on Mark's Gospel, and Walter Brueggemann, on Hebrew Scripture). The search for a holistic interpretation of biblical narratives is not exclusively a project of women.

Second, although Murphy notes the ongoing predominance of men in biblical studies proper, those studying directly for the ministry in many denominations are already mostly women. Indeed, more than 70 percent of Master of Divinity degrees at Seattle University's Institute for Theological Studies (where I received my degree) have been earned by women. The recovery of powerful tales of ancient female religious leaders will only add greater force to the modern grace-full surge in women's religious authority.

Wes Howard-Brook
Seattle, Wash.

I cannot agree that women were ever seriously dominant in any society (not counting the subtle influences of domestic power) in any other than individual cases. Why? Simple common sense. Hermeneutics can come up with any answer the researcher wants to come up with, and on all sides the experts sound pretty good while they're talking. But in

the silence that follows, sheer rationality ever reminds us of those two basic obstacles to any political dominance of women in historical times: childbearing and testosterone.

Speculation that Miriam may have been more important than the Bible lets on (probably true), or that women had more influence in the early Church than was usual in contemporary times (probably also true), is a far cry from proving that women were ever dominant or even equal to men.

In view of the physically and emotionally complicating effects of motherhood, and women's comparative shortage of muscle power in a time when brute strength meant, if not everything, a great deal, no primitive society could afford for very long to put women into any kind of general parity of power with men, or in any consistent way into equal positions of dominance.

Certainly women were leaders over other women, and perhaps, in times of peace, even in token positions over some men, but it's a triumph of the imagination to suppose that in the brutal tribal struggles that must have taken place in hunter-gatherer times and in early agrarian cultures, women would have been equally acceptable to men in slots that called for muscle and aggressiveness—especially when someone must take care of the kids.

Maude McDaniel
Cumberland, Md.

I compliment you on "Women and the Bible": the article is serious and respectful. However, one question comes to my mind which should have been addressed, or at least mentioned.

Christian churches believe that authority is derived from some combination of Scripture, church hierarchy, and personal communion with God. Different communities ascribe different weights to each source, but all agree that the Word of God as revealed in Scripture is only one source of authority.

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Accordingly, even assuming that subsequent research upholds the most far-reaching speculation of the scholars quoted—that women were much better represented in early Christian communities than ever before thought—should today's religious practices be modified?

James J. Bante
Rochester Hills, Mich.

I read "Women and the Bible" with great interest and a bit of a chuckle. It seems that nothing is sacred to revisionists anymore, not even the Bible. Trying to ascertain women's roles and place in the Old and New Testaments is futile unless one works with the original texts, not texts that have been translated through two languages or more. Additionally, New Testament texts were self-serving propaganda originally and made more self-serving by others in translation (or mistranslation). Now they are again being made more self-serving, but in the name of scholarship.

Women are underrepresented in the Old Testament because they had virtually no role in Judaism. Women had no role because they bled; women of childbearing age were ritually unclean at least once a month. In the wholly mythological world of the Hebrew Old Testament, blood was both feared and revered; it was darkly mysterious and sacred. Blood sacrifices were made to atone and to sanctify; but blood was also a pollutant.

Furthermore, the original, mythological Hebrew texts were written in—and riddled with—figurative language that, even within the proper cultural context, could be understood on several levels. Outside the cultural context these texts can be understood only to a point. And because of the figurative language, these texts can be made to mean almost anything the interpreter wants. Even Murphy notes that "the transliteration of Semitic names from Hebrew into Greek is haphazard and inconsistent." So much for names—imagine how haphazardly and inconsistently ideas and events can be "transliterated"! For example, Murphy is incorrect when noting that 'adham referred to people or humankind. 'Adham is the Hebrew word both for the color red and for blood. Thus the use of Adam in the Garden of Eden can be read in a number of ways. The translators of the Dead Sea Scrolls still argue whether accounts of great battles be-

tween the Sons of Darkness and Light represent mythological events or real history. Even translating English texts back into Hebrew is not much help, since the cultural context that may have illuminated one or more levels of meaning is certainly lost over several millennia.

Further, I doubt that the patriarchal sense of the Bible *should* be assailed, as it might be one of the only culturally accurate artifacts left us from the biblical world. Most pastoral societies are extremely patriarchal. Many pastoralist societies, past and present, have had similar fears of and problems with menstruating women. Many such societies even constructed dwellings in which women lived during their menstrual periods. In many pastoralist societies women are kept separate at religious and social events even when they are not menstruating. The Jews, wandering herders who settled into village life, were probably no exception with their fear and distrust of women's issues of blood. However, that they were patriarchal is just as much an artifact of their religion as it was of their mode of production and lineage and clan system of kinship—cultural realities overlooked by most biblical analysts.

Text analysis can tell us much about history and culture. But most texts are useful only when the cultural milieu surrounding their production is understood. Text analysts, armed with a general good sense of the culture of the text producers, use original texts, not texts that have been distorted by translation, mistranslation, and propagandists. Because of the Hebrew to Greek to English translations of the Old Testament, and the self-serving nature of the New Testament (also in translation), the Bible represents for would-be text analysts not only an unreliable data base but a polluted one as well.

What is really at work here is not scholarship but politics. In the name of scholarship, Christianity is being made more palatable for women—more specifically, more palatable for feminists. But mixing religion and politics is not new; in the world of the Old Testament, religion *was* politics, so it is ironic that women, the polluters, who had so little in the way of a religious role because they were prone to ritual impurity, are now playing politics with religion.

Even Murphy notes the problems "with the distinction between deriving an

interpretation *from* a text and reading an interpretation *into* a text." This process of reading an interpretation into a text has been going on with all biblical scholarship from the year one, literally. There seems no end to it.

Randolph Fillmore
Tampa, Fla.

Cullen Murphy's claim that the motivation for feminist scholarship is "intellectual curiosity" and the desire to aid women in attaining positions of authority in the Christian ministry is false and disingenuous. The motivation for feminist biblical scholarship is the same as that for Leonard Jeffries's racial scholarship, or Foucault's histories, or Derrida's and Barthes's literary criticisms, or Baudrillard's rereading of vulgar and scientific early Marxism. The motivation is to overthrow by subversion and transgression, to be with-and-against, to dissect, dismantle, deconstruct, demolish, demythologize, and demystify for the larger purpose of delegitimizing the prevailing order. The end is to achieve mental dominance: control over history and religion is nearly as exciting as control over the means of production, and cleaner, too—fit for bourgeois academics. A race or gender or class-based rewriting of the Bible and a "feminist" theology are purely Orwellian projects, crackpot schemes to appropriate and politicize—to ruin—the core of Western civilization.

David Gale
Venice, Calif.

A New Economic Order

Akio Morita's article "Toward a New World Economic Order" (June *Atlantic*) is touching in its faith in the possibility of perpetual economic growth. Morita acknowledges that "average annual economic growth in the Triad may continue to hover in the two percent range over the next few years—unless creative action is taken to nurture and stimulate sustainable growth."

But "sustainable growth," as the economist Herman Daly has often pointed out, is an oxymoron. The mass of the earth is limited, as is the daily allotment of solar energy. Such is the patrimony we must do with (unless we are so foolish as

to trust in the safety of a worldwide generating system of thousands of nuclear plants). Exponential growth, at even so slow a rate as the two percent per year that Morita decries, soon becomes unsustainable. Our Japanese industrialist does not understand the profound limitations of exponential growth. (Neither do most American industrialists.) Those who are entrusted with the political and social future of the world must do better.

For a while human communities can be energized by the illusion that endless exponential growth is both possible and desirable. Growth can be financed in several ways. *We* sometimes take from *them*—other people; this is the oldest way. Advantage comes to those who are the first to use new technology—bows, arrows, shovels, tractors, or computers, for instance. We can increase the efficiency of our production systems (though never as much as 100 percent). In the past we could discover new land (though this usually meant taking it from others).

Lastly, we can exploit the environment more thoroughly. Unfortunately this usually means mistreating the land: opening up soil to erosion, forests to devastation, productive estuaries to unproductive housing, rich bottom lands to being covered over by a dammed reservoir (which sooner or later silts up), or irrigating hot and dry acres that eventually become useless through salination. The list goes on and on.

The basic point is this: each new exploitative development increases the carrying capacity of the land momentarily at the cost of eventually reducing it drastically. Today's deserts are to a large extent man-made. Even Don Marquis's little cockroach, Archy, knew this more than half a century ago: "What man calls civi-

lization always results in deserts," he told Mehitabel. What new deserts does Morita suggest that civilization create to finance what he hopes will be perpetual economic growth? He does not confide in us.

Psychological denial exacts a heavy price. In crafting the Treaty of Versailles the Allies closed their minds to the essential characteristics of exponential growth. Seeking revenge, they demanded reparations that presumed a rate of growth in the German economy which was quite impossible. The English economist John Maynard Keynes warned of the dire consequences of the intransigence of the

gers of exponential increase in the debts assumed by Third World countries that have accepted "foreign aid." Though the specified interest rates have been concessionary, they have still been unrealistically high in the light of the probable rates of growth of the economies of the borrowing parties. When the inevitable day of default arrives, a bouquet of stinkweeds flourishes: disillusionment of the electorate in the lending country and embarrassment of decent people in the borrowing country, accompanied by a cynical kleptomaniac among rulers of the poor. Rhetoric on both sides becomes abusive, but few philan-

thropists seriously examine the tragic consequences of an exponentially growing debt.

Looking to the future, Morita casually assumes the perpetual continuation of positive growth in material wealth. Unfortunately, we may be getting close to the time when we must look for a new kind of happiness—in a wealth that is not material. A wealth of honest realism.

Morita does not even think of this possibility. Seeking to forestall criticism, he confesses his faith in "harmonization." Nowhere is this word defined in operational terms,

yet a hasty survey of his essay turns up no fewer than twenty-six uses of "harmonization" or one of its derivatives. This is the language of diplomacy; one expects better of an oracle.

I can remember, back in the 1930s, when Americans foolishly dismissed the Japanese as industrial competitors because so many of their products were—at that time—trashy. No more—as Detroit has learned to its sorrow! With the publication of Morita's graceful essay it appears that the Japanese competitive armament is now going to be enriched with the persuasiveness of Madison Avenue.



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treaty-makers. He was dismissed as a "Chicken Little." Within twenty years the English people learned that their Chicken Little had been right.

A historic event never has a single cause, but many students of the two world wars think that the treaty written at the end of the first war was an important cause of the second. Desperate poverty in Germany produced disorder, and disorder produced Hitler. The treaty-makers were blind to the power of exponential growth—in this case the growth of debt, not wealth.

In our own time the elite of wealthy nations have been equally blind to the dan-



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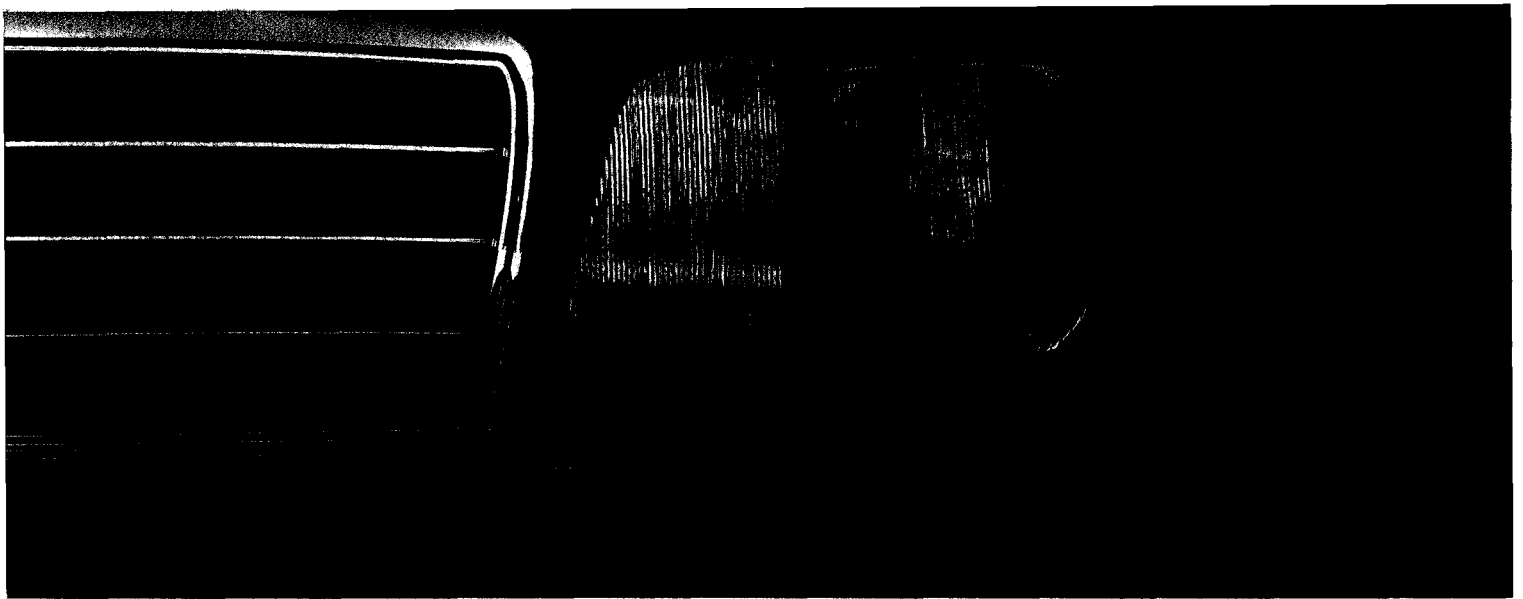
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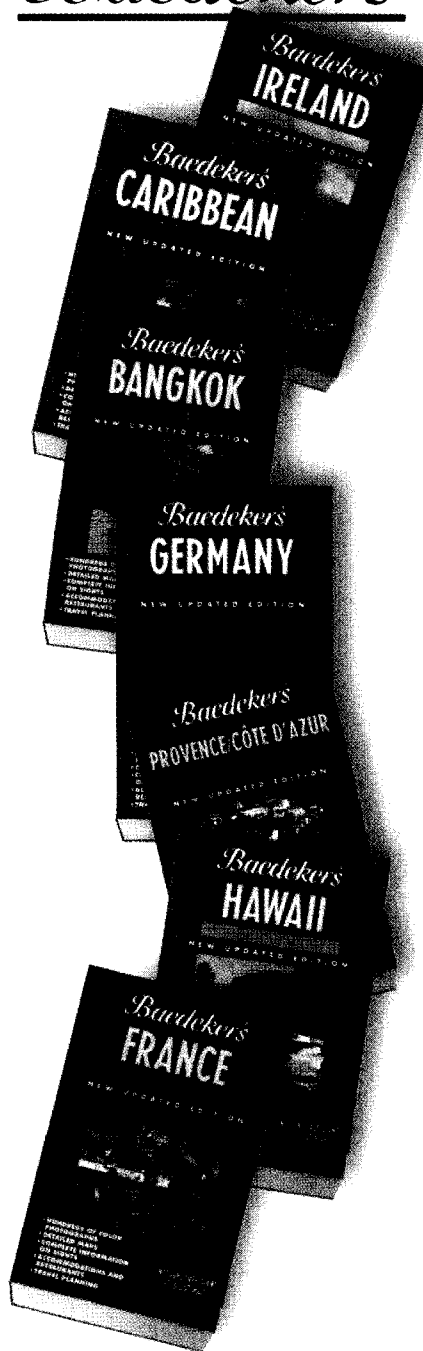
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America's PR men and women should look to their laurels. And Americans on the street had better check the zippers on their pockets and their purses.

Garrett Hardin
Santa Barbara, Calif.

It is pointless for Akio Morita to bare his soul on government trade barriers to American exporters when Japan's whole economy revolves around exclusive and dependent relationships (or *keiretsu*) that insist on preferential trade between Japanese-owned companies.

Morita plays to American misconceptions that, barring some lingering government regulation, the Japanese economy stands as the mirror image of the United States. But Japanese firms maintain a very distinctive behavior beyond government regulation, arising from sources of homogeneity and nationalism in Japan itself. Even Akio Morita must admit as inconceivable, for instance, that General Electric or AT&T could buy Sony and assume corporate control of its operations in Japan and throughout the world, as Sony accomplished with its takeover of Columbia Pictures in 1989. It strains credulity for Morita to suggest that he would have America's equity markets structured around "stable" corporate shareholders that preclude Japanese investment. Yet underlying the corporate alliances and long-term visions that Morita praises in Japan is an equity market that does not allow foreign takeovers unless no interested Japanese buyers exist (as with Polly Peck's purchase of Sasui).

Japan's challenge to the West is not the long hours put in by Japanese workers, as Morita suggests, but rather a kind of corporate nationalism that often precludes foreign-owned businesses from competing on the basis of quality and price. This alliance capitalism (as Michael Gerlach, of Berkeley, calls it) is structured around corporate relationships, but its exclusivity is ultimately a matter of Japanese nationalism. No foreign corporation has ever won influence within any of Japan's largest *keiretsu*; despite that, access to these networks is indispensable to conducting business with Japanese firms anywhere in the world.

Contained within Japan, this nationalism (and its troubling identity with a monoracial society) need not necessarily isolate Japan from the West. Injected into

international trade and politics, however, it manifests less-tolerable outcomes. One-way account surpluses with every industrialized nation are only one of the more visible symptoms of a problem that reaches far deeper than government regulation and late hours at the office.

Morita is a welcome participant in the debate of issues that separate Japan and Western industrialized nations; I only hope he is willing to address these differences for what they are.

J. Douglas Johnson
Mechanicsburg, Pa.

Garbage Problems

Allen Hershkowitz's article "How Garbage Could Meet Its Maker" (June *Atlantic*) is interesting but wrong.

When the garbage trucks come up the street, it is assumed that the city—some invisible "they"—is taking care of the problem. Indeed, elected officials have been awakened in the middle of the night, or worse, when the cans were not emptied on time. People demand "good" garbage services. In some cities frequent and "free" pickups were long ago made part of ward services. However, few households today have garbage collection and disposal paid for by taxes. Many have user fees as a separate municipal charge, or contract directly with private collectors. Of 600 municipal agency heads surveyed, only 200 reported reliance solely on tax funds. Across the country 25 percent of the population lives in rural areas without municipal services. Some 22 percent lives in mobile homes or buildings with more than five units, and even the most generous of the large cities do not indulge them with "free" service. Apartment buildings, commercial establishments, and institutions all pay for their garbage service by the container, be it a big roll-off or the familiar dumpster. It is a myth that tax money is the solution for garbage.

Some people would have the manufacturers of the discards pay for recycling and disposal, calling them the polluters. There is a lot wrong with this theory. Proponents single out packaging, ignoring the remaining more than 70 percent of municipal solid waste (MSW). They point to European countries (particularly

Germany) as an example of how to transfer costs to packaging manufacturers—as if those costs won't be passed on. Manufacturers offer products for sale; they do not discard them. The consumer has a choice whether to use them.

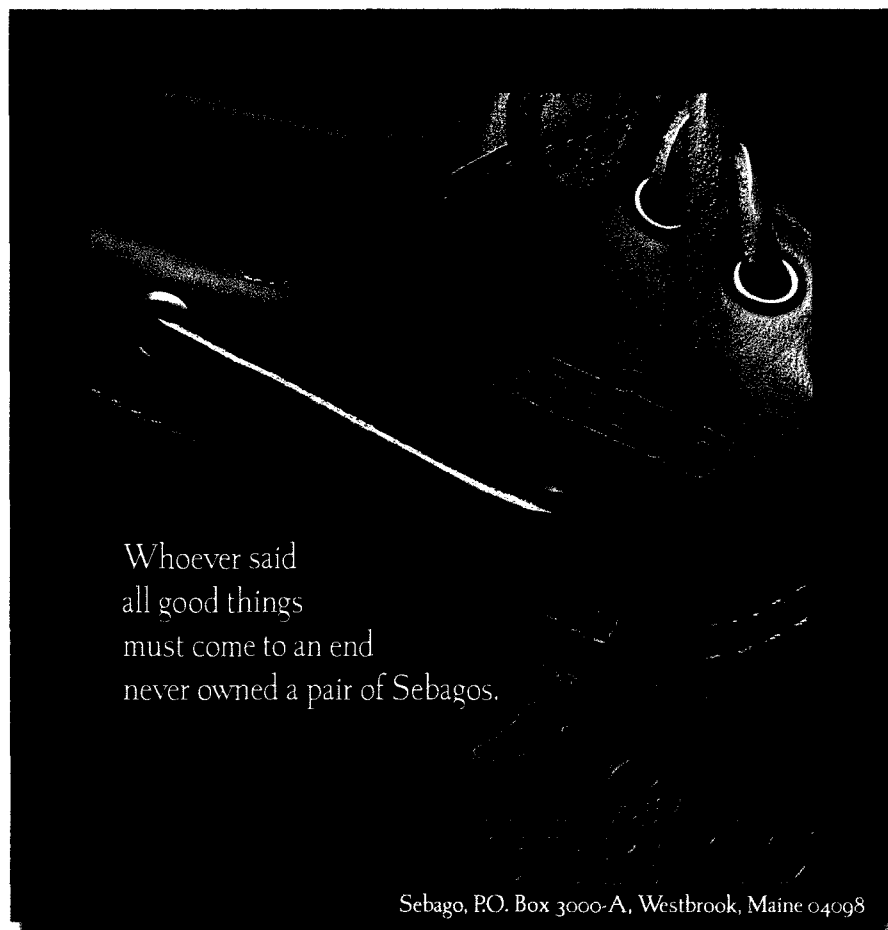
Packaging is not the problem. Rather, packaging is the prime example of waste reduction: flexible packages replace rigid and metal packages, and glass, paper, and plastic containers are lighter in weight than they were even a few years ago. (Product manufacturers do not sell packaging—they use it.) From 1970 to 1990 the amount of MSW discarded grew at an annual rate of 1.9 percent, alongside a population growth of one percent. Packaging waste increased at an annual rate matching that of population growth. However, discards of durable goods increased at a rate of 2.7 percent per year and of non-durable goods at a rate of 3.7 percent.

Nondurable goods include reading materials (news-papers, magazines, books, and advertising materials), office waste, disposable food-service items, and the ubiquitous (for some) disposable diapers. In an educated and free society we don't want to limit reading materials. Offices are shifting (so we are told) to paperlessness. Food-service items save water and sewage (an environmental improvement), and there is general agreement that the environmental competition between disposable and reusable diapers is a toss-up, not counting the convenience to new parents or grandparents. Nondurables include, for example, two million tons a year of cat litter and 0.8 ounce per year per person of throwaway ballpoint pens. Where should the line be drawn?

Germany has installed an arcane and draconian system to force the recycling of

packaging waste, even though packaging is only 25 percent of its waste. The cost, prorated to the U.S. population, would increase MSW-management costs by \$4 billion a year. Thus advocates of adopting the German system, who say MSW management costs too much, would have us pay more for a system that does not work.

Why, then, do critics of MSW and packaging persist in inaccurate arguments about garbage? Why are discredited systems touted? I think the answer is that some people wish to punish us for being wastrels. They assume that if a



plastic cup or a steel can or some other package is thrown away, we should don a hair shirt. This is not to discredit recycling. However, recycling cannot solve the problem. There is too much in the waste that has been designed to lower costs, increase convenience and leisure time, and improve public health. Moreover, many of the products discarded are low-cost because they represent low materials and energy inputs. This is the ultimate conservation.

Harvey Alter
U.S. Chamber of Commerce
Washington, D.C.

Although Allen Hershkowitz is to be commended for advocating the potentially valuable waste-management policy of manufacturer responsibility, he incorrectly denigrates another valuable option. Charging consumers a per-bag fee for garbage does not send "weak" or "indirect" signals to manufacturers. On the contrary: competition for supermarket shelf space is such that when consumers switch from a more-packaged product to a less-packaged competing product, the feedback from retailer to distributor to manufacturer can be pretty quick. Al-

though there are limitations to per-bag fees (the difficulty of enforcing compliance in large cities with multiple dwellings; the fact that it is a local policy, making broad-based implementation difficult), studies of localities that have implemented them in conjunction with recycling programs show dramatic reductions in total waste generation.

Hershkowitz also takes an overly rosy view of potential cost. A monopoly consortium is likely to emerge at the regional level (as it did in Germany at the national level). Since that consortium spreads

its costs to all manufacturers, who in turn pass them on to consumers, there is no more incentive to keep those costs at a minimum than under our current "monopoly" government system.

Susan Cohen
New York, N.Y.

Anyone would be outraged if a neighbor dumped garbage in his back yard, yet this is essentially what manufacturers do to the American consumer. And we get to pay for this favor three times over in the cost of the product, its overpackaging, and disposal of the packaging.

As Allen Hershkowitz points out in his clear-sighted essay, we do ourselves an injustice by allowing this situation to continue. Our legislators must find the courage to bring industry to full accountability for the garbage it creates. Rather than preserving the right to pollute in the name of the dollar, we need to safeguard in the name of posterity our right not to be dumped on.

Linda Muhlhausen
Tinton Falls, N.J.

Allen Hershkowitz replies:

Shifting waste-disposal costs from the taxpayer to the consumer makes perfect economic sense. To reiterate what I said in my article, I am always a taxpayer but only sometimes a consumer, and then only for certain items. My waste-disposal costs should reflect what I discard as a consumer, not the taxes I pay. But if I pay for waste disposal as a consumer, so should the consumer-products companies pay, so that they receive a direct signal of the downstream economic and environmental burdens their material-use patterns engender.

By aggregating data over twenty years, Harvey Alter manages to disguise recent trends. In contrast to the data he provides, Environmental Protection Agency data indicate that since 1988 the U.S. waste stream has actually *increased* by almost 10 percent, even while America was in a recession and population increased by less than one percent. Fully a third of this burden is packaging wastes, a cost now inappropriately external to the price of doing business.

Mr. Alter's comment that manufacturers have no culpability regarding the impact of their products ("The consumer has a choice whether to use them") is sophomoric. As long as government subsidizes the acquisition of more-polluting virgin resources and insulates companies from the downstream financial burdens that their products—designed to be disposable—engender, manufacturers will always choose virgin resources, to the detriment of investment in technologies that use secondary resources. No consumer choice at the supermarket can affect these macro-incentives. Mr. Alter's remark that disposable food-service items

are "an environmental improvement" reveals an unfortunate lack of familiarity with the field of life-cycle assessments, now being debated within the scientific community.

Mr. Alter objects to looking to Germany for lessons. But we have often looked to Germany in the field of solid-waste management, learning from its incineration program, its advanced air-pollution-control technologies, and its air regulations. According to the Organization of Economic Cooperation and Development, Americans generate twice as much waste per capita as the Germans do and use twice as much energy in the process. Why Mr. Alter thinks we can't learn something here is beyond me.

He calls the German system "discredited." In whose eyes? Although I wouldn't argue for an exact replica of the German system in the United States, just last month senior officials in Bonn reiterated their commitment to their approach of internalizing waste-disposal costs to manufacturers, indicating that all alternatives are worse. This is precisely my point.

Mr. Alter's estimates of the cost of the



German system are simply without basis, because the Germans themselves have not yet established the cost of their still evolving system.

Mr. Alter concludes his letter by speculating on the motives of people he deems "critics of MSW and packaging." He is of course free to do so, but if he is speculating on the Natural Resources Defense Council's motives or my motives, he is wrong here as well. We simply view wastes as an indicator of efficiency; seeking to eliminate wastes, we are seeking to make our economy, and thus our nation, stronger. It is unfortunate that the U.S. Chamber of Commerce has to this date offered no cogent proposal on how to alleviate the widely acknowledged and substantial environmental and economic burdens engendered by the solid wastes produced by America's consumer-product companies. Whether Mr. Alter likes it or not, recycling will be the cornerstone of our future solid-waste policies. We might as well figure out how to make it profitable.

Regarding the remarks of Susan Cohen: Per-bag fees may be effective in en-

couraging consumers to choose products wrapped in less packaging, but assigning the costs of collection and waste processing to the manufacturers would do it better: it would directly communicate to manufacturers that their costs would be less if they reduced packaging. Consumer choices at the supermarket relate to many issues other than how an item is packaged, and relying on a per-bag system to send a message to manufacturers about packaging design is very convoluted. More important, per-bag fees would send no economic signal regarding a manufacturer's choice of materials, and it is this issue that is fundamental to whether or not recycled secondary materials are chosen instead of more-polluting virgin resources.

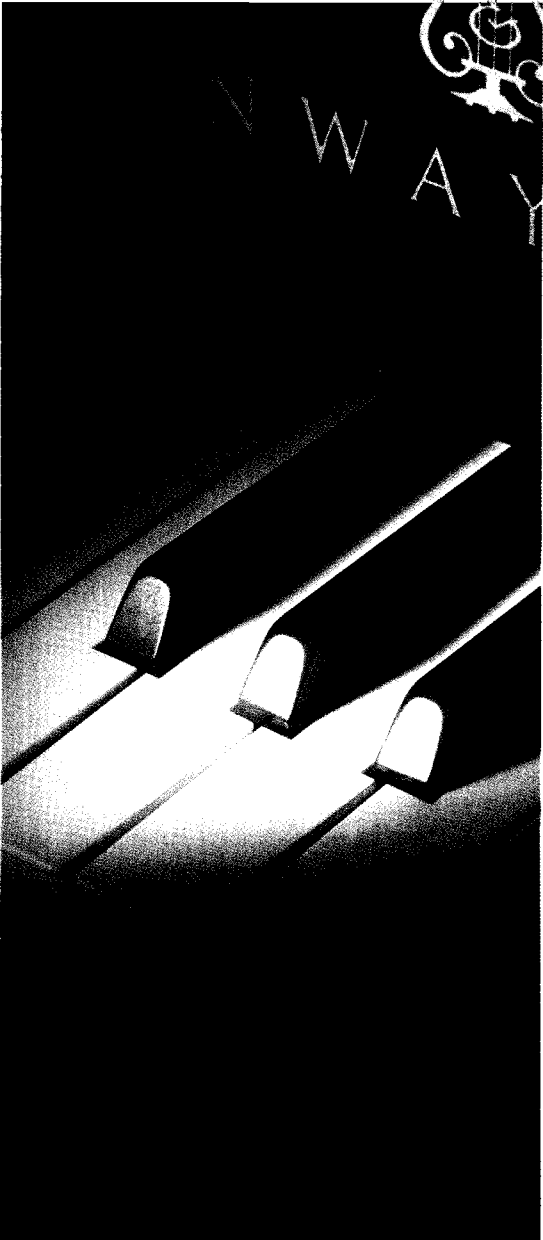
As for Ms. Cohen's concern that private monopolies will replace the government's current monopoly on garbage management, the same regulations that now allow private carters, nonprofit groups, and others to compete under the current taxpayer-financed system could be integrated into a system financed by manufacturers.

On Nationalism

Stanley Hoffmann's "The Passion of Modernity" (*August Atlantic*) exposed many of the pitfalls awaiting those who try to account for the modern phenomenon of nationalism. The extraordinary adaptability of nationalism has shown it to be the terrain of narrow-minded fascist demagogues and liberal intellectuals alike. Paradoxically, it has repeatedly fueled both extranational aggression and the cries for ethnic self-determination which result. The passions of nationalism produce an ironic selflessness in a world terribly preoccupied with the individual. Unfortunately, this selflessness is often accompanied by arrogance, ethnocentrism, and hatred.

Assessing the varied origins of this peculiar force is indeed a daunting task. It becomes less tedious, however, when one abandons the context of ideology in the discussion of nationalism. For nationalism is not, as Hoffmann would have it, a "secular ideology" or a "program of action that sets goals." An ideology—such as classical liberalism, conservatism, or Marxist





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socialism—is a rational world map, a set of assumptions about societal mechanisms, a way of ordering the world. Nationalism is a feeling, a refuge, an escape: it is a way of imagining a community that is better than the one that exists around us in secular reality. Nationalism reigns supreme over socialism and other “discredited” ideologies precisely because there is no doctrine of nationalism to be discredited.

Sean McMeekin
Rochester, N.Y.

Stanley Hoffmann replies:

Ideologies may or may not be “rational” roadmaps. Liberalism, yes. Marxism was as much a faith as it was a rational projection. Fascism and Nazism were ideologies, but they were hardly rational roadmaps. The most potent ideologies have engaged the feelings as much as the mind. And nationalism has usually been more than a refuge: it comes with programs, sometimes constructive, often murderous. Having studied French nationalism for years, I can assure Sean McMeekin that one thinks it as much as one feels it.

Voodoo Politics

As the current director of the U.S. Agency for International Development mission to Haiti, I was most interested in Lawrence E. Harrison’s article “Voodoo Politics” (June *Atlantic*). Despite his solid credentials as a Haiti-watcher of long standing, Harrison did make one significant factual error. Referring to the United States government, he said, “We should have used a denial of aid to the de facto governments as leverage . . . for a negotiated solution acceptable to Aristide.” He went on to recommend a policy of “expanded humanitarian and developmental aid administered through private organizations such as CARE and Catholic Relief Services.”

That is in fact exactly what was done. The United States suspended all assistance to Haiti immediately after the September, 1991, coup, and since that time has provided no aid of any kind to the de facto government. Through USAID, however, the United States has provided substantial amounts of humanitarian assistance: our current programs provide

daily meals for more than half a million people (mostly small children) and health services to nearly two million. All this assistance has been channeled through various private voluntary agencies, such as CARE and Catholic Relief Services.

David A. Cohen
Washington, D.C.

Lawrence Harrison replies:

David Cohen apparently did not understand that I would have used the denial of aid to the de facto governments (channeling it instead through private organizations) *as an alternative to the embargo*. I am of course aware that aid has been thus delivered since the coup.

Electric Power

The passing reference to “several reactors begun but never finished by the Tennessee Valley Authority” in Gregg Easterbrook’s concise and informative look at “Energy: The Future of Electric Power” (July *Atlantic*) does not give your readers an adequate idea of the seriousness of the difficulties in which the TVA finds itself. After rashly ordering seventeen reactors in the late 1960s, the authority was forced to cancel eight reactors in the early eighties and defer six others after power demand failed to grow as fast as predicted. The five reactors that the TVA had managed to complete were shut down for safety reasons in 1985, and have been restarted only to be restopped several times since. By this time, however, they had put themselves in debt to the tune of billions of dollars, a situation that has worsened.

The TVA nuclear program was at a hiatus when, in 1988, the new chairman, Marvin Runyon, decided to sink billions more into the unfinished reactors at the same time that he canceled an innovative and popular energy-conservation program because it was “too expensive.” That program had saved a reactor’s worth of power in the TVA region in just a few years and has since been copied and improved upon by utilities across the country. Today the TVA continues to stand alone in ignoring the potential for implementing energy efficiency and demand-side management in its grid, and has instead decided to pursue its troubled nuclear program at sites like Watts Bar

plant, \$4 billion over budget and more than a decade behind schedule.

The TVA's long-term debt currently stands at \$25 billion, and conservative estimates put the cost of finishing its mothballed reactors at another \$8 billion to \$10 billion. Meanwhile, historic changes detailed by Easterbrook are transforming the energy market and eroding the TVA's competitive position. Even though congressional allies amended the 1992 Energy Policy Act to protect the TVA from neighboring utilities and independent producers who can offer cheaper rates, it cannot hope to isolate itself completely from the energy market, and especially not from the efficiency technology that is available to customers. But the TVA is currently trying to do just that.

This scenario would be disturbing enough, but the fact that the TVA is a federal agency makes it doubly so. Irresponsible power planning, a lack of congressional oversight, immunity from regulatory control, and avoidance of public accountability have allowed this situation to develop, and its resolution is still in question. The full cost of the TVA's nuclear program hasn't yet been factored into its rate base; when it is, the valley's ratepayers will be caught in an inequitable and unsustainable situation, and a federal rescue will likely take place. But will a bailout be part of a reorganization of the TVA's policies in light of changing realities, or will the authority continue to subsidize what could end up being the most costly nuclear program in the country? This will be a pressing question for the U.S. taxpayer as well as for the Clinton Administration.

Doug Daigle
Tennessee Valley Energy Reform Coalition
Knoxville, Tenn.

Gregg Easterbrook made a number of very interesting and valid points about the electricity industry in "The Future of Electric Power," but he missed at least two potentially disastrous effects of recent regulatory changes. We may well be on the road to a national catastrophe around the end of the century.

Easterbrook mentions regulatory changes that not only allow independents to sell electricity to the utilities but also require the utilities to buy that electricity, and at a quite reasonable price. With a good guaranteed price the independents

screeching halt. In addition, trillions of dollars of capital investment in the U.S. utility industry is being unceremoniously dumped down the tubes.

But wait, Easterbrook says, the independents have already improved efficiency and environmental protection by introducing the new natural-gas-fired combined-cycle generating systems. Unfortunately, that technology is not at all new, and almost all the improvements come directly from the use of that cleaner-burning fuel. What is new today is the blind willingness of the regulators to

stake our national future on natural gas, which is in at least as short supply as oil and is far, far less widely available than coal. At the same time, industries all over the world are finding that they also are being encouraged to meet their environmental regulations by switching to this new miracle fuel, natural gas.

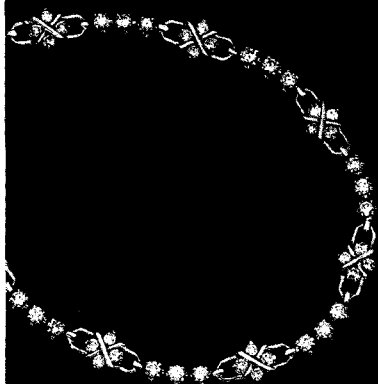
There is reasonably good agreement that at current U.S. consumption rates we may have perhaps thirty years of relatively low-cost natural gas left. If we double our consumption rate by converting a major fraction of

our power plants to natural gas, and double it again by converting an appreciable fraction of other industries to natural gas, then we have only seven and a half years left. As natural-gas prices rise, the independents, with no long-term commitments, will very likely simply depart the scene, leaving the public with a power structure in disarray.

When are we going to stop allowing the lawyers and the economists (that is, the regulators) to make our technological decisions?

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have very quickly put together new power and co-generation plants, based largely on 1970s generating and environmental-protection technology, with little or no regard for cost or efficiency. These are largely short-term financial ventures, involving few technological people, no ongoing research and development, and no long-term commitments. Meanwhile, the utilities, which in the past have actively fostered and developed cost and efficiency improvements, are rapidly being forced out of business. The upshot is that technical innovation in the electricity-generating industry has come to a

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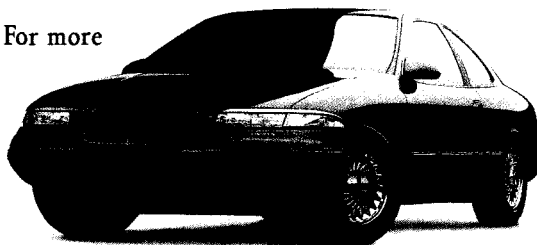
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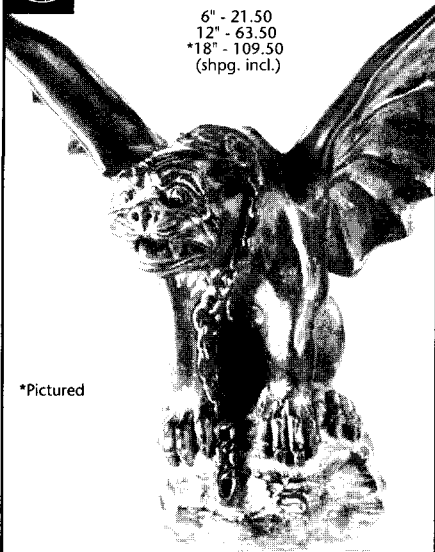


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Call to Order

Jack Beatty's "A Call to Order" (August *Atlantic*) leaves the false impression that human behavior is, in some crucial respect, independent of social, cultural, and biological determinants. In fact there is no evidence to support the widely accepted belief (apparently shared by Beatty) that there exists a causally free agent within the individual who autonomously wills his or her actions.

Beatty calls determinism "offensive to reason and morality," but it offends neither. On the contrary, it is unreasonable to suppose that human beings—natural creatures within a natural universe—are exempt from complete inclusion in the causal network. In a deterministic world—the world we live in—morality and responsibility don't derive from the individual's capacity to independently originate behavior, since there is no such capacity. Instead they are the instrumental expression of what we want behavior to be: we praise and punish in order to *create* morally upright, responsible citizens.

Beatty supposes that public consideration of the "root causes of urban riots and violent crime" would lead to excusing criminal behavior, since it implies that such causes, not the individual, are responsible. But we must still punish arsonists—hold them accountable—for purposes of incapacitation and deterrence, even though we know they don't autonomously "choose" to be arsonists. Beatty's recommendation, that we cease public discussion of root causes because it "proffers tacit permission to criminality," is a sad and pointed example of how the cultural myth of free will can block constructive understanding of how people become good or bad.

Thomas W. Clark
Somerville, Mass.

I do not know what draconian measures Jack Beatty might fantasize, or what utopian moral dreams he might have, but society has a need to understand root causes of crime if we are to endure it, and a need to experiment if we are to find means to prevent it. After all, building new prisons and locking up potentially productive members of society does nothing to ease the tax burden on the suffering middle class, nor does revenging one crime forestall another.

The solution might be as simple as a moratorium on the criminal prosecution of the shooting of gun and drug dealers. Or perhaps a ban on lawyers in the legislature—after all, who *really* benefits from crime? Answer: the prosecutor and the attorney for the defense. Next question: Who wrote the laws? Heaven forbid we should spend adequate money on education and health simply because we have the worst of both in the industrial world! And let us never forget that all the woes of a society can be traced to its least potent members—the poor but violent.

Dan Waddell
Houston, Texas

Jack Beatty takes a step much too far in the right direction. He is certainly not wrong in arguing that we must hold criminals individually and morally accountable for their transgressions, but to conclude that we should therefore de-emphasize the root causes of crime is clearly to confuse the exculpatory with the explanatory.

If society were in fact letting criminals off the hook by allowing, for example, a background rooted in poverty and prejudice to justify armed robbery, he would have a valid point. But no penal code or set of sentencing guidelines I am aware of allows the courts to apply such a personal history in any way either to excuse guilt or to mitigate punishment. So what action would Beatty have us take? Impose harsher penalties generally, apparently. But if looking to root causes has not solved the problem, cracking down on crime with ever-heavier prison terms, a recourse that has been invoked far more often, has at least as dismal a record. This nation's prison population has been increased several times over in recent years, at enormous cost, with no sound evidence that crime has been noticeably reduced as a result.

The plain fact is that conditions of poverty, abuse, and neglect clearly do contribute in marked and understandable ways to criminal behavior. They cannot and do not excuse that behavior—they are contributory, not sufficient causes—but contribute they do, and it is really specious to find efforts to deal with those causes somehow at odds with the fact that we must *also* continue to hold people responsible for their actions. Whether we can in fact solve these social problems—

as Beatty suggests we cannot—may be in question. But until we do better at this than we have done, pointing moral fingers will save no victims at all.

William Kime
Ionia, Mich.

"I would gladly believe in free will," the philosopher Hilary Putnam once remarked, "if only I knew what it meant." For a hundred years virtually no one except the religiously orthodox has believed in free will. And even they have about given up trying to say what it means.

What it means in practice is that I may punish you with a good conscience. "Men were called 'free,'" Nietzsche observed, "so that they might be judged and punished—so that they might become guilty." Free will is "the foulest of all theologians' artifices." That goes for political theology, too.

"Bad . . . choices by individuals lie behind most crime," Jack Beatty admonishes in "A Call to Order." Right. But what lies behind bad choices? Choices do not come from nowhere; they come from the self. And our selves come from our endowment, our environment, our experience—that is, from before, behind, outside, the self. But to believe this, Beatty protests, "is to espouse an environmental determinism nearly as offensive to reason and morality as racism." On the contrary, no morality that does not face up to causation and contingency deserves respect.

Of course Beatty is right: "Even poor youths . . . must be responsible for their acts." But although they are accountable, they are not guilty. We should punish them, but not with a good conscience. And though he is right that "any sane person would agree that everything possible should be done to help communities riven by crime and poverty," this agreement is perhaps not worth much. Far more important is the radical disagreement—between, say, Bob Dole and Jack Beatty—over how much is "possible."

George Scialabba
Cambridge, Mass.

Airline Deregulation

Paul Sheehan ("What Went Right," August *Atlantic*) describes airline deregulation as "one of the boldest economic ex-

periments of the century." As an airline pilot who has been with a major carrier for the past fifteen years, I have to disagree with the spin he has put on the terrible state of this industry.

One analyst noted (*Wall Street Journal*, April 9) that "the U.S. airline industry has now lost more than twice the accumulated profit it earned since it began commercial service in the 1920's." Wall Street has downgraded most airline debt to junk-bond status, and about 18 percent of the industry is in Chapter 11 bankruptcy. Desperate to continue operating, airlines are abandoning routes, canceling new-aircraft orders, and terminating thousands of employees. This is having a ripple effect in aircraft manufacturing, where Boeing is slashing 26,000 jobs.

The move to concentration in the industry, where three major airlines control almost 60 percent of the market, has not improved profitability. While some consumers may enjoy savings where routes are operated below cost, contributing to the industry's insolvency, investors, creditors, and workers suffer losses.

Total deregulation of the airline industry is another example, like the health-care crisis, where unleashed "market forces" have not served the American people well.

Ray Heimbecker
Montgomery, Vt.

As proof that deregulation has made the industry safer, Paul Sheehan cites the National Transportation Safety Board records comparing the period 1955–1977 with the period since deregulation and finds that "the average annual number of people killed in accidents involving major domestic airlines has declined by 27.5 percent." He goes on to say, "Even larger declines were recorded in the average number of accidents per year, down by 53.5 percent, and of accidents involving fatalities, down by 39.7 percent." After that he boasts that America's deregulated airlines have a better safety record than Western Europe's regulated lines.

The two periods the NTSB is talking about cannot be compared—at least not within the context of deregulation. Statistics from the 1950s and 1960s reflect an era still dominated by unreliable propeller engines and mechanical control systems. The deregulated-era statistics reflect an age of highly efficient turbine jets and fly-by-wire avionics.

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Any pilot will tell you that flying a 747 is a thousand times safer than flying a DC-6. As one has put it, "I've experienced fewer engine failures in the past fifteen years than I used to experience in a month." Today's amazing safety records can be credited to improved technology, better pilot training, better air-traffic control, and better airport design—but not to deregulation.

As for Sheehan's comparison with Europe: Europe's pilot training has generally lagged behind ours and its air-traffic-control system has been on the verge of gridlock for years. Western Europe is a crowded little continent speaking many languages and having great disparity between the technological standards of one country and another. If Europe were to deregulate tomorrow, it would probably not see any dramatic safety improvement.

Reynolds Dodson
New York, N.Y.

Paul Sheehan's fascinating article on deregulation left unclear (perhaps inadvertently) a point on which the success of much of his argument rests. Sheehan writes, "Today the *average* airfare is a third less than it was at the time of deregulation." Does that figure take into account the number of people flying (or the number of miles flown) at each fare? If not, then the implication that passengers in general are better off is false.

For example, let's say that the fares for Route A and Route B are reduced from \$150 to \$50, while the fare for Route C is increased from \$150 to \$200. The total fares are reduced from \$450 to \$300—a reduction of a third. But if many more people fly Route C, the "one-third reduction" in airfares clearly does not manifest itself in the overall benefit to passengers that a real decrease in fares would.

How was the "average" obtained?

S. J. Estes
New York, N.Y.

Paul Sheehan's piece on airline deregulation was on the mark, perceptive, and intelligent. It would, however, have carried somewhat more authority had you and he made sure you got the name of the former regulatory agency correct in the very first paragraph. It was the Civil Aeronautics Board, not the Civil Aviation Board.

Bruce Ellison
Sun City, Ariz.

Paul Sheehan replies:

Like most critics of airline deregulation, Ray Heimbecker repeats the apocalyptic mantra of bankruptcy, oligopoly, and abandonment. Yet only one major airline is bankrupt, representing just three percent of capacity. The three largest carriers have 53 percent of the market, not 60 percent, and are retreating from markets in the face of lower-cost carriers. An industry supposedly in retreat, the airlines have grown a healthy 4.3 percent in revenue-passenger miles so far this year, following a robust rise of 11 percent last year.

The oft-repeated assertion that the airlines have lost more money in recent years than they have earned in profits since the 1920s is powerful, but also grossly misleading. The airline industry was kept alive for its first twenty years by government mail contracts. For the next twenty years it was used only by the wealthy, business, and government. In the past decade it has grown exponentially. Today a single large carrier generates more annual revenue than the entire airline industry did in 1963.

Reynolds Dodson's point that there is little comparison between the technology—and safety standards—of today and those of previous decades is self-evident. Quantum advances in computer technology, too, have been made, and they have nothing to do with deregulation. But my point was that the Cassandras who predicted that deregulation would degrade safety standards have been proved wrong, much to their morbid disappointment.

As for S. J. Estes's question about the "average" airfare, the figure used by the industry is arrived at by computing *all* fares paid by *all* travelers and adjusting the result for inflation.

Advice & Consent

Michael J. Barrett ("Notes: The Newest Minority," July *Atlantic*) seems surprised and concerned that by 1990 only 26.4 percent of Belmont, Massachusetts, households had children under the age of eighteen. As someone who lived in Belmont from 1988 to 1992, I would be happy to offer one possible reason.

In 1988, \$950 was the median monthly rent on smallish two-bedroom apartments

in Belmont (and there were precious few of those). This was exactly half my net salary as a new professor at MIT. Day care in Belmont hovered around \$600 a month for a child under four. As the head of a single-income family (my wife was working on her dissertation, unpaid except for an occasional fellowship), I was able to offer my family \$350 to live on after paying rent and day care. Of course, buying a house or a condominium in Belmont was ludicrously out of the question. Most houses started well above \$200,000, and condos, with very few exceptions, started around \$130,000—well beyond our range.

It will take years to pay off the debts I had to assume in Belmont in order to make ends meet. Where Michael Barrett sees a "healthy, thriving place," I see yet another town where good old-fashioned American greed inflated property values and rents. I find it utterly unsurprising that young families should abandon places like Belmont for towns where their children, and their relatively small paychecks, are still welcome.

Thomas Simmons
University of Iowa
Iowa City, Iowa.

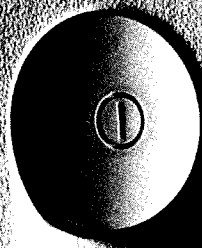
Jack Beatty's vivid article "The Bounteous Berkshires" (May *Atlantic*) brought me a flood of happy memories. As a Bostonian turned Hoosier, I recall visiting most of the attractions he described. But like many others, he omitted one of the dearest of all—the Albert Schweitzer Center, in Great Barrington.

America's greatest collection of Schweitzer memorabilia is housed in a converted barn on a small farm in the Berkshires. With no public funding, the center has little money to advertise. Most folks just drive into town and ask where it is.

The filmmaker Erica Anderson spent seventeen years working with Schweitzer in Africa. Her movie about him won national acclaim. When he died, she brought many of his effects to Great Barrington and built the center "brick by brick." Visiting the center today, one still feels the doctor's presence and philosophy, "reverence for life." As Tanglewood feeds the spirit, so the Schweitzer Center feeds the soul.

David L. Horn
South Bend, Ind.

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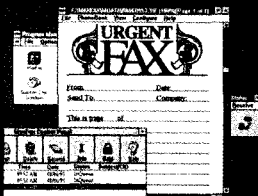
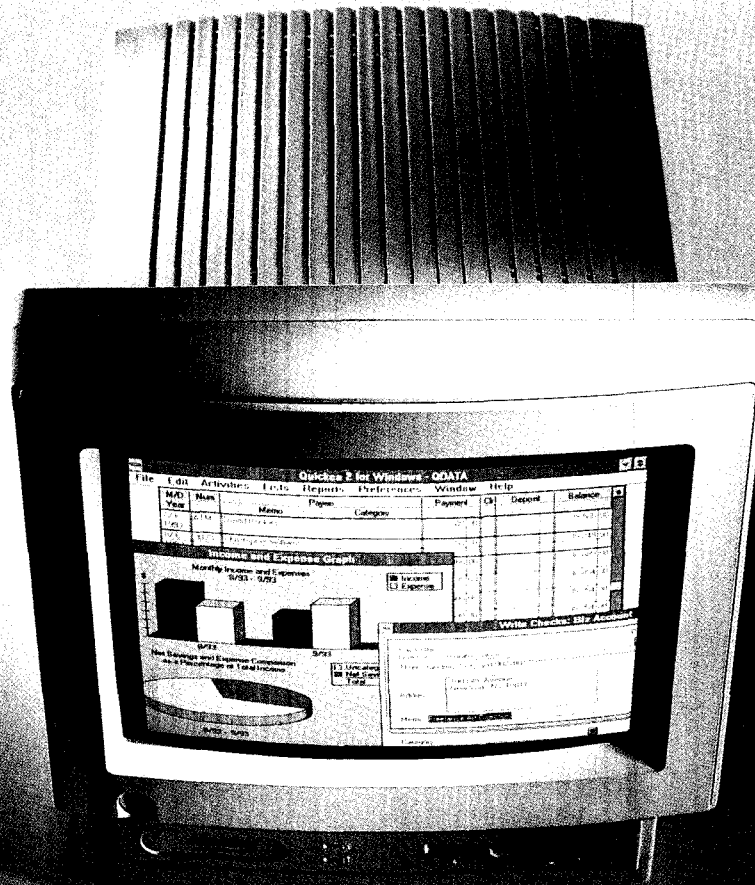
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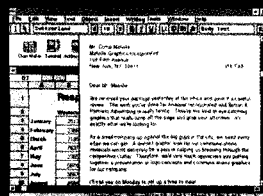
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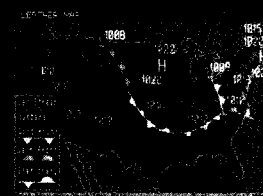
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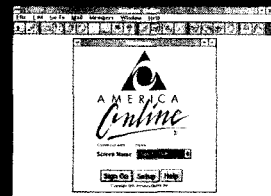
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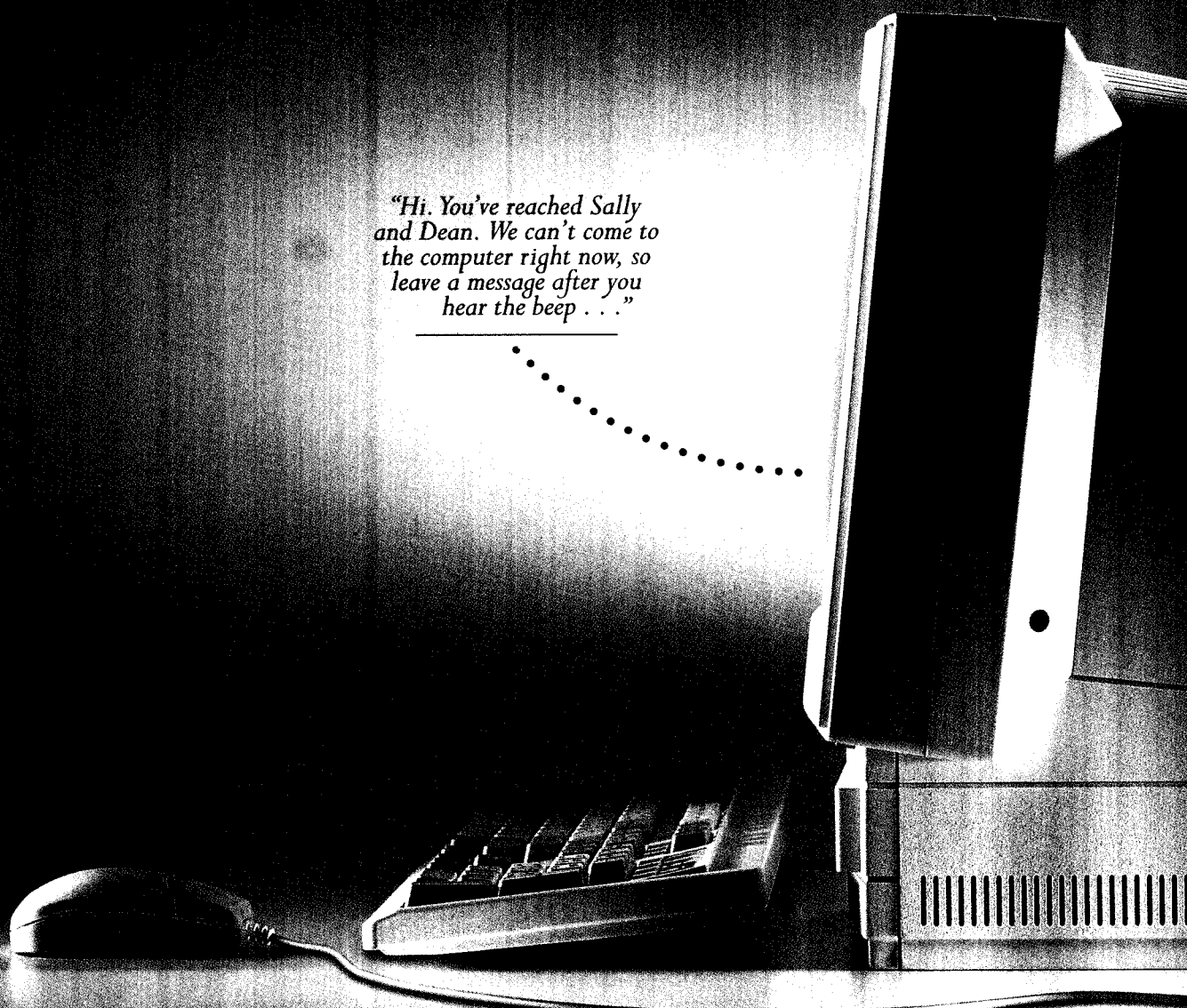
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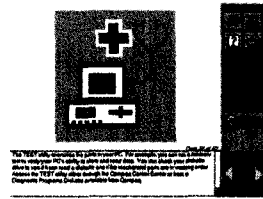
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The Presario 400 is so much more personal than most personal computers. Case in point. The built-in answering machine actually gives everyone you live with their own Personal Message Center. So it records your voice. And Sally's.

And Dean's. And so on.

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THE NOVEMBER ALMANAC



Arts & Letters

November 11, the dedication, in Washington, D.C., of the Vietnam Women's Memorial, honoring the 265,000 U.S. women who served during the Vietnam War. The memorial consists of a sculpture by the Santa Fe artist Glenna Goodacre, in which a nurse cradles a wounded soldier in her lap while another woman scans the sky for a rescue helicopter and a third kneels, helmet in hand. It will be placed near the Vietnam Veterans Memorial wall, some 300 feet southeast of the statue *Three Servicemen*. This work was added to the monument two years after the dedication of the wall, in response to criticism of the wall's starkness and in order to acknowledge veterans who survived the war. Its installation helped prompt a former Army nurse to form a group to erect a comparable women's memorial.

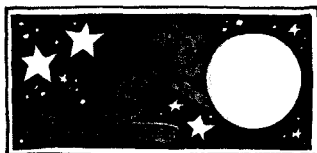
Demographics

This month the first of the 2.7 million illegal aliens granted amnesty under the 1986 Immigration Reform and Control Act are eligible for U.S. citizenship. California, with more than half of this group, will be welcoming the lion's share of the new citizens. Immigrants currently account for a third of the country's population growth of 1.1 percent a year, and with their offspring may in time account for as much as half, in part because of higher-than-average fertility rates among recently arrived immigrants.



Health & Safety

November is the deadline for the Federal Aviation Administration to have improved explosive-detection devices in place in the nation's airports. The deadline, unfortunately, will be missed. Congress charged the FAA with this task after the destruction of Pan Am Flight 103 over Lockerbie, Scotland, demonstrated the inability of current systems to detect plastic explosives. Machines can detect such explosives by two basic means: "sniffing," bloodhoundlike, for traces of the substance, and pinpointing "signatures"—for example, high concentrations of nitrogen—of plastic bombs. The FAA is still screening devices; once it approves a list of technologies, individual airlines will finance and install them. Operational trials of some systems are in progress at a number of airports; a new deadline for having systems certified and installed nationwide has not yet been set.



The Skies

November 8, Venus and Jupiter lie very near each other early this morning in the eastern sky, in the year's closest conjunction of planets. 17, the Leonid meteor shower peaks this afternoon. Though notoriously unpredictable, it may well offer a good display tonight: its parent comet is nearing Earth (it is due to reach perihelion in 1999), and there will be no moonlight to interfere. 28, the year's second total lunar eclipse begins tonight at 11:40 P.M. Visible throughout the United States, this will be the last total lunar eclipse until April of 1996. 29, Full Moon, also known as the Frosty or Beaver Moon.



Food

November 22, the Television Food Network, or TVFN, goes on the air today—the Monday before Thanksgiving. A 24-hour cable channel targeted at women 18 and older, each day it will have an eight-hour block of programming that is repeated twice. Six of the hours will consist of original shows on all facets of food, ranging from cooking classes to advice on fitness and nutrition to a call-in talk show with celebrity guests. The other two hours will reprise classic cooking shows from the past 40 years. In the coming year the network hopes to offer a set-top device that will enable viewers to request and receive merchandise coupons offered over the air.

Government

November 1, legislation aimed at preventing divorce lawyers from exploiting women clients takes effect today in New York state. The new rules require that a divorce lawyer provide clients with a written statement of their rights and responsibilities, and issue itemized bills at least every two months. Divorce lawyers can no longer foreclose on a client's home as a means of collecting unpaid fees, and they are prohibited from having sexual relations with a current client. A court-appointed committee is exploring whether these rules should be extended to other lawyers. 2, New York City holds its mayoral elections. Residents of Staten Island

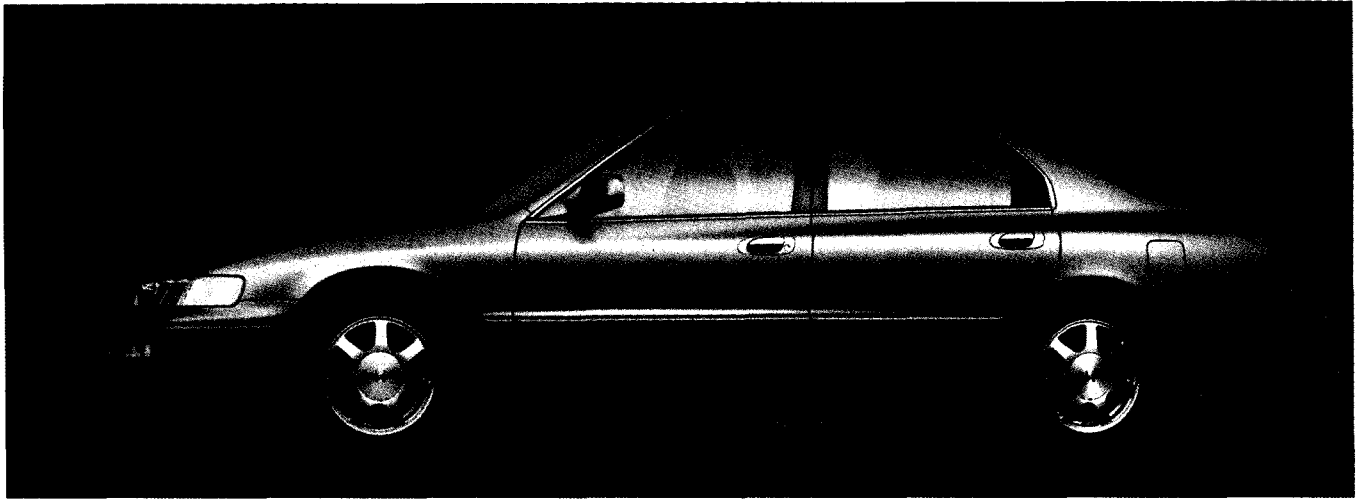


vote on whether to secede from the city—a measure fueled by the perception that the borough pays more in taxes than it gets in city services. A study last year found that it would in fact face a budget shortfall of perhaps \$170 million a year if it did secede. 14, Puerto Rico holds a nonbinding plebiscite on whether the island should become the fifty-first state, remain a commonwealth, or declare its independence. Polls have indicated a tight race between the first two options but little support for the third. If a plurality of voters favor statehood, the matter may come before Congress.



75 Years Ago

William Roscoe Thayer, writing in the November, 1918, issue of *The Atlantic Monthly*: "No man fit to be called a historian ever finished his work without feeling the inadequacy of his own powers, or of any conceivable human means, to reproduce the little fragment of history which he has chosen. And no historian can work far or deep without being conscious that he is reporting from the heart of human life matters too sacred to be twisted in the narration to suit his private opinion. He is conscious of the manifestation of mighty forces—which drive the Mississippi from Minnesota to the Gulf or which swing the oceans to and fro in their tidal pendulation. He feels, though he cannot see, Presences which lead the actors of the everlasting human drama on and off the stage; Spirits which teach them their parts and prompt them when they falter; Furies which pursue, punish, and avenge; Fates which accomplish their tasks as dispassionately as heat or cold."



Everything else is history.

The future has never looked better. The new Accord elegantly combines form and function.

However, closer examination reveals that this Accord is unlike any you've ever seen before.

You'll notice that the driver's and front passenger's airbags SRS are standard. The Accord EX, pictured here, features a refined anti-lock braking system.

While we're on the subject of safety, the Accord meets federal side-impact standards for 1997—three years early.

Its 2.2 liter, 16-valve engine will be a topic of engineering lectures for years to come. A new version of the Honda-designed Variable Valve Timing and Lift Electronic Control system (VTEC) in the Accord EX increases its power

output to 145 horsepower, as well as improves its fuel efficiency.

Computer analysis and testing revealed how high-tech sound-absorbing materials and changes in the body's internal structure could reduce vibration and noise even more.

Study the interior of the new Accord and you will find that it's expanded in four dimensions: length, width, height—and style. The look is warm and inviting, with soft luxurious fabrics and pleasing textures. A rich, leather-trimmed interior is available on the Accord EX.

The seats are wider and offer greater support in the hip, back and shoulder areas. A padded center armrest with storage bin is ideally positioned for driver

or passenger comfort.

The new instrument panel is a model of intelligent planning and design. Gauges are large and easy to read. Controls operate with a satisfying precision.

Honda engineers wrote the book on ride and handling. The Accord adds another chapter. Its sophisticated 4-wheel double wishbone suspension expertly absorbs bumps, tracks accurately through curves and responds immediately to steering inputs.

The Accord has a history of sending everybody else back to their drawing boards. With the introduction of the new Accord, history is bound to repeat itself.

A Car Ahead
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On Rewind?

Forewarnings of the future—assuming that it isn't already behind us

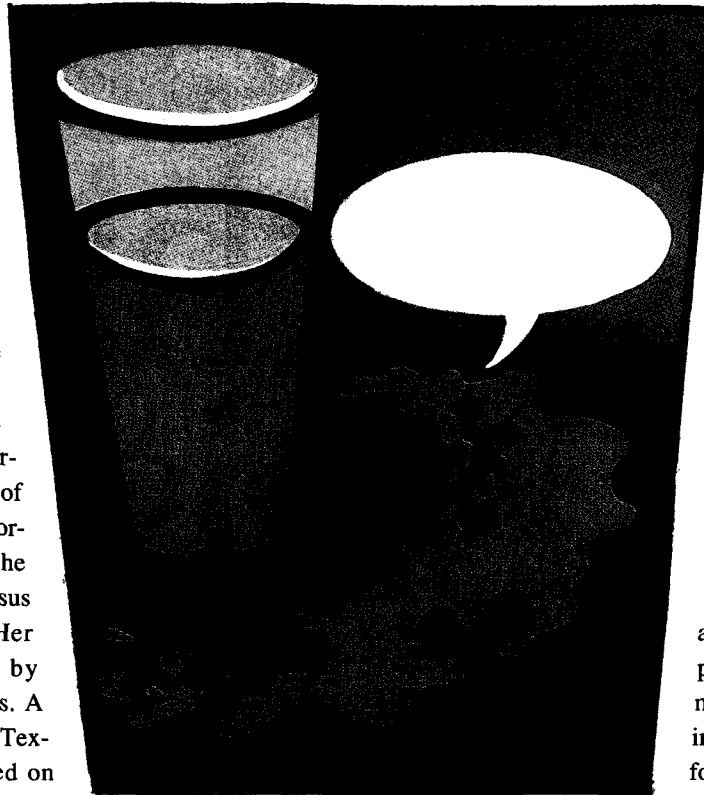
I POURED myself a glass of iced coffee one morning recently, and as I was taking it over to where I wanted to sit, I stumbled. A little of the coffee spilled out of the glass and onto the table. I looked at the spill, and then looked again: it was in exactly the shape of Nantucket.

My thoughts flew at once to Maria Rubio, of Lake Arthur, New Mexico. In the fall of 1977 Rubio was cooking a tortilla in a skillet when what she believed to be the face of Jesus suddenly appeared on it. Her home was soon besieged by thousands of devout pilgrims. A few years later, in Hidalgo, Texas, a similar image appeared on a tortilla being prepared by Paula Rivera, and the Rivera home, too, drew throngs of the devout.

I had intended at first not to say anything publicly about my own kitchen epiphany, fearing an onslaught of J. Crew models and Episcopalians. ("No doubt about it, John. That's Great Point." "And look! The Starkweather place.") But a few days afterward came a phone call, and with it an invitation to visit Nantucket. Now I had to confront a troubling question. Had that spilled arc of iced coffee been merely a coincidence? Or was it—dare I say—a portent?

. . .

At some deep, limbic level of sentience most of us, I suspect, have not quite given up on the idea that portents may and do occur. I have never had much truck with oracle bones or necromancy or the entrails of sheep, but I do remember as a youngster sometimes aiming a baseball at a distant lamppost and saying to myself that hitting it would be a sign that . . . well, that some desirable thing of the moment would come to pass. And if the ball missed on that first attempt, the portent threshold in my mind would quickly be altered: the ball might need to hit on only one



throw out of three (okay, five). One day, while reading A. J. Cronin's *The Green Years*, I discovered that the book's narrator, Robie Shannon, sought an answer to an important question about the future by throwing pebbles at—yes! a lamppost. At the very least, this was a vindication. For all I know, it may have been a portent.

The problem with portents, of course, is that only in hindsight can they be shown to have predictive power. A truly valuable portent would reveal itself as such unequivocally and in the present—would take us for a moment to a high place affording a confident view of the unfolding landscape of contingency that stretches to the horizons of

time. In reality we know what the high place was only by looking back from the low ground of the future, and we tend to forget all the times when the vista proved to be a mirage. Mark Twain believed that his birth in a Halley's Comet year presaged his death the next time Halley's Comet came around, seventy-five years later. The only reason anyone remembers this fact is that we now know Twain was right. Similarly, the embroiderers of the Bayeux Tapestry knew by the time they set to work that the comet suggestively filling the sky in advance of the Battle of Hastings (Halley's again) really had been a portent of William the Conqueror's invasion. In contrast, I am at a loss to identify even a few initial portents to be worked into a Bayeux

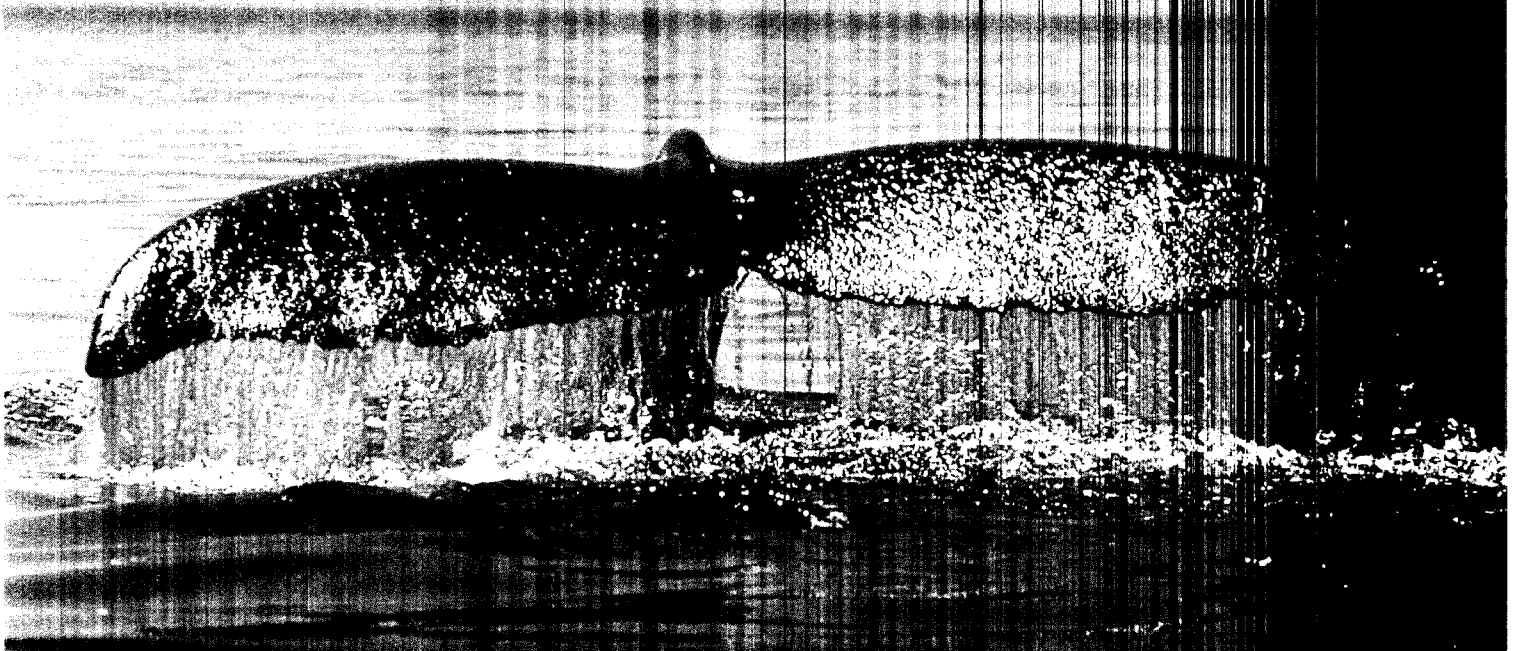
Tapestry of my own life. I know that I was born in the midst of a violent hurricane, which my family still refers to as "the night of the big wind." Is that how the embroiderers should begin? Somehow, I hope not.

Portents are fickle. They may deliver moments of revelation that defy understanding and save the day, but just as often—whether because believed and acted upon or because disbelieved

by Cullen Murphy

THE SEA OF CORTES.

SEVERAL TYPES OF WHALES, INCLUDING THE HUMPBACK AND GIANT FINBACK, MIGRATE TO THESE WATERS, MAKING IT ONE OF THE RICHEST IN THE WORLD.



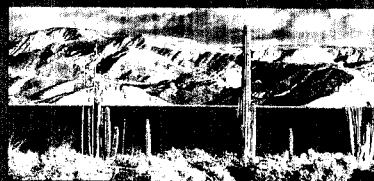
HAVE YOU EVER DREAMED OF LOOKING AT A BLUE WHALE AND HAVING IT LOOK BACK AT YOU? EACH AND EVERY YEAR THE WHALES COME, MAKING THE LONG JOURNEY TO SWIM AND BREED IN OUR ABUNDANT WATERS.

IT IS THIS WHICH HAS MADE THE SEA OF CORTES ONE OF THE BEST WHALE-WATCHING SITES IN ALL THE WORLD. IN FACT, THERE ARE OVER 850

SPECIES OF MARINE LIFE IN OUR SEA.

BUT IN MEXICO THERE IS ALWAYS SOMETHING CLOSE BY TO FULFILL ALL YOUR DREAMS.

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SINCE 1846

and not acted upon—they can become bound up with terrible events. A few days before the Ides of March, Julius Caesar was told by an inspector of entrails that no heart could be found in a bull that Caesar had ordered to be sacrificed—a bad sign. Caesar made his fateful trip to the Senate anyway. Croesus, King of the Lydians, tried to do everything by the book. As Herodotus tells the story, Croesus wanted to know his prospects in an impending war against the Persians. Determined to find out which of various oracles around the Mediterranean was reliable, he sent out messengers to them all, asking them to describe what he would be doing on a particular day. The oracle at Delphi got it right: that Croesus on that day would make a stew of tortoise and lamb. The oracle then delivered this prediction, which Croesus accepted unreflectively: "If Croesus make war against the Persians, he shall bring to the ground a great empire." Croesus did, and the empire he destroyed was his own.

Nowadays, of course, we have tools other than portents with which to grope toward the future, chief among them the science of statistical forecasting. This science got its start in the seventeenth century (one of its pioneers, and the first person to compile actuarial tables for human life-spans, was Sir Edmund Halley), and it pervades Western thinking about the consequences of everything from personal relationships to medical procedures to government policies. It is portentousness bureaucratized. Is it also an advance? One may certainly say that statistical forecasting has reduced the possibility of wild error while at the same time making more remote the likelihood of breathtaking definitiveness. Recently a professor at Princeton announced in the British journal *Nature* that statistical manipulations alone could show with a 95 percent level of confidence that *Homo sapiens* would last at least another 5,100 years but not more than another 7.8 million years. The mathematics here is apparently unassailable, and I have made a note on my calendar. But does this even compare to Babe Ruth at the plate pointing his bat to right field?

If the idea of portents has lost some of its ancient luster, a companion notion may be on the verge of winning new cre-

dence. Even if it is not possible, ever, to gain a true glimpse of the future, one could experience something like the same sensation if time began to run backward. I am aware, of course, that Stephen Hawking, in *A Brief History of Time*, has argued that time cannot really go backward (although his book does prove that time can be made to stand absolutely still). It may very well be that scientific experiments, perhaps using Albania and Uruguay as controls, would show that time in some technical sense is marching onward as robustly as ever. And yet I can hardly be alone in feeling that at some point during the past decade or so the tide of human affairs commenced a slow and uneven recession.

I am no student of cosmology, but I have long been of the view that before our species ends its run—sometime, that is to say, in the next 5,100 to 7.8 million years—we will all be told, as if by an angry parent, "Now, I want everything put back the way it was. Neatly!" Signs that this process, sure to be an unruly one, may already be under way are gathering rapidly. The most obvious indication involves the entire Eurasian land mass, where the dissolution of the Communist empire has suddenly made maps printed in 1911 once more in demand—along with members of various indigenous royal families. But there are many other signs of a gradual return to the way things used to be. For example, the Church of England, which broke with the papacy in 1534 over the issue of Henry VIII's divorce, has entered a period of what may be terminal chaos; growing numbers of its adherents are returning to the Church of Rome. The people of the Netherlands, who spent much of the past millennium turning sodden marsh into dry land, are now for environmental reasons taking vast tracts of dry land and turning them back into marsh and open water. The Japanese, who during an invasion of Korea in 1597 collected the noses of 20,000 enemy soldiers and civilians and then took the noses to Japan and put them in a shrine, have now given all 20,000 noses back to the Koreans.

The idea that civilization has embarked on a process of rewinding must for now remain a matter of speculation, but I hope to have something further to report on the matter very shortly. I have just two more throws to go. ☞



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CELEBRATE
A DAY
GUARANTEED
TO LAST A
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*Occasionally, beauty is in the hand
of the beholder.*

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NAVY PHOTO BY CHUCK MUSSI



No thaw in sight: near the North Pole, crew members examine the sail of a U.S. nuclear-powered submarine

The Last Front of the Cold War

*You think the Cold War is over? Think again.
Russian and American military forces
are still challenging each other
in the Arctic*

AT 12:46 A.M. last March 20, seventy-four meters beneath the icy surface of the Arctic Ocean—and in spite of the high-tech monitoring equipment each carried—a pair of submarines, one American, one Russian, collided. They were 105 nautical miles off the Kola Peninsula—

by Jon Bowermaster

la—by some measures the most heavily militarized region in the world—engaged in the kind of Cold War cat-and-mouse game that most people think has been consigned to history.

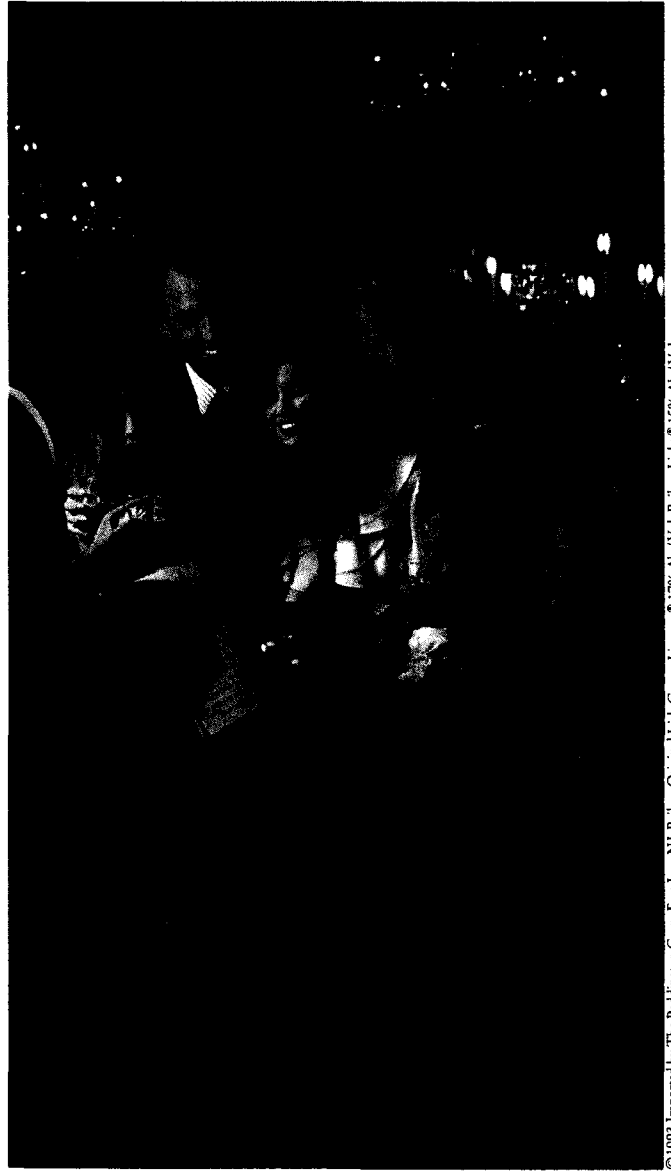
On that morning an American nuclear-powered attack sub, the U.S.S. *Grayling*, was shadowing a Russian Delta-class sub

out on a routine patrol. (Such Russian subs are normally equipped with sixteen ocean-spanning nuclear-tipped missiles. Under the terms of START I the number of nuclear warheads they can carry is limited—but that agreement has not yet officially gone into effect.) That the Americans were tailing the “enemy” was routine too. Though tough economic times have forced the Russians to cut back on the amount of time their submarines spend at sea, when they do go out U.S. attack subs are sure to follow. Under decades-old U.S. military guidelines, attack boats tail the missile subs with the intention of torpedoing them if war breaks out.

The accident occurred as the Russian boat crossed in front of the American. If the U.S. submarine had been five seconds slower, the Russian sub would have been struck right on its missile bay; the bump could conceivably have opened a crack where the missiles were stored, sinking the sub and scattering nuclear warheads over the ocean floor.



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After the collision the roughly half-a-billion-dollar American submarine—which according to the Pentagon sustained “slight” damage—circled to see if the Russian vessel was seriously damaged. A later report by the Russian Navy claimed that its sub sustained a “small dent.” “But thirteen-thousand-ton submarines don’t just go bump in the night,” says Joshua Handler, a research coordinator for Greenpeace who has advised the Reagan, Bush, and Clinton Administrations on Arctic nuclear and military matters. This accident came just fourteen months after a Russian sub in the Barents Sea surfaced underneath the American submarine *Baton Rouge*, severely damaging both vessels.

The March collision was one of the items Boris Yeltsin brought up with President Bill Clinton at their Vancouver summit. Clinton apologized and promised to look into the matter, calling it “a regrettable thing” and saying “I don’t want it to ever happen again.” The President assured Yeltsin that he would order a review of the collision and would open talks with the Russians “to discuss whether the policy should be changed and where we should go from here.”

In his post-summit statement Yeltsin brought the matter up again. By mentioning the submarine collision as one of the few irritants standing in the way of smoother U.S.-Russian relations, Yeltsin elevated the accident to a new level of importance in Washington. “Assuredly the White House boxed the ears of the Navy to make sure this kind of thing doesn’t continue,” says William Arkin,

the director of military research for Greenpeace. “I promise you reviews are going on right now, at several levels, asking the question ‘Why are we up there?’”

FOR much of the past decade the official word from Washington and Moscow has been that the superpowers were aligning, and thus nuclear threats were diminishing. Deals were struck to disassemble what remained of the arsenals of destruction built up over the previous fifty years. Today, however, the Arctic—long home to myriad missile silos, prowling nuclear submarines, and sophisticated radar and communications systems—is far from being disarmed. Though military spending and deployment are hot topics in both countries, the relatively empty Arctic (its population is just 10 million, at least three quarters of them Russian) continues to harbor American and Russian nuclear submarines and bombers equipped with long-range cruise missiles. Neither country has re-targeted its Arctic ICBMs away from their Cold War positionings. The frozen lands and sea above the Arctic Circle are the last potential battlefield of the Cold War.

Sixty percent of Russia’s submarine-based strategic nuclear forces are in the vicinity of the Kola Peninsula, and the Pentagon worries that a decreased Russian submarine presence along the eastern coast of the United States may imply a higher density in Arctic waters. With the collapse of the Warsaw Pact, Soviet bombers were moved from Hungary to northern bases; Russian Bear bombers, some of them capable of carrying terrain-hugging cruise missiles, still occasionally test the northern radar defenses and are challenged by either U.S. or Canadian fighters. Russia’s only remaining nuclear test site is in the Arctic, on Novaya Zemlya. Two winters ago many Russian ships steamed out of the Black Sea and joined the northern fleet. The heavily armored divisions protecting the old Soviet northern flank have not withdrawn—in contrast to the Russian troops that were in Central Europe.

Though Defense Department appropriations continue to dwindle, so far no one from the new Administration has ordered the U.S. military to curtail or alter its activities in the Arctic. The Pentagon maintains both air and sea operations

there, from a variety of bases in the northern tier of the United States. In cooperation with the Canadians, it also helped construct the North Warning System, the \$2.5 billion defense project that included upgrading radar installations and building more airfields in northern Canada.

THE initial arming of the Arctic began after the Second World War. The barren, sparsely populated region became strategically important as first the United States and then the Soviet Union developed strategic bombers capable of delivering nuclear weapons overseas. Soviet bomber attack routes were plotted across the North Pole, and the United States responded by building a string of high-tech radar stations in the Arctic. Soon the U.S. and Canadian militaries had established a major economic, environmental, and technological presence up north.

As ICBMs replaced bombers as the primary nuclear threat in the early 1960s, visions of the Arctic as a strategic battleground began to fade. In the late 1970s developments in long-range air- and sea-launched cruise missiles and submarine warfare once again fixed attention on the Arctic as an arena of potential superpower confrontation. The region’s frequently ice-covered waters provided good shelter for ballistic-missile submarines, whose primary concern was to avoid detection. In the 1980s the Arctic seas became the foremost operational arena for the nuclear-powered attack submarines of both sides.

Throughout the eighties the dominant Navy strategy in the Arctic was the so-called maritime strategy, according to which upon the first sign of war in Europe the Navy would launch a sizable attack on the Soviet Union’s Arctic bases and weaponry. The goal was to relieve the pressure on any main front in Central Europe by opening up a new front in the north, diverting both manpower and weapons. American military thinkers felt that the United States couldn’t compete man for man against the Soviets in a land-based war in Europe. Their counteroffensive was intended to destroy the Soviets’ valuable collection of 100-plus nuclear submarines in port or on the prowl in the Arctic.

Partly as a defense against the mar-

*The frozen lands
and sea above the Arctic
Circle continue to
harbor American and
Russian nuclear
submarines and bombers
equipped with long-
range cruise missiles.*

**Your symptoms are bothering you, but
you're still waiting to see your doctor about
your enlarged prostate. Maybe it's time to stop waiting.**

**Ask your doctor about
the prescription medicine PROSCAR®.**
(FINASTERIDE)

**Finally, a medicine
for the treatment
of symptomatic benign
prostate enlargement**

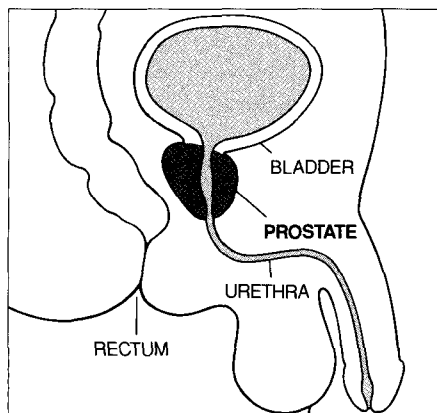
You can't make it till halftime anymore without having to go to the bathroom. You're getting up several times a night to urinate. It's beginning to bother you, but up to now, you've lived with it. The question is, should you?

Until recently, there wasn't a medicine that could help the condition known as symptomatic benign prostate enlargement or BPH. But now there is PROSCAR, the first oral prescription medicine that can actually shrink an enlarged prostate.

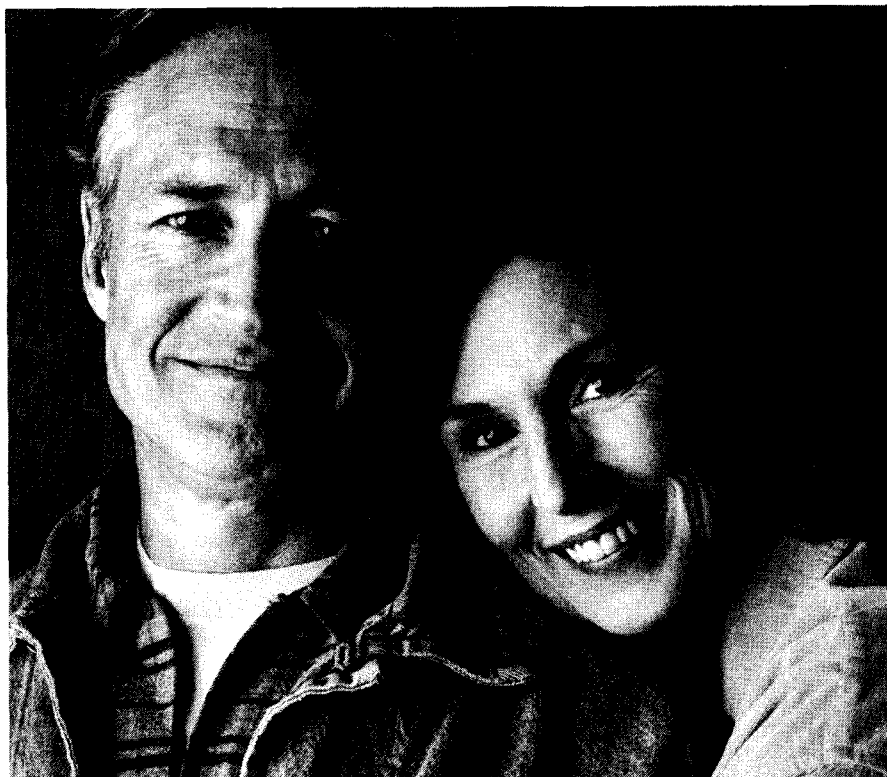
However, it is important to know the following: PROSCAR doesn't work for everyone. Even though the prostate shrinks, you may not see an improvement in urinary flow or symptoms. And you may need to take PROSCAR for 6 months or more to see whether it helps you.

**How PROSCAR can shrink an
enlarged prostate**

As a man ages, a key hormone can help cause the prostate to grow.



The prostate surrounds part of the urethra, the tube that carries urine from the bladder. As the prostate enlarges, it can squeeze the urethra and cause urinary problems.



PROSCAR actually blocks the production of this hormone, so it helps shrink the prostate to a smaller size in many men. As a result, some men treated with PROSCAR experience an increased urinary flow and an improvement in urinary symptoms.

**Why you should see your
doctor soon**

The problem will probably not get better by itself. In many cases, the prostate continues to enlarge and the symptoms may get worse. So if your urinary symptoms are bothering you, consult your family doctor or a urologist and find out if PROSCAR is an appropriate treatment for you. It is also important to have regular checkups. *While benign prostate enlargement is not cancer and does not lead to cancer,*

the two conditions can exist at the same time.

Remember, only a doctor can evaluate your symptoms and their possible causes. So don't wait any longer. You may find out that your enlarged prostate can be made into a smaller problem.

**For a free, informative booklet,
"Every man should know about
his prostate," call 1-800-635-4452
today.**

TABLETS
PROSCAR® 5mg
(FINASTERIDE)

PATIENT INFORMATION ABOUT PROSCAR® (Prah-s-car)
Generic name: finasteride (fin-AS-tur-eyed)

PROSCAR is for the treatment of symptomatic benign prostatic hyperplasia and for use by men only.

Your doctor may prescribe PROSCAR if you have a medical condition called benign prostatic hyperplasia or BPH. This occurs only in men.

Please read this information, as well as the leaflet which accompanies your medication, before you start taking PROSCAR. Also, read the leaflet each time you renew your prescription, just in case anything has changed. Remember, this leaflet does not take the place of careful discussions with your doctor. You and your doctor should discuss PROSCAR when you start taking your medication and at regular checkups.

What is BPH?

BPH is an enlargement of the prostate gland. After age 50, most men develop enlarged prostates. The prostate is located below the bladder. As the prostate enlarges, it may slowly restrict the flow of urine. This can lead to symptoms such as:

- a weak or interrupted urinary stream
- a feeling that you cannot empty your bladder completely
- a feeling of delay or hesitation when you start to urinate
- a need to urinate often, especially at night
- a feeling that you must urinate right away.

Treatment options for BPH

There are three main treatment options for BPH:

- **Program of monitoring or "Watchful Waiting".** If a man has an enlarged prostate gland and no symptoms or if his symptoms do not bother him, he and his doctor may decide on a program of monitoring which would include regular checkups, instead of medication or surgery.
- **Medication.** Your doctor may prescribe PROSCAR for BPH. See "What PROSCAR does" below.
- **Surgery.** Some patients may need surgery. Your doctor can describe several different surgical procedures for BPH. Which procedure is best depends on your symptoms and medical condition.

What PROSCAR does

PROSCAR lowers levels of a key hormone called DHT (dihydrotestosterone), which is a major cause of prostate growth. Lowering DHT leads to shrinkage of the enlarged prostate gland in most men. This can lead to gradual improvement in urine flow and symptoms over the next several months. However, since each case of BPH is different, you should know that:

- Even though the prostate shrinks, you may NOT see an improvement in urine flow or symptoms.
- You may need to take PROSCAR for six (6) months or more to see whether it helps you.
- Even though you take PROSCAR and it may help you, it is not known whether PROSCAR reduces the need for surgery.

What you need to know while taking PROSCAR

• **You must see your doctor regularly.** While taking PROSCAR, you must have regular checkups. Follow your doctor's advice about when to have these checkups.

• **About side effects.** Like all prescription drugs, PROSCAR may cause side effects. Side effects due to PROSCAR may include impotence (or inability to have an erection) and less desire for sex. Each of these side effects occurred in less than 4% of patients in clinical studies. In some cases side effects went away while the patient continued to take PROSCAR.

Some men taking PROSCAR® (Finasteride) may have a decrease in the amount of semen released during sex. This decrease does not appear to interfere with normal sexual function.

You should discuss side effects with your doctor before taking PROSCAR and anytime you think you are having a side effect.

• **Checking for prostate cancer.** Your doctor has prescribed PROSCAR for symptomatic BPH and not for cancer—but a man can have BPH and prostate cancer at the same time. Doctors usually recommend that men be checked for prostate cancer once a year when they turn 50 (or 40 if a family member has had prostate cancer). These checks should continue while you take PROSCAR. PROSCAR is not a treatment for prostate cancer.

• **About prostate specific antigen (PSA).** Your doctor may have done a blood test called PSA. PROSCAR can alter PSA values. For more information, talk to your doctor.

• A warning about PROSCAR and pregnancy.

PROSCAR is for use by MEN only.

PROSCAR is generally well tolerated in men. However, women who are pregnant, or women who could become pregnant, should avoid the active ingredient in PROSCAR.

If the active ingredient is absorbed by a woman who is pregnant with a male baby, it may cause the male baby to be born with abnormalities of the sex organs. Therefore, any woman who is pregnant or who could become pregnant must not come into direct contact with the active ingredient in PROSCAR.

Two of the ways in which a woman might absorb the active ingredient in PROSCAR are:

Sexual contact. Your semen may contain a small amount of the active ingredient of the drug. If your partner is pregnant, or if you and your partner decide to have a baby, you must stop taking PROSCAR and talk to your doctor. If your partner could become pregnant, proper use of a condom can reduce the risk of exposing her to your semen (discuss this further with your doctor).

Handling broken tablets. Women who are pregnant or who could become pregnant must not handle broken tablets of PROSCAR.

PROSCAR tablets are coated to prevent contact with the active ingredient during normal handling. If this coating is broken, the tablets should not be handled by women who are pregnant or who could become pregnant.

If a woman who is pregnant comes into contact with the active ingredient in PROSCAR, a doctor should be consulted. Remember, these warnings apply only if the woman exposed to PROSCAR is pregnant or could become pregnant.

How to take PROSCAR

Follow your doctor's advice about how to take PROSCAR. You must take it every day. You may take it with or between meals. To avoid forgetting to take PROSCAR, it may be helpful to take it the same time every day.

Do not share PROSCAR with anyone else; it was prescribed only for you.

Keep PROSCAR and all medicines out of the reach of children.

FOR MORE INFORMATION ABOUT PROSCAR AND BPH, TALK WITH YOUR DOCTOR. IN ADDITION, TALK TO YOUR PHARMACIST OR OTHER HEALTH CARE PROVIDER.



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itime strategy the Soviets employed what they called a bastion concept. This meant they kept their subs within small areas that they covered with surface ships and airplanes, to keep American forces at a distance. The subs at sea remained under the Arctic ice, where they were difficult to track.

Since the collapse of the Warsaw Pact such strategies would seem to be obsolete or at least unnecessary. But officially, few changes in Arctic strategy or policy have occurred on either side. The word in Washington is that neither country will change until the military hierarchy does.

"Yet it's dramatic how much *has* changed in the last two or three years," Josh Handler says. "In the early to mid-eighties we had a whole slew of incidents in the Arctic: intercepts, big exercises off Kamchatka, lots of literature referring to the Arctic as 'the strategic frontier.' That's all dropped off the map. Sure, the man on the street will be surprised that subs are still prowling and warning systems are being retrofitted. But it's essentially on autopilot up there."

Oran Young, the director of the Institute of Arctic Studies at Dartmouth College, believes that the Arctic will remain an attractive area for maintaining a limited military force as a deterrent. "You have to remember that policy in the Arctic is motivated by a lot of factors other than the larger strategic balance," he says. "There are a lot of players, with a lot of interests, who have little to do with the overarching issues. Some have major stakes in deployment patterns, ranging from protecting civilian jobs to members of the military in both countries desperately trying to carve out new reasons to justify their existence."

SOME observers would argue that the Arctic remains important for one reason and one reason only: nobody owns it. Antarctica has been governed for more than thirty years by international treaty, and so the oceans north of the zones under the jurisdiction of the various Arctic countries are one of the least regulated places on earth. Even outer space is more heavily regulated.

In recent years Soviet and American leaders, most notably the former Soviet President Mikhail Gorbachev, have talked about reducing the armed presence

in the Arctic. Speaking in Murmansk in 1987, Gorbachev set forth ways he felt the two nations might cooperate and asserted the Soviet Union's "profound and certain interest in preventing the North of the planet, its polar and subpolar regions, and all Northern countries from ever again becoming an arena of war." His so-called zone-of-peace initiative called for nuclear-free zones, restrictions on naval activities, cooperative resource development, coordinated scientific research, environmental cooperation, and the opening of the northern sea route (which runs along the Arctic coast of Russia from Murmansk to the Bering Strait) to foreign ships. But there remains, as then Soviet Prime Minister Nikolai Ryzhkov put it, a "lack of trust that has built up in a region so sensitive from the viewpoint of security interests" such that the cooperation Gorbachev envisioned is difficult to achieve.

A key to any change is the future of the Russian military. In the late 1980s more than four million Soviet soldiers were stationed at home and abroad, supported by thousands of planes, four naval fleets, and the world's largest fleet of submarines. In addition, 1,400 land-based intercontinental missiles tipped with nuclear warheads were in position for firing. When the Soviet Union collapsed, Russia inherited most of the state's military. Only about 2.2 million Russians are officially still in uniform, and money shortages have brought most naval vessels

close to home ports and grounded much of the air force.

Russia does not intend to eliminate entirely its armed forces in the north, but it does not know how many troops to keep. One big problem is a housing shortage, which already affects the 1.2 million military-related civilians and soldiers living north of the Arctic Circle. Grave concern persists in nearby Finland and Norway that destitute soldiers could overrun the border and loot local stores.

One reason U.S. officials give for supporting the status quo in the Arctic is the still unsettled relationship between Russia and Ukraine. Despite a tentative agreement under which Ukraine will turn over its nuclear warheads to Russia in exchange for the uranium extracted from them, and its share of the Black Sea fleet in exchange for debt relief, there remains concern that a nuclear threat still exists in the former Soviet states. When Senator Sam Nunn, of Georgia, returned last winter from a tour of Soviet military bases, he cautioned that the "risk of accident or unauthorized launch of nuclear weapons has increased as instability has increased." Stephen Cohen, the director of Russian studies at Princeton University, insists that "the nuclear threat is greater than ever before." That's one reason the Navy continues to monitor the location and movement of Russian subs loaded with nuclear missiles.

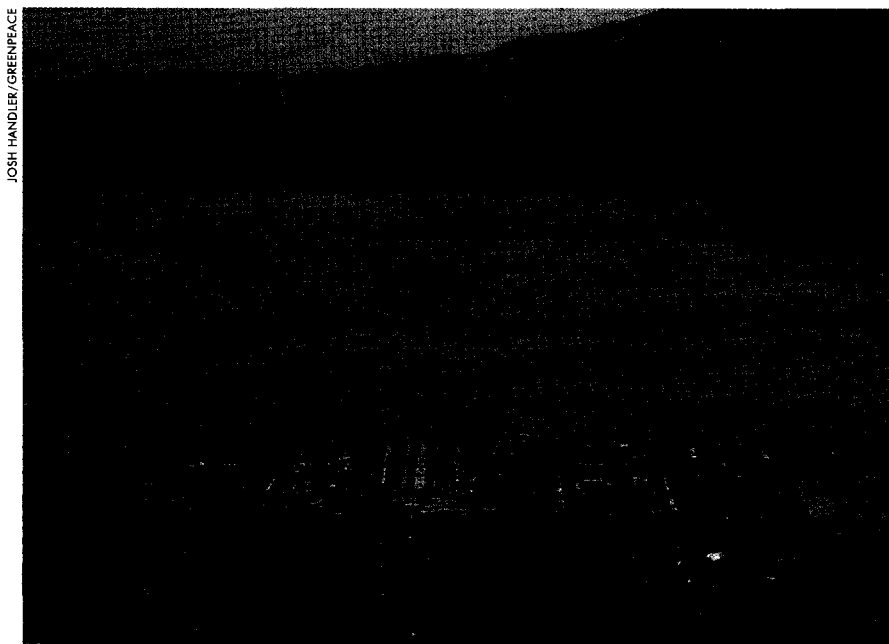
The reality is probably that now no more than one Russian strategic ballistic-

*The Soviets have
admitted dumping into
Arctic waters eighteen
nuclear reactors,
six of them laden with
radioactive fuel,
from submarines and
an icebreaker.*

missile sub is at sea at a time, whereas two, three, or four American attack subs are constantly on the prowl in the Arctic. The disparity has to do with maintenance, or the lack of it. Keeping nuclear submarines afloat is very expensive. With budgets cut to a minimum, the Russian subs are simply not in good enough shape to be at sea.

PENTAGON officials will say little about when submarine tailings and bomber flyovers might stop. "No" is all Defense Department officials will say as to whether an end is in sight. In regard to whether or not such games might cease, an anonymous Defense Department official told the Associated Press last spring, "It's something that we've never historically addressed." And although Defense Secretary Les Aspin said in June that the Navy had made a "dramatic" change in its submarine operations in order to avoid future collisions, no one in the Defense Department will say what this change means, or whether the tailings have stopped. Nor will Pentagon spokesmen detail deployments or any alterations in Navy strategy that may be in effect in the Arctic.

As part of its first move to shrink the military, the Clinton Administration did propose a reduction in the number of nuclear attack submarines from more than eighty to forty-five or fifty by the year 2000. And right now all branches of the military are experiencing tremendous ferment as competing factions develop new collections of war-room scenarios in order to justify their very existence. But how can the Navy rationalize a subma-



Decommissioned Russian nuclear submarines in Murmansk

rine force of even forty (now to be supplemented by new Seawolf submarines costing in the billions of dollars), given the condition of the Russian fleet?

"What the Navy is trying to do right now," says Bill Arkin, of Greenpeace, "is stay very, very quiet. Nothing is going to change unless things are brought to President Clinton's attention, and unfortunately for the Navy, Yeltsin brought this issue to his attention. I know the Joint Chiefs worked very quickly to respond to the President's desires after that—first by restricting naval operations in the Barents Sea, and second by beginning a review of the entire issue of naval activities in the Arctic. In an already strained relationship with the White House they don't want to give it ammunition with which to seek vengeance in the form of reducing their budget even more."

In 1991 Canada and the United States reinvested in the early-warning system they had set up back in the 1950s. Today from a necklace of sites making up the just-completed North Warning System a shiny new long-range radar network ceaselessly scans the skies for friend or

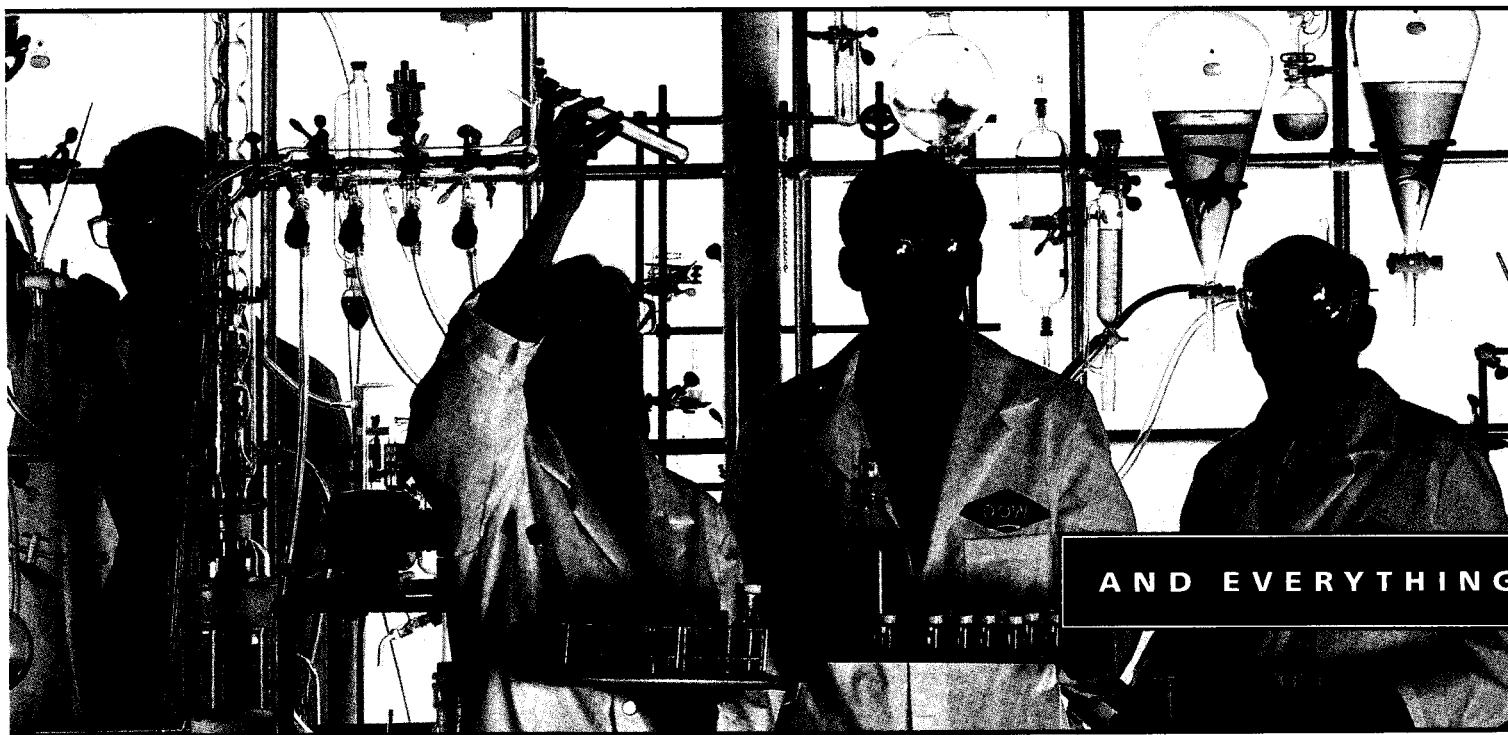
foe. The NWS replaces the antiquated Distant Early Warning, or DEW, line, in monitoring the roughly 5,000-mile span from Alaska to islands off the coast of Greenland. The new system has fifteen long-range radar positions that can "see" 200 miles out. Eleven are in Canada. It also includes thirty-nine unattended short-range radars with a range of seventy miles. In addition, 400 people are spread out in stations along Canada's huge northern frontier, an area of land and water bigger than Europe, watching for the opening salvo of Armageddon.

Is such surveillance still necessary? A supervisor at one of the new radar stations in the Northwest Territories told a reporter for *The New York Times*, "Just because there are fewer burglaries in the neighborhood doesn't mean you throw away the burglar alarms."

ONE consequence of the continued military presence in the Arctic is a worsening of environmental problems. The Soviets have admitted dumping into Arctic waters since 1965 eighteen nuclear reactors, six of them laden with ra-

dioactive fuel, from submarines and an icebreaker. Most of the reactors were dumped off the coast of Novaya Zemlya, turning a site near northern fisheries into the world's largest known nuclear dump. (Over the past thirty years the U.S. Navy has lost two nuclear subs—the *Thresher* and the *Scorpion*—and has admitted to dumping one reactor, from the *Seawolf*, in 1959.) Detection, monitoring, and cleanup off the Siberian coast are difficult, because of the military presence, the climatic conditions, the remoteness, and the shifting interplay between land and sea-ice. International agreements for mopping up oil spills and resolving conflicts over water and air pollution do exist among the Arctic states, but these agreements are not comprehensive and have yet to be proved effective.

Of great concern to environmentalists now are the hundred or so of Russia's older nuclear submarines that are already decommissioned, and the fifty or sixty due soon to be taken out of commission. "All of those reactors that have been dumped came from submarines that had accidents," says Josh Handler, who was



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integral to an effort to encourage the Soviet scientists who were aware of the dumping to come forward with their evidence. "They simply didn't know what to do with them: they didn't have any land-based storage sites, they couldn't get the fuel out of them, they couldn't repair them—so they filled up a barge and dumped them at sea.

"Our concern now is, that may be the future of the decommissioned submarines. They have a backlog of about a hundred nuclear submarines that have been taken out of service, and they still don't know what to do with them. Greenpeace received a letter from the Russian navy last October, responding to our request to go to the Kara Sea, in which they said they did not have plans to scuttle these submarines. But that's all we have to go on." When a Greenpeace ship tried to enter the area on October 12 of last year to confirm the earlier dumpings, it was fired upon and seized by the Russian military. Twelve days later President Yeltsin ordered an investigation that eventually confirmed Greenpeace's suspicions.

RIGHT now cooperative agendas for the Arctic are in short supply, largely because no state has developed a coherent Arctic policy or a process for making crucial decisions. And, since policy efforts by either the United States or Russia provoke opposition or skepticism from the other, neither Washington nor Moscow is giving high priority to Arctic affairs.

Questions remain: How do we reduce the military presence in the region? How do we codify reductions in arms? How could we make the Arctic nuclear-free? Would that include nuclear weapons as well as nuclear-powered ships and submarines?

Oran Young believes that maintaining some military presence in the Arctic is reasonable. "It's very easy to imagine a situation where both sides have a modest number of nuclear weapons in the Arctic as a kind of residual deterrent force," he says. Josh Handler, however, disagrees: "We say, get all of the nukes out of there."

Canada (which has long disliked that Arctic patrols often take place in its wa-

ters without its acknowledgment or approval) and the Scandinavian countries are very concerned about the future of all militaries in the North. The Scandinavians may have the most cause for concern, given the large number of troops stationed just across their borders and the large amount of radioactive waste that was dumped in their fishing waters. Last January, when Russia, Norway, Sweden, Finland, Iceland, and Denmark formed the Council of the Euro-Arctic Region, officials from the member countries called for better monitoring of radiation, improvement in nuclear safety, and a cleanup of areas contaminated by radiation and other pollution.

As for the United States, its future north of the Arctic Circle is anybody's guess. "I'd like to think that somebody is off pondering or reconsidering American military policy in the Arctic," says John Kroll, a professor at Dartmouth College who specializes in trade and arms agreements and the Arctic, "but I get different stories about whether the Navy is even bothering. It may take the budget to drive everyone to reconsideration." ☼



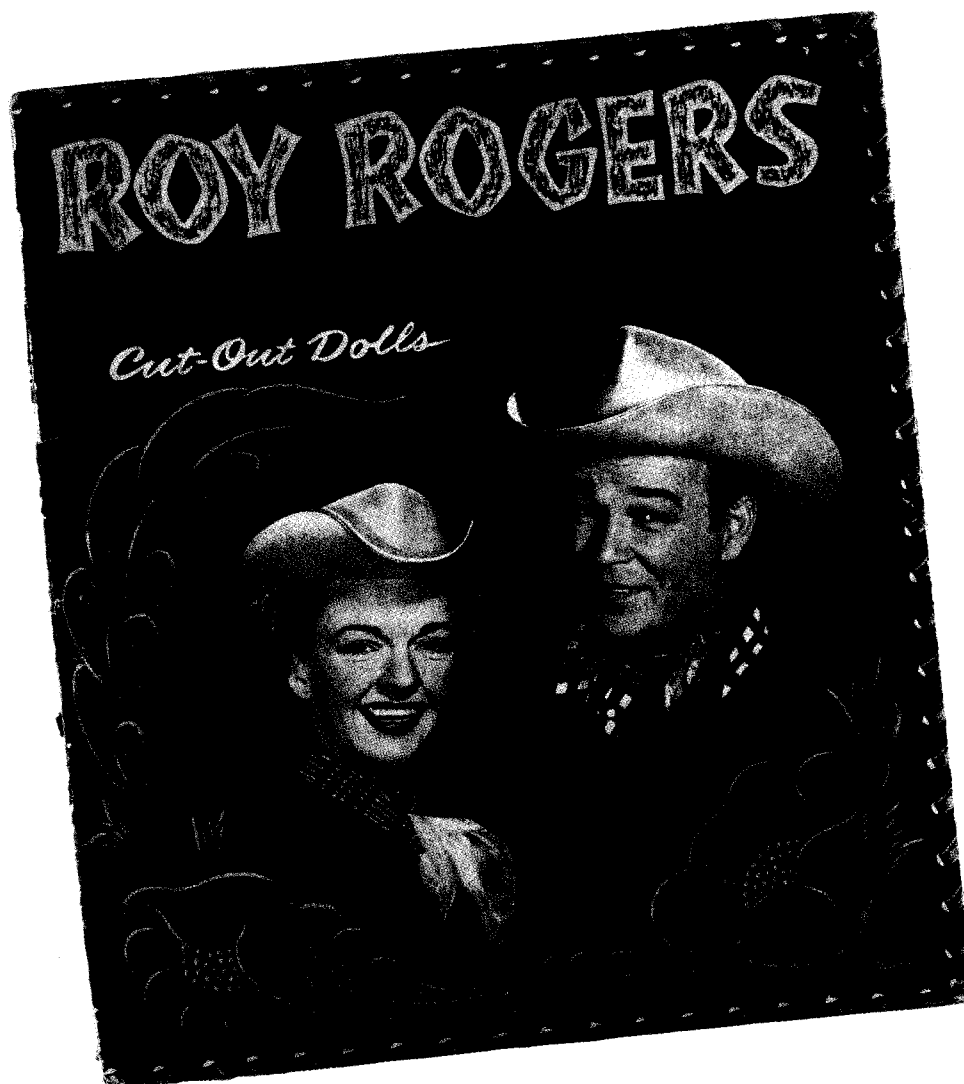
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bank can match Citibank's expertise and experience in emerging markets—over 90 years in Asia, and 75 years in Latin America.

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Happy Trails

A visit to the Roy Rogers–Dale Evans Museum, which is more like a rec room than a museum, and where some mornings Roy himself says “Howdy”

“BUT you don’t understand!” says a man in his mid-forties—a firm-jawed sort, about six feet tall, wearing the expensive casual weekend clothes of an upper-middle-management honcho. He is

pleading his case to a woman in a ticket booth under a carved wooden sign that says HOWDY, PARDNER at the Roy Rogers–Dale Evans Museum, alongside Interstate 15 in Victorville, California. “You simply do *not* understand,” he re-

by Jane and Michael Stern

peats. “I drove two thousand miles from Chicago with this picture, and it isn’t fair for you to tell me I can’t meet Roy Rogers and have him sign it.” He waves a faded eight-by-ten photograph from 1950

that shows the cowboy movie star atop a beautiful golden palomino galloping at break-neck speed. He slides the picture under the grate and the ticket seller slides it right back to him, explaining that Mr. Rogers is not at the museum this morn-

ing. After a few more thrusts and parries the man begins to have what is seldom described in adult psychology as a temper tantrum but is precisely that. “I *want* to see Roy Rogers, I *want* to see Roy Rogers,” he whimpers, pouting and stomping his foot.

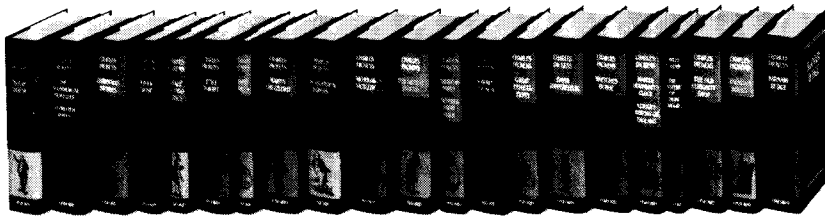
Grown men and women acting like children is a daily event at the Roy Rogers–Dale Evans Museum. At the edge of the Mojave Desert, a third of the way from Los Angeles to Las Vegas, this roadside attraction is an emotional lodestone for the progeny of midcentury America, in whom Roy and Dale and their wonder horses, Trigger and Buttermilk, provoke a tumble of memory and sentiment. For adults seeking a reminder of what life was like half a century ago, Roy and Dale’s museum makes it easy to recall an era when popular culture was sweet and decent and the good guys always wore white hats.

Now in their eighties and waging battles with serious heart problems, Roy Rogers and Dale Evans remain heroes to yesterday’s children. They live at their ranch in Apple Valley, about seven miles from Victorville, and on mornings when he feels well enough, Roy Rogers drives to the museum to greet people and shake their hands. During his off hours, when he is browsing at his favorite local swap meet, or on his way home to catch the TV soap opera *The Guiding Light*, which he has followed for years, he wears a baseball cap and a windbreaker. But Roy Rogers never appears at his museum outfitted other than as the man he refers to as “Ol’ Roy”—the most beloved singing cowboy in the history of movies, and arguably the best dressed.

To greet his fans Ol’ Roy wears a white Stetson hat, double creased around the rim of the crown and with a rakish sloping brim. He fancies beautiful gabardine cowboy shirts festooned with embroidered horseshoes or flowers on the yoke. To hold up the western-cut trousers that still fit him perfectly some forty years after they

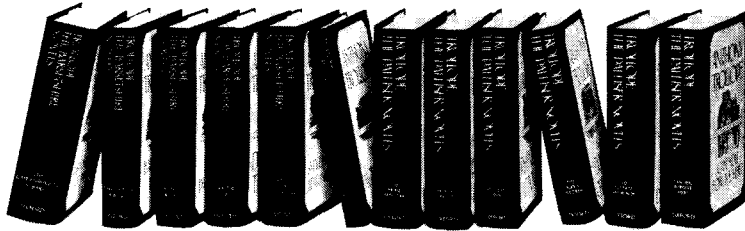


PERMANENT PLEASURES



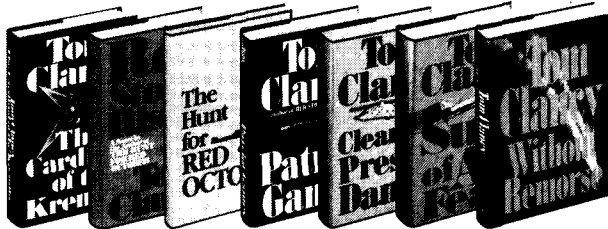
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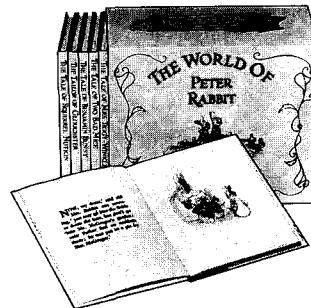
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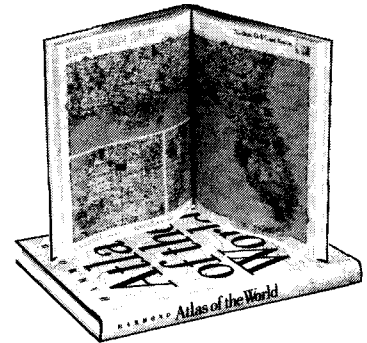
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#011

were made by the celebrated cowboy couturier Nudie of Hollywood, he chooses a gleaming silver-and-leather belt made by Edward Bohlin, who was known in his day as the Michelangelo of saddlecraft. Ol' Roy is never seen with-



out a bright kerchief knotted smartly at the side of his neck and a pair of glossy cowboy boots with pointed toes and high heels on his feet.

"He is very serious about Ol' Roy," explains Roy Rogers Jr.—or "Dusty," as he likes to be called. Dusty runs the museum and has also handled his dad's career since Art Rush, his father's manager for forty-six years, died, a few years ago. "He says people come here and they expect to see Ol' Roy. Dad's legs were bothering him recently, so I tried to get him to wear Reeboks or walkers, but he wouldn't do it. He said people expect to see Roy in boots, not sneakers. He is very protective of that image. It's important to him because, he says, all you have in life is your word, your handshake, and the image you portray. There's no difference between Ol' Roy and my dad. It's just that Ol' Roy wears a cowboy hat."

When Roy makes an appearance at the museum, strange things happen. A burly six-footer spots him and rushes him, forgetting that he himself is no longer eight years old and that Roy is eighty-one. He hugs the old man, lifting him off the ground with the power of his embrace, laughing with glee. Suddenly he realizes what he has done; he puts Roy down, turns sheepishly to his wife and teenage children, and introduces his boyhood hero. A policeman shows up one morning and explains that when he was growing up, his father was an abusive drunk. Roy Rogers was his model

when he couldn't find one at home. "Even today," he says, "when I am faced with a predicament on the job, I ask myself, What would Roy Rogers do?" Women in their fifties complain to Roy because he married Dale Evans, on New Year's Eve in 1947. "You were supposed to wait for me to grow up!" they tell him. And countless fans stand transfixed in the lobby when they meet him, able only to recite a now-familiar litany: "When I was a kid, I had a Roy Rogers lunch box, a Roy Rogers bedspread, a Roy Rogers wristwatch . . ."

Many people who come to the museum have heard that there is a good chance they will meet Roy if they arrive in the morning. The pilgrims' goal is something more than a brush with celebrity; for most of them, Roy and Dale were part of growing up, maybe the best part. When the couple were box-office stars, they represented everything good about the western myth—adventure, romance, and fair play. It is a heroic image they maintain to this day, and although they have not appeared together in a movie or a Wild West show or on a regular television program since the early 1960s, they still exert a powerful pull on people's heartstrings.

They were billed as King of the Cowboys and Queen of the West, and yet their meaning has always gone beyond those roles and is

bigger than the movie genre that made them stars. The life they have shared, on display in their museum for the price of an admission ticket, isn't only about the West; it is about America, and when you enter the quiet halls in which their mementos are displayed, the idealized nation they once exemplified comes whirling back to mind in a rush of sentiment.

Today one doesn't hear much about Roy and Dale's America—a country of small towns, family farms, fraternal halls, church picnics, and Fourth of July parades, a country in which members in good standing of the Roy Rogers Riders Club promised to obey these rules:

1. Be neat and clean.
2. Be courteous and polite.
3. Always obey your parents.
4. Protect the weak and help them.
5. Be brave but never take chances.
6. Study hard and learn all you can.
7. Be kind to animals and care for them.
8. Eat all your food and never waste any.
9. Love God and go to Sunday School regularly.
10. Always respect our flag and our country.

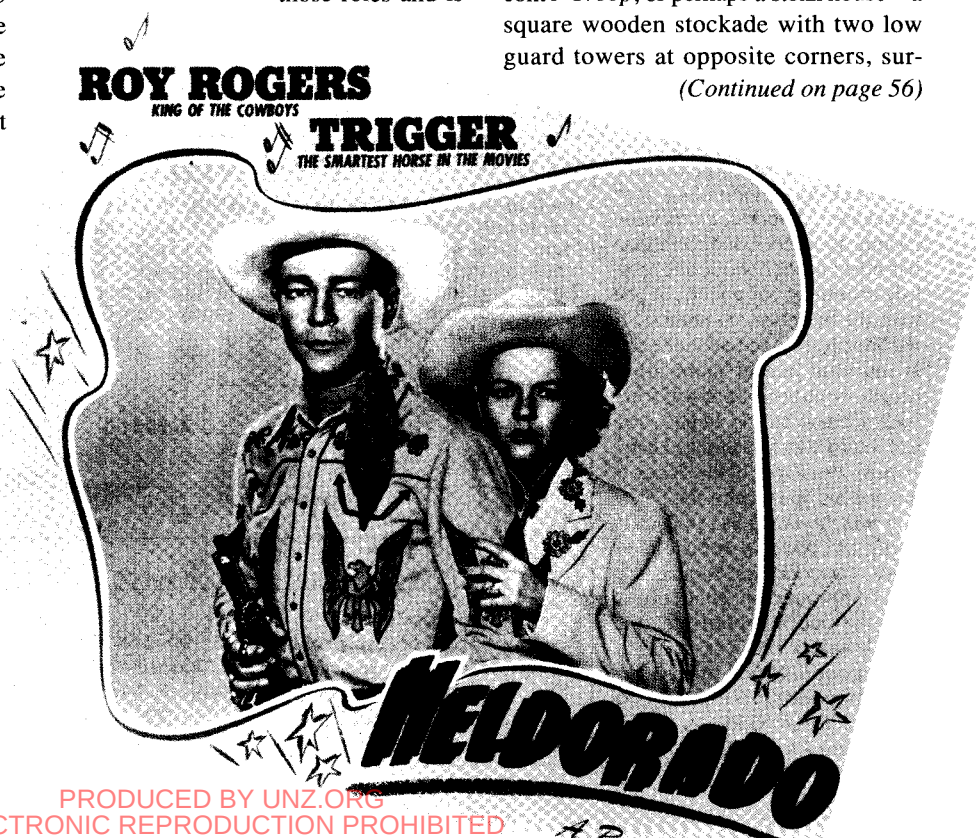
From the outside the museum does not look like it will set off emotional tremors. It resembles the frontier fort in the TV sitcom *F Troop*, or perhaps a steak house—a square wooden stockade with two low guard towers at opposite corners, sur-

(Continued on page 56)



ROY ROGERS
KING OF THE COWBOYS

TRIGGER
THE SMARTEST HORSE IN THE MOVIES

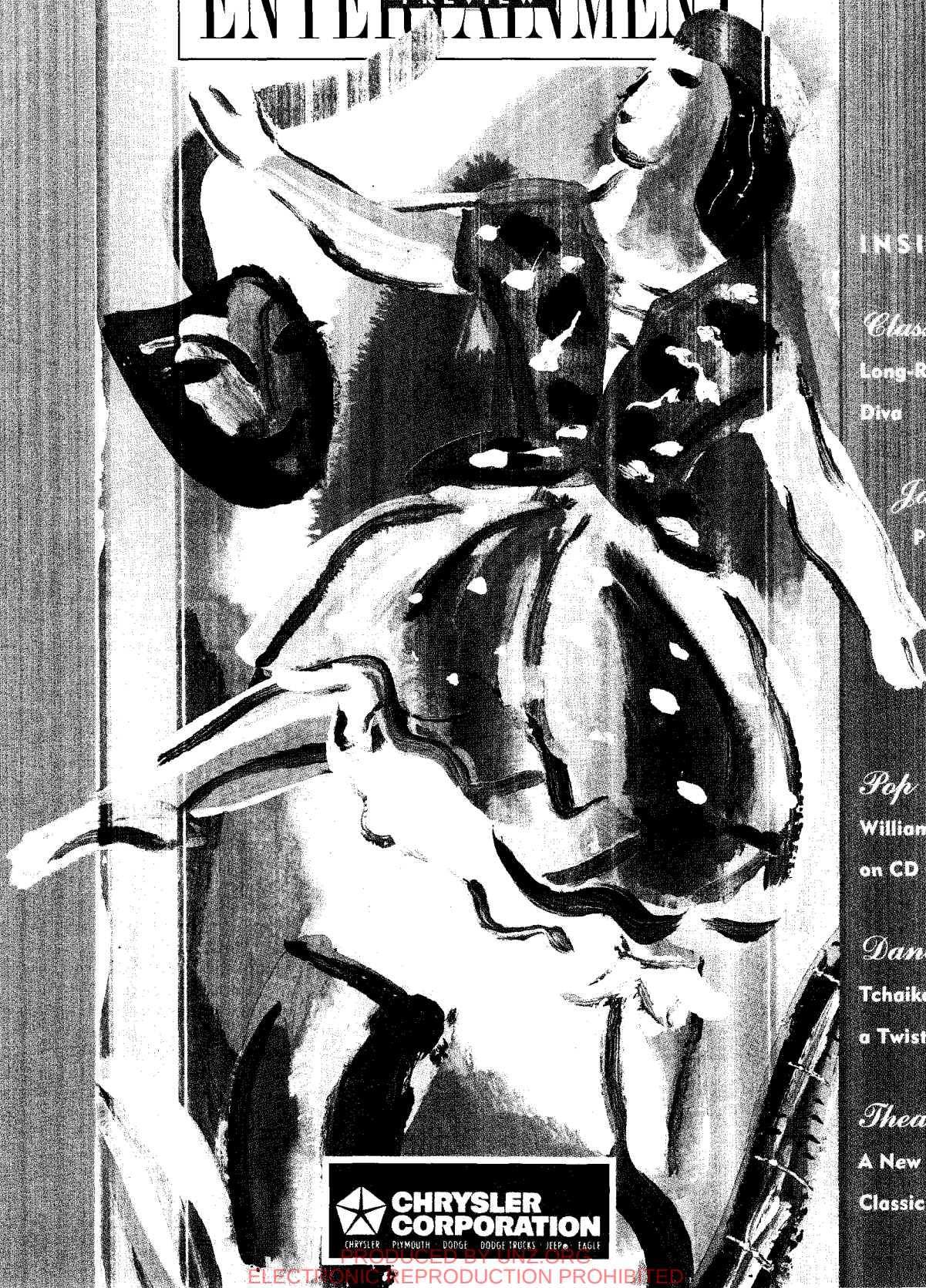


NOVEMBER

1993

Arts & ENTERTAINMENT

PREVIEW



INSIDE:

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Dance and Theater

BY AUSTIN BAER AND LAURA JACOBS

SCHENKKAN'S KENTUCKY EPIC

In Robert Schenckan's *The Kentucky Cycle*, winner of the 1992 Pulitzer Prize, drama aspires to the condition of epic. Following the fortunes of Indians, white settlers, and slaves over the course of two centuries, its nine short

plays add up to two full evenings of theater. The vision, though bleak, is not despairing. So tangled are the family ties that the script (Plume Books) gives a chart of the characters' genealogy, but Schenckan's sense of fateful encounters is sure, and in the unfolding of events there is no confusion. Betrayal is self-defense in this world; possession is theft. Prosperity passes, and woe endures. Fed by many sources, the action flows its bitter course like a mighty river. Places and

From *The Kentucky Cycle*

abandoned cars." Consider the gold watch picked from a dead man's pocket that over the centuries becomes a family heirloom, shrouded in misinformation, lore, and lies.

The plays' prospects are uncertain, but the timing could be perfect. New York seems newly hospitable to theater with a conscience. Witness the recent success of *The Grapes of Wrath* and the current triumph of *Angels in America*. (At the Royale Theatre from November 3; tickets: 212-239-6200.) —A.B.

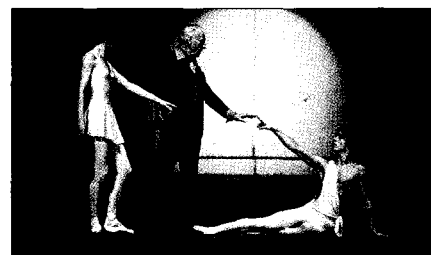
things take on lives of their own. Consider the creek of the opening play, "so clear, b'God but you could read the date off a shilling on the bottom of it," which by the end is "Shilling Creek, full of silt and garbage and

MOVERS IN TIME

With his wild-child curls, his blowsy, cheeky, full-bodied dance style, and his we-are-the-world ethic, Mark Morris burst upon the dance scene like Bigfoot from the mountains of multiculturalism.

Only 37, the modern-dance choreographer who courted controversy even as he left critics cooing is now the subject of a book: Joan Acocella's *Mark Morris* (Farrar Straus Giroux). If aesthetic empathy sometimes swings into apolo-
gia, Acocella's analysis of the dances is vivid and easy for newcomers to follow.

Francis Mason's *I Remember Balanchine* chronicles the life of the ballet master through the recollections of those who knew him. In this complex portrait, the silvered edges of Balanchine's moral equations glint under the surface in a dance all their own. —L.J.

Balanchine choreographing *Apollo*

TCHAIKOVSKY: MORE THAN SUGARPLUMS

*The Nutcracker*

Ballet was dear to Tchaikovsky, but unlike other loves—chocolate and liquor—he mentioned it little in his letters and diaries. In fact, scholars have belittled his ballets, calling them "decorative" and "dreamy," as if beauty and fantasy weren't a profound part of life. This year is the centennial of Tchaikovsky's death, and his ballets remain the soul of classical dance, masterpieces of erotic immediacy wrapped in rhythms of pleasure, pathos, and awe. Even scholars are coming around.

American Ballet Theatre premieres a new staging of *The Nutcracker* this De-

cember 3–12 at Orange County Performing Arts Center (it then leaps to Los Angeles, December 21–31). Playwright Wendy Wasserstein has updated the scenario: she chronicles a Clara less passive than her predecessors. But it's the same story with all the tree trimmings: lush costumes by Theoni Aldredge, plush choreography by ABT artistic director Kevin McKenzie, and Sugarplum's sweet hush.

On the other coast, Boston Ballet has programmed its 30th-anniversary season under the title "Variations on Tchaikovsky." *The Sleeping Beauty* begins the show, October 21–November 7, and in a display of company might Boston offers five Auroras

(to be coached by Kirov doyenne Natalia Dudinskaya). Next up is *The Nutcracker*, November 26–

January 2. It boasts new choreography for the Waltz of the Snowflakes, music in which Hermann Laroche found "a feeling of shivering from the cold." —L.J.

SHYLOCK'S REPRIEVE

What is to be done about Shylock, who demands his pound of flesh? The Jewish moneylender has been portrayed over the ages both as comic villain and tragic martyr; in the wake of John Gross's recent study, *Shylock* (Simon & Schuster), the question of his meaning echoes with greater insistence than ever. Directing *The Merchant of Venice* for Connecticut's Hartford Stage Company, Mark Lamos is not a man to offer simplistic answers. He directs a play in its ambiguities, not a position paper. Lamos brings to Shakespeare a quality of suspended judgment like the mercy this play's heroine speaks of, a quality that is not strained, that droppeth as the gentle rain from heaven, blessing him that gives and him that takes. (Through November 6; 203-527-5151.) —A.B.

Austin Baer is a New York-based writer. Laura Jacobs is editor in chief of Stagebill.

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Popular Music and Jazz

BY CHARLES M. YOUNG AND BOB BLUMENTHAL



ANTON CORBIJN

NIRVANA: BORN AGAIN?

On *Nevermind*, in 1991, Nirvana combined a snotty attitude, some amazing chord progressions, and genuinely mysterious lyrics to create an atmosphere of danger and ecstasy beyond all mundane concerns. The album was a commercial and cultural milestone for punk rock, and curiosity has run high regarding the follow-up *In Utero* (Geffen). In some ways it's a regression, a return to their punk roots and a partial rejection of the pop sensibility that hooked so many listeners on *Nevermind*. Certain passages brutalize with their dissonance and feedback, and some of the lyrics may keep the best songs off radio and MTV. Nonetheless, leader Kurt Cobain has found more counter-intuitive chord progressions that billow into colossal choruses and stick in your brain for hours. His gift for surreal lyrics is also intact. Though the best cut is probably "Milk It," in these days of FCC fines for language improprieties, you'll have to buy it to hear it.

—C.M.Y.

Pare Ass Annie & Other Tales (Island), by William S. Burroughs, falls somewhere in the cracks between spoken word, jazz, rock, and rap. Produced by Hal Wilner and accompanied by the Disposable Heroes of Hiphoprisy, Burroughs recites some of his most notorious and hilarious passages ("Dr. Benway Operates") from various works. As one of the founding poets of the drug subculture, Burroughs brings to his satire the junkie's great strength of being wholly bereft of sentiment, all the more horrifying when you can hear his deadpan drawl. Bereft of sentiment does not mean bereft of morality, however, and it's fascinating to hear him rail with an



Burroughs and the Disposable Heroes

almost Old Testament sense of outrage. Junkie and prophet—it's an odd package, but prophets have always come in odd packages. Listen for "Words of Advice for Young People" at your local dance club.

—C.M.Y.

ROUGH RHYTHMS

Just as in literature few novels are written about typewriters, in rock & roll few songs are written about guitars. John Hiatt fills that void with *Perfectly Good Guitar* (A&M), the title song of which addresses the awakening of personality any guitarist feels upon first making music and the horror that so many musicians feel when a "perfectly good guitar" is smashed as part of somebody's stage show. "There oughta be a law with no bail," sings Hiatt. "Smash a guitar and you go to jail/ With no chance



John Hiatt

for early parole / Ya don't get out until you get some soul."

Hiatt himself isn't particularly known for guitar playing. He's basically a three-chord basher with a rarer gift: great songwriting.

If you prefer softer versions of Hiatt, nearly 100 singers have covered his tunes—a testament to his talent as a songwriter. Rhino has collected 18 of the best Hiatt cover versions on *Love Gets Strange: The Songs of John Hiatt*, an anthology featuring an array of artists from Rosanne Cash to the Neville Brothers. With titles like "She Said the Same Things to Me" and "She Loves the Jerk," it's a classic document of late-20th-century dysfunctional relationships.—C.M.Y.

HORN-RIMMED SHADES



Shirley Horn

Shirley Horn's *Light Out of Darkness* (A Tribute to Ray Charles) (Verve) is far more revealing than the garden-variety jazz homage. Like Charles, Horn is a singer/pianist; but she simmers where he would boil, which puts a new spin on such classics as "Hit the Road, Jack" and "Drown in My Own Tears." A few song choices are questionable—does

"Bye Bye Love" really call Ray Charles to mind?—although Horn's intimate, unstudied readings present no cause for complaint. Another nice touch is the augmentation of her exceptional trio, which permits Horn to shift between piano and organ and makes room for the indigo interjections of alto-sax great Gary Bartz.

Horn's regular unit, one of the best in the business, gets strong competition from the threesome that accompanies another imposing vocalist, Betty Carter. Working behind Carter is equivalent to

a doctoral program in Rhythm Section for young musicians; and Carter's current "students" perform on pianist Cyrus Chestnut's *Revelation* (Atlantic). Bassist Christopher Thomas, drummer Clarence Penn, and Chestnut deliver a program of originals full of subtle turns and bluesy snaps, then interpret Massenet's "Elegie" like Art Tatum doing a soft-shoe.

—B.B.

Bob Blumenthal is a jazz critic for The Boston Globe and CD Review.

Charles M. Young is a New York-based writer.



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Classical Music

BY AUSTIN BAER

WUNDERBAR!

German music directors are the rage in the United States these days: Kurt Masur (at the New York Philharmonic), Wolfgang Sawalisch (Philadelphia Orchestra), Christoph von Dohnányi (Cleveland Orchestra), and now Heinz Fricke at the Washington Opera. This month, he presents his calling card with Eugen d'Albert's *Tiefland* (Low Country), a personal favorite of his that surfaces seldom in Germany and just about never anywhere else. The tale is simple. A vicious Spanish landowner marries off his inconvenient mistress to an innocent shepherd. Violence ensues, and integrity triumphs. B-movie material, you say? For sure, but the orchestral writing has a streak of ripe (perhaps overripe) romance that carried the day at the turn of the century. Never discount the possibilities of atmosphere.



Tiefland costume

WELSER-MÖST LIKELY TO SUCCEED

When the name of the almost scandalously youthful conductor Franz Welser-Möst began circulating, a few seasons ago, a skeptic might have thought him one more invention of hopeful record executives. A first Mozart album for EMI (his exclusive label) seemed polished to a fault, not graceful so much as mincing, and other discs were no better. Yet in 1990, the London Philharmonic drafted him as music director at the tender age of 30, following the eminent Klaus Tennstedt. America has taken a shine to the young Austrian too. After an early string of debuts, the leading orchestras are giving him that most important of accolades: return engagements. This month, Welser-Möst renews his ties with the Los Angeles Philharmonic and the New York Philharmonic, and makes his debut with



Franz Welser-Möst

the Boston Symphony. Later this season, appearances follow in Philadelphia (December) and in St. Louis and Atlanta (February). Players and critics praise Welser-Möst lavishly. Perhaps his talent, about which doubt lingers no longer, will always reveal itself most fully in the spontaneity of the concert hall. Still, his discography is looking up too; check out his spine-tingling account of Stravinsky's *Oedipus Rex* with the London Philharmonic.

ENCORE!

Talk about staying power. The Viennese soprano Leonie Rysanek, 67 this month, has been a diva of the first rank since mid-century. This month, look for her as the Countess in Tchaikovsky's *The Queen of Spades* with the San Francisco Opera (415-864-3330), and in April, as Klytämnestra in Richard Strauss's heaven-storming *Elektra* with the Metropolitan Opera (212-362-6000). These are women with guilty secrets; faded divas with ravaged voices can put them across just by chewing the scenery.



Leonie Rysanek

Rysanek has the artistic conscience to sing, and an unspoiled instrument with which to do it. In the twilight of an astonishing career, her every outing is an event.

SHOSTAKOVICH'S MUSE

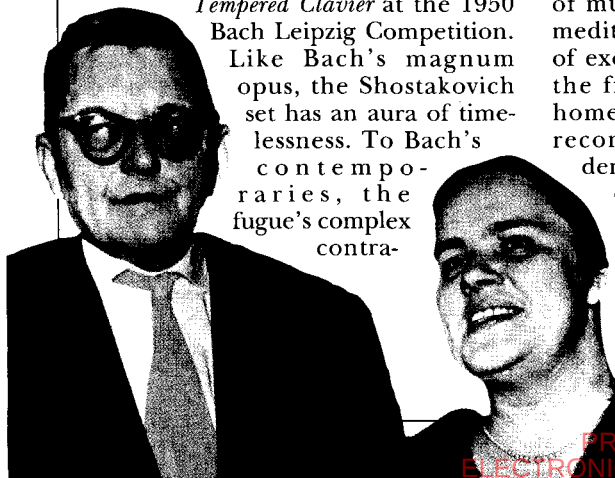
Opportunities to hear monumental compositions by the interpreters who inspired them are rare. All hail, then, to New York's 92nd Street Y, where Tatiana Nikolaeva offers a full traversal, in two evenings, of Dmitri Shostakovich's 24 *Preludes and Fugues*, op. 87 (October 30 and November 3, 212-996-1100). This is Shostakovich's daring response to Nikolaeva's daring (and prize-winning) traversal of J. S. Bach's *The Well-Tempered Clavier* at the 1950 Bach Leipzig Competition. Like Bach's magnum opus, the Shostakovich set has an aura of timelessness. To Bach's contemporaries, the fugue's complex contra-

puntal architecture already seemed retrospective, if not downright passé; by Shostakovich's day, it was an academic concern. Yet into this antiquated form Bach and Shostakovich poured a universe of musical learning.

In both cases, the most obvious point of the exercise is an exploration of harmony: like Bach, Shostakovich systematically traverses all the major and minor keys. No less important, the composers range all over the map of musical expression—from quiet meditations to thunderous cataracts of excitement. Here is music to test the fingers, head, and heart. For home listeners, Nikolaeva's heroic recording (Hyperion, three CDs) demonstrates ample reserves on all counts; so, in a contrasting vein of delicacy, does Keith Jarrett's (ECM, two CDs).

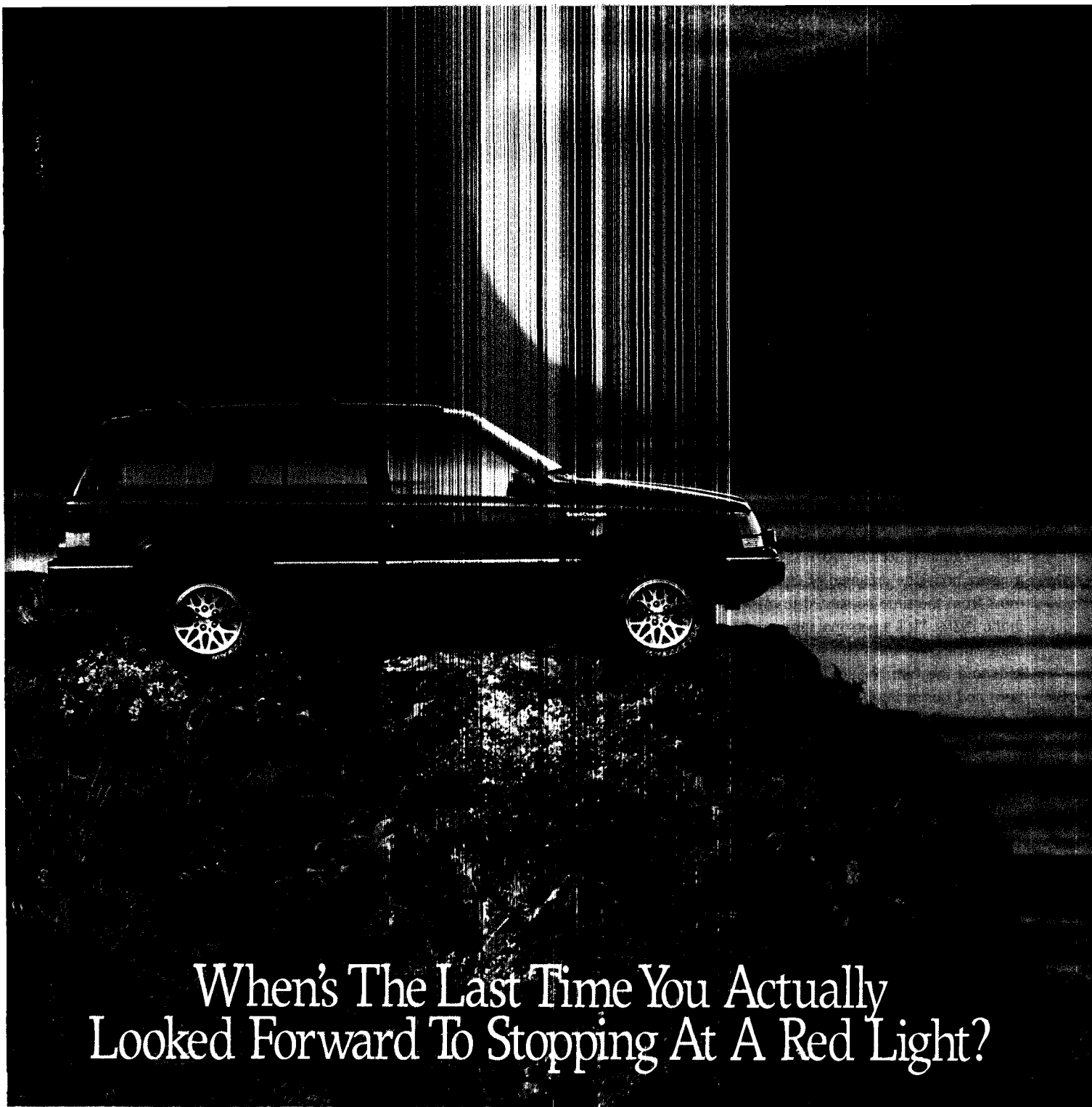
Austin Baer is a New York-based writer.

Dmitri Shostakovich and Tatiana Nikolaeva, 1965



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(Continued from page 48)

rounded by an immense parking lot. The front door is guarded by a thirty-foot painted plaster replica of Trigger rearing up on his hind legs, facing north. The white-maned palomino has been reproduced in anatomically correct detail; in the barren parking lot, where the eye has nowhere else to go, you cannot but acknowledge that Trigger was, as Roy still likes to brag, "A stallion to the day he died."

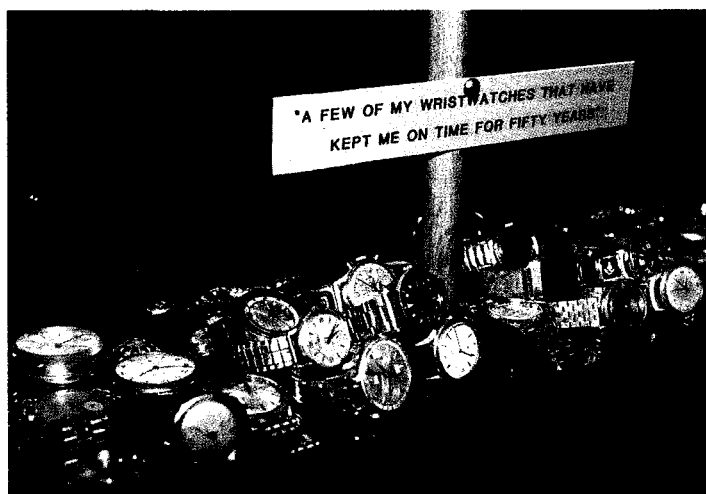
If the Rogers family had given the job of assembling their artifacts to a professional curator, their museum would likely have been very different, perhaps more like Gene Autry's. Autry, the other most renowned singing cowboy, opened a fine Western Heritage Museum in Los Angeles five years ago. Its magnificently arranged exhibits show important artifacts of western history, all handsomely displayed in a splendid building with names of benefactors and patrons along one gleaming wall. Roy and Dale's place is, to say the least, very different. "This isn't really a regular museum," Roy says of the treasure house he dreamed of creating almost from the time he started in movies, in the 1930s. "It's a personal museum. It's things that Dale and I have done, and the kids and the family and Trigger. I was born and raised in an area where people didn't have anything. I got a pocket knife for Christmas and made all my own toys with it: slingshots, whistles, things like that. So when I grew up and started getting things, I couldn't get rid of them. The drawers would fill up with stuff, and Dale would say, 'Honey, when are you going to empty them?' What I did was put everything in a box and send it off to Bekins Van & Storage. When I opened the first museum, about twenty-five years ago, I had two big truckloads of stuff." The

museum's original location was Apple Valley; it was moved to Victorville in 1976. In all that time the collection has never stopped growing. Today the exhibit space is packed with mementos, and Dusty Rogers says that there are many more things in storage than there are on display.

Dusty is the "curator"—a term that even he chuckles at. Along with Roy and

Dale, he decides what objects will go into the dioramas and glass cases, rearranging the exhibits when he gets tired of the way they look or when his dad acquires something else, which frequently happens on weekends when Roy goes to the Victorville swap meet. Dusty says, "I come into my office on Monday and there will be some little table made out of burl wood that somebody handcrafted, or a model ship with the rigging all torn up. Dad will say, 'Somebody built that with his own two hands. I got it for two bucks, and I think it was worth it.'"

Everything in this museum is presented not with apology or pretense (or in any apparent logical order) but with absolute sincerity. A lifetime of stuff sings of the heights of Hollywood renown and also, among the benign ephemera, reveals excruciating family tragedies. THIS IS OUR LIFE, announces a varnished wooden sign with carved gold letters at the museum's entryway. The welcome is flanked by a picture of Roy tipping his hat and one of Dale smiling. This museum *is* their life—an epic autobiography in which nothing is withheld. There are grand things, including a \$50,000 silver-and-gold parade saddle, and little ones, including a half-used bottle of 6-12 bug repellent saved from a long-ago family camping trip. A picture of Roy's grizzled sidekick Gabby



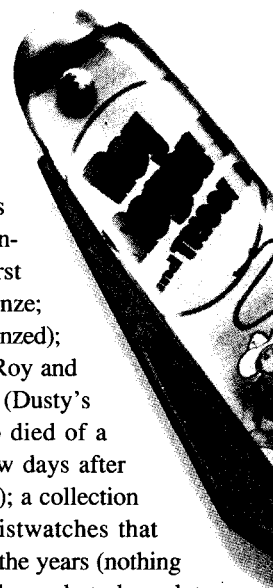
Hayes at age nineteen, playing the role of King Lear, is preserved a few cases away from a stunned-looking taxidermized golden eagle that Roy's band, The Sons of the Pioneers, found electrocuted under a high-voltage line. The band had the bird mounted as a gift for Roy. "I've lived through so much," he says. "When I walk through the museum, I get about a

quarter of the way and get so tired just seeing where I've been."

A few of the things you see just past the entryway are Roy's first cowboy boots, in bronze; his first guitar (not bronzed); a wedding photo of Roy and his first wife, Arlene (Dusty's natural mother, who died of a brain embolism a few days after he was born, in 1946); a collection of several dozen wristwatches that Roy has owned over the years (nothing too fancy—some Rolexes, but also a lot of 1970s Seiko digitals, all piled up together); a hunk of the Berlin Wall; some dollar bills folded into funny origami shapes; a little statue of a pig; and a selection of pretty glass vases. Just beyond these memorabilia are cases containing Roy and Dale's tributes to their three children who died. When you turn a corner in this place, you never know what you will find—which makes it a lot like real life, and the most personal and intimate museumgoing experience imaginable.

ROY and Dale have had nine children altogether. When they fell in love, a few years after co-starring in *The Cowboy and the Señorita* in 1944, he was a widower with three youngsters, and she had a son from her first marriage, which she had entered into at age fourteen in Arkansas. A couple of years after they were married, Dale, who was then thirty-seven, gave birth to their daughter Robin Elizabeth, who suffered from severe Downs syndrome. Flouting the conventional wisdom of the time, which was to place Robin in an

institution (or at least not to let their fans know about the imperfect child), they kept Robin with them as part of the family until she died, a few days before her second birthday. Her case in the museum—identified "Robin Elizabeth Rogers: 1950–1952"—contains pictures of her as a frail blonde baby; it holds her monogrammed silver baby cup, a little



memory book, and a well-worn stuffed animal from her crib.

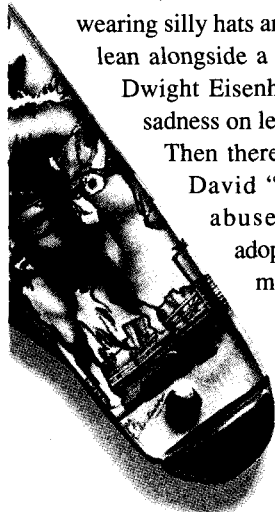
Next to Robin's case are the personal effects of Deborah Lee Rogers, an adopted Korean orphan who died at age twelve in a bus crash on a church trip. Pictures of Debbie show her with her friends wearing silly hats and grinning. Her dolls lean alongside a letter from President Dwight Eisenhower expressing his sadness on learning of her death.

Then there is a tribute to John David "Sandy" Rogers, an abused boy whom they adopted after one of Roy's many goodwill trips to orphanages. A picture of Sandy shows him shortly after he came to live with them, wearing a plaid shirt with a souvenir

Roy Rogers and Trigger necktie, his nose still twisted to the side from the beatings he had received before Roy and Dale rescued him. Next to his picture is a letter he wrote to them in 1965, not long after he left home and joined the Army, explaining that someday he would like to raise a big family just as they had. Next to his letter is the triangularly folded American flag from his Army coffin.

Near the children's memorials are large artificial-flower arrangements. A plastic yucca plant honors the couple's home in Apple Valley, and an arrangement of golden poppies set into a wicker floor stand is labeled as an homage to the state of California and to the golden palomino Trigger.

The ripples of Roy and Dale's life spread wider and wider as you continue through the museum. Many things are what you would expect in a movie stars' reliquary: the fabulous clothes they wore in their traveling rodeo; hundreds of Roy and Dale magazine covers and comic books; licensed toys and souvenirs, including a humming lariat and a ten-cent-a-ride mechanical Trigger; publicity pictures from their movies and their singing career; awards ranging from California Mother of the Year (Dale, 1967) to Honorary American Indian of the Year (Roy, who has Choctaw blood, 1986) to membership in the Cowboy Hall of Fame (Roy and Dale, 1976). There is a picture of



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Dale at age seventeen, in her first evening dress, and a picture of her a few years later reclining glamorously on a couch for test shots at Twentieth-Century Fox.

Some of Roy's favorite vehicles are parked among the artifacts, including a chartreuse 1964 Lincoln convertible with a sign on its trunk saying I DROVE THIS CAR ALMOST 100,000 MILES—ROY ROGERS; the 1923 Dodge that Roy's father owned; and Nellybelle, the cantankerous Jeep once driven by Roy's sidekick Pat Brady. Here, too, are some other celebrities' things, which Roy somehow acquired over the years: Hoot Gibson's piano, Tom Mix's shirt, chairs once sat in by Clark Gable and William S. Hart, a souvenir Hopalong Cassidy milk glass. There are letters of affection to Roy and Dale from every American President since Truman and from political and religious leaders all over the world.

Among such glittering star memorabilia are frequent unexpected displays showing the many ways in which the life Roy and Dale have lived is typically American. One set of shelves holds Roy's Shriner fez collection, assembled from The No-Ruz Grotto, El Zagal, and other fraternal temples around the country. There are Roy's 4-H Club blue ribbons for Swine Showmanship in 1927, 1928, and 1929, and a picture of him with Martha Washington, his prizewinning sow. A large case is devoted to Roy's favorite pastime, bowling: it contains his shirts, his scorecard from the time he rolled a 667 series, pictures of his team, and favorite bowling balls, including one sparkling clear-plastic beauty with a replica of Trigger's head embedded in its core. HOW ABOUT A LOOK INSIDE ROY'S PERSONAL TACKLE BOX? asks a sign above one display, which shows a nice array of "baby hellbenders" and "pal o' mine" lures. The Rogers family's dining table (a round one with a lazy Susan in the center) is set with china bearing western brands and a large Bible. Above the table in this diorama is a big picture of Jesus.

The single most popular attraction in the museum is Trigger, once billed as "The Smartest Horse in the Movies." At

closing time it is not unusual for late-arriving tourists to beg the cashier to be allowed just five minutes to run in and see him. He is in a glass case along with Dale's buckskin horse, Buttermilk, and the couple's German shepherd, Bullet. Trigger is big and serious-looking, preserved for all time rearing up on his hind legs, wearing a gleaming silver saddle.



His upkeep is Dusty Rogers's responsibility, and it involves brushing the dust off his glass eyes, shining his saddle, and having him sprayed occasionally for bugs. To groom his golden hide Dusty uses Dale's old natural-bristle crumb brush.

"I could talk about Trigger forever," Roy says with true emotion. "He was one of the greatest horses that ever came along. He was just terrific. I made all those pictures and all those TV shows with him; we ran through everything and he never once fell with me. He was just so sharp. He liked to perform in front of people, and there wasn't anything I asked of him he wouldn't do. He walked up stairs in hospitals to visit the sick children. He was so gentle I used to put all my kids on him at one time, from his neck clear back to his tail. I insisted that Trigger get star billing in all my pictures. After all, what's a cowboy without a horse?" The museum abounds with as many pictures of Trigger as of the rest of the family: Trigger and Roy in Hawaii (Trigger wears a gigantic lei), Trigger coming down a special gangplank from a KLM jetliner, Trigger making funny lips and kissing Roy, and, of course, Trigger rearing up heroically on his hind legs as Roy waves his hand in the air—the iconic pose of cowboy jubilation which is imprinted on the minds of a generation.

Trigger was thirty-three when he died, in 1965. "I got a call on July the third, at five o'clock in the morning," Roy recalls. "I recognized the voice—my stable manager. I said, 'Danny, old Trigger died, didn't he?' I had had a premonition, because Trigger was getting old. He ate that morning, and he was turned out in the pasture, and just a few minutes later he

was lying down in the field. There wasn't any dirt kicked up or anything. I just couldn't put him in the ground, so I sent him to old man Bischoff, in Los Angeles, to be mounted. They did a good job. I still can't hardly walk past him in the museum without getting tears in my eyes." The Smithsonian Institution had wanted Trigger when he died, but Roy couldn't let him go. "I once joked that I'd told Dale that when I die, she

should just skin me and put me up on Trigger, and I could smile down at the people from now on."

WHEN he was a young boy, Roy Rogers never dreamed of becoming a movie cowboy. Born Leonard Slye, in Cincinnati, he grew up living with his parents and three sisters in "the last house in the holler" in Duck Run, Ohio, where his boyhood ambition was to become a dentist. It seemed a glamorous and necessary profession, especially to a person who to this day remembers the country custom of getting a molar yanked out while someone's knee was in his chest. "When I made enough money in pictures, one of the first things I did was to get myself some jaw teeth. It was a long time before I got a chance to buy these." Roy proudly hoists the detachable bridgework out of his mouth to show us his man-made choppers.

Who were his heroes when he was growing up? "My horse, Babe, and my mule, Barney. Babe was an ex-sulky racer, and boy, I thought I had it made. I rode her to school and I rode her to church. First, though, I learned to ride with my mule: old Barney, he was my buddy. I just loved him. I was living so far back in the sticks I didn't know anybody else but them. I knew we had a

President, because I learned that in school, but we didn't even have a radio, and I sure never got to see the cowboy stars back then."

After raising pigs and chickens on the family farm, Roy took a job working alongside his father in the insole department at the U.S. Shoe Company, in Cincinnati. His oldest sister had moved to California, and in 1930, flush with ninety dollars he had saved, Roy convinced his father that they should quit their jobs and drive west. "We stayed four months and then went back to Ohio. Winter was coming, and I never could stand cold weather, so I said 'Happy Trails' to my dad and hitchhiked back to California. I've been here ever since."

One thing Roy Rogers remembers vividly about the start of his career is how hungry he was. During his early years as a singer of cowboy ballads, he recalls, "Me and the band were barnstorming in New Mexico, Arizona, and Texas, and we got to Roswell, New Mexico. We didn't have a dime. So we got on a little radio station, and I came up with the idea to talk about our favorite things to eat, thinking maybe some listener would send us something. I said I liked lemon pie, and we got a phone call at the station from a fella who said that if I would sing 'The Swiss Yodel,' his sister would bring a lemon pie to our motor court that night. By golly, I sang 'The Swiss Yodel' better than I ever did, and sure enough, that night a car pulled up and there were not one but two pies! Man, we couldn't wait for them folks to

when he gets to his feet, the way eighty-one-year-olds sometimes do. But the person talking about the lemon pie doesn't seem at all like an old man. Inside him is the heart of an all-American boy. When he describes the scheme he concocted to get the pies, and when you see the impish way his face creases when he remembers how good it felt to scratch the elemental itch of hunger, you realize that in some significant way Roy Rogers has never aged. He still radiates all the rapture and expectation of boyhood. It is that eternal boyishness that made him such a good King of the Cowboys fifty years ago and that makes him, even at age eighty-one, such a fitting symbol of a young America in which all things were possible.

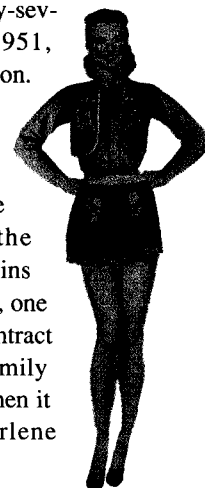
His career as a singer started slowly. When he came to California in 1930, he made ends meet by picking peaches. A song recital on a radio amateur show called *Midnight Frolic* earned him an invitation to join The Rocky Mountaineers, a group that performed regularly on the air for glory rather than money. In 1935 he formed The Pioneer Trio, soon known as The Sons of the Pioneers, which specialized in such sentimental cowboy ballads as "There's a Round-up in the Sky" and "Moonlight on the Prairie." That year The Sons of the Pioneers appeared in Gene Autry's first big picture, *Tumbling Tumbleweeds*. Singing cowboys were suddenly hot, so when Gene Autry made it clear to Republic Pictures that he expected significantly more money the next time he signed a contract, Republic started looking for another headliner. Leonard Slye heard about the audition in a hat shop while getting his ten-gallon

Stetson cleaned. He beat out seventeen other singing cowboys and got the job, at \$75 a week. Republic gave him a new name, Dick Weston; but when his first starring role, in *Under Western Stars*, was being planned, in 1938, that name was discarded in favor of Roy Rogers. The *New York Times* film critic Bosley Crowther described him as having "a drawl like Gary Cooper [and] a smile like Shirley Temple"; but Republic was so concerned that he appeared to be squinting that they suggested he put drops in his eyes to widen them. A flood of letters made it clear that fans adored the crinkly cowboy expression in Roy Rogers's eyes. The movie-going public cast their votes, and he went on to make eighty-seven cowboy movies by 1951, when he moved to television. In 1943 Republic Pictures dubbed him King of the Cowboys.

Roy fell in love with the person who had made the lemon pies—Arlene Wilkins—and married her in 1936, one year before signing his contract at Republic. He was a family man from the start, and when it appeared that he and Arlene



leave so we could eat those pies!" When Roy tells this story, his eyes still sparkle with delight, and when he describes the pies he got, he shows the height of their meringue by holding one hand high in the air. So vivid is the memory that he struggles to stand up from the couch where he's been sitting. He wobbles a little



couldn't have a child, they adopted one, Cheryl Darlene. Then, as sometimes happens, Arlene became pregnant, giving birth to Linda Lou Rogers in 1943; Dusty was born in 1946. After Roy and Dale were married, they adopted Sandy, Dodie, and Debbie, and took a Scottish foster child named Marion. "I always wanted a big family," Roy explains. "Every time I'd go on the road, I'd play orphanages and children's hospitals and places like that. No wonder I wound up with so many." Roy and Dale now have sixteen grandchildren and twenty-six great-grandchildren. "And I'm close to having a great-great-grandchild," Roy says, beaming. "Except for Dusty, none of my kids went into show business, and none of them have any horses." In a moment of reflection he says, "I think it goes back to when they were little. They would never say it, but I was on Trigger all the time, making pictures. Horses took me away from them."

Even during his twelve-year reign as the nation's top-box-office cowboy, when he appeared on a *Life* magazine cover and was a favorite of the gossip columnist Louella Parsons, who declared him to have "the best behind in show business," Roy was not completely comfortable as a movie star. "I didn't like those Hollywood parties," he recalls. "The studio insisted I go to them for publicity, but I couldn't figure out for the world how to enjoy it. I can't sit down and talk to someone I don't know. So the next time I was invited, I asked if I could take a friend, and they said sure,

thinking I would be bringing someone glamorous with me. But instead I took my two or three good hunting buddies. We sat in the corner and talked about hunting, and then I had a good time."

ROY Rogers and Dale Evans have been married for almost forty-six years and are about to celebrate their fiftieth year together in show business. When she enters the room, his eyes light up as brightly as they do when he remembers lemon pie. "Come on in, Mother," he says to Dale, who arrives fresh from the beauty parlor. Her tresses are the color of angel hair on a festive Christmas tree, and her pink-white skin remains unlined. The Queen of the West herself does almost all the shopping and cooking and laundry at the Rogers home. "When we were younger, with me working and all the kids, we had to have help. But I spent so much time when I was off my horse arbitrating between the help that I vowed I would never do it again."

When you talk to Roy Rogers and Dale Evans, even when Roy is outfitted in King of the Cowboys regalia, it is easy to think of them the way they think of themselves—as normal folks who just happened to have some good luck in their careers. At the peak of their movies' popularity, in the late 1940s and early 1950s,

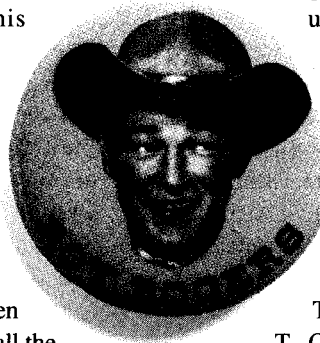
Roy had more than 2,000 fan clubs in America and around the world, and 400 licensed products bore Roy and Dale's names and images; they set the all-time box-office record at Madison Square Garden and were the only couple ever chosen as Grand Marshals of the Tournament of Roses parade. Despite their enormous fame, Roy and Dale never changed or felt the need to be reclusive. "Mom and Dad are very public people," Dusty Rogers says. "We've always been accessible, never walled up our house. I remember times when folks would just find us in Apple Valley and come knocking on the door. There would be Mom in her bathrobe and slippers. One

guy asked if she was the housekeeper. One time Dad came down in the morning and found strangers sitting in the living room. They said, 'Hi, Roy, we're from West Virginia, and figured you wouldn't mind.' Dad made them coffee and they yakked awhile."

Dusty Rogers long ago grew accustomed to having parents who belonged to the public, having grown up, as he puts it, "sharing my mom and dad with twenty-five million other kids." Today some of Roy's honorary heirs include the country-music headliners Randy Travis, Clint Black, K. T. Oslin, and Emmylou

Harris, who teamed up with Roy and Dale and Dusty and a constellation of other top country stars in 1991 for an album of cowboy songs called *Tribute*, on which the highlight was them all joining in on Dale's composition "Happy Trails," Roy and Dale's theme song since their TV show began, in 1951.

Victorville has grown since the Roy Rogers-Dale Evans Museum opened there. Restaurant franchises and strip malls stretch out toward the desert. Just as in Los Angeles, graffiti mars walls and homeless drifters panhandle in supermarket parking lots. Amid the rudeness of the modern world, Roy and Dale, as always, draw their comfort from life at home. They prefer watching old movies on their large-screen TV to going out to see current pictures—which, Roy says, "are so bloody and filled with cussing, I wouldn't let Trigger see them." They spend a fair amount of time worrying about the daily doings of their cat, a tabby named Charlie. "When he's in, we worry that he should go out; when he's out, we worry about him coming back," Roy says, amused by the small concerns that are so absorbing in old age. Sometimes Roy and Dale come to their museum in the early morning, before the visitors arrive, and wander through it, looking at the collection of mementos that symbolize their long life together, and remembering the America of high hopes and happy trails over which they once so graciously reigned. 🌵



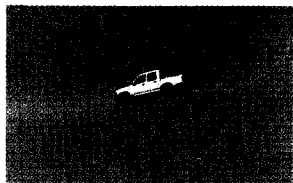
Penknife and lutton photographed by Martin Corneil, all other photographs courtesy of the authors

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Vacations in the Sahara

*Trackless sands, trusty camels, and
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DAYS from Djanet, in the wild and mountainous desert of southeastern Algeria, the pickup blew a tire. A goat in the back lay down to die. My host, the driver, was a young nomad with rings on his fingers. He hauled the goat to its feet and then mounted the spare tire and said, "Don't worry. If you love a woman, she can never hurt you. The desert is my woman." This alarmed me. I had another metaphor in mind. A vehicle in the Sa-

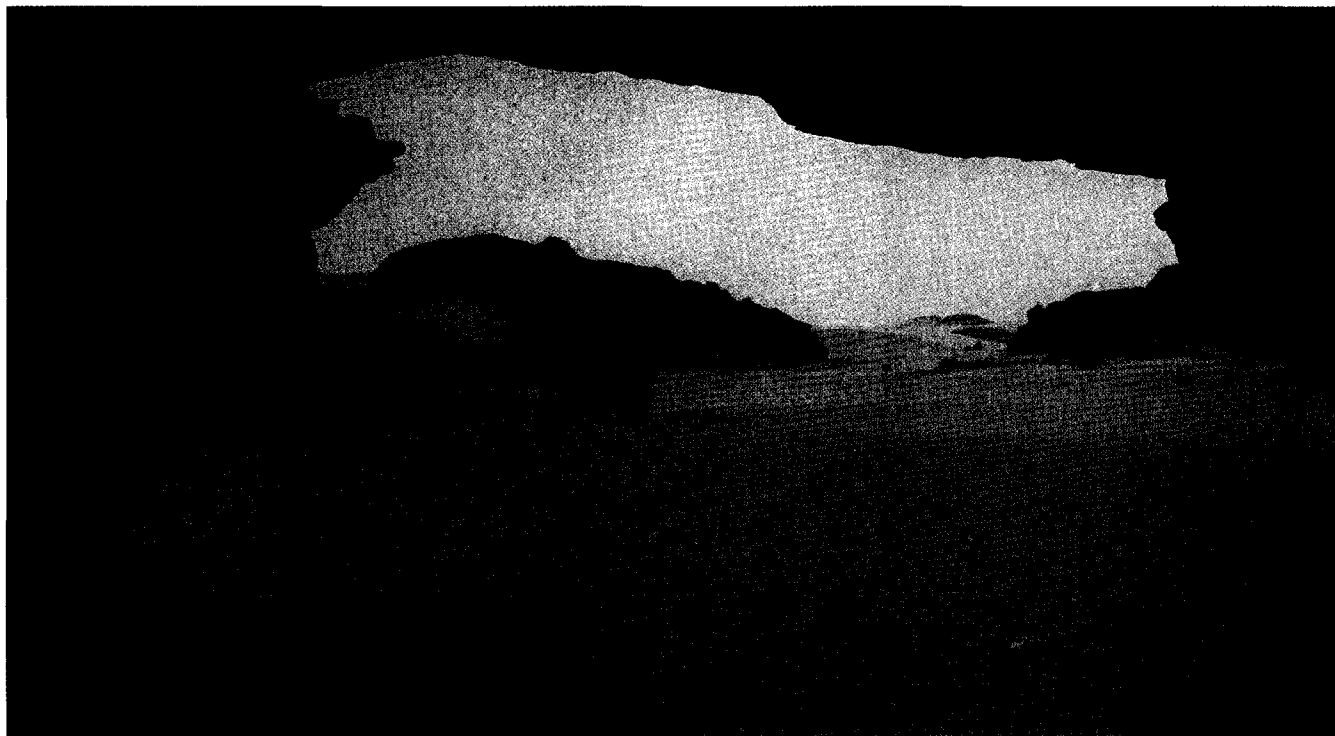
hara is a life raft, and ours had sprung a leak: with the barest hiss the spare was losing air. We kept afloat only by working an old bicycle pump. I remembered a Frenchman who had assured me, "You are never alone in the desert." Easy to say in Paris, but I already knew of people who had been too alone. You can lie for months here without being found. Short of that, solitude is one of the beauties of the Sahara. Now we navigated trackless valleys and

sailed sand seas. We gave up on the goat, and abandoned its carcass to the shade of thorns. And finally we got to Djanet, a lovely oasis town at the foot of craggy cliffs. I have since become more objective, but at the time, I thought it was the most luxurious place on earth.

There are other Saharas, some too tame. In Tunisia mass tourism has made a caricature of the desert and turned young men into pimps. I once joined a group of Spaniards there, and saw the land fast from behind glass. Our guide grappled with the age-old problem of what to do with a desert. He named rock formations—the "lion," the "camel," the "cathedral." He sold dunes and traditions. He used superlatives without content. "At Tamerza is the most interesting waterfall. You absolutely must see it—everyone does." The waterfall was unusual, perhaps. Also liquid and cool. We splashed in it and took pictures. The guide was a jester, ambiguous in the way of paid companions: he seemed to disdain other Tunisians, and secretly to despise us as well. He wanted us to admire the mirages, but there are mirages in Spain, too. The Spaniards felt excluded and unfulfilled. This was Tunisia, the impenetrable Sahara. Morocco is worse.

by William Langewiesche

PHOTOGRAPHS BY WILLIAM LANGEWIESCHE



The Tadart, a wilderness within a wilderness, south of Djanet in the Algerian desert



For all its size, the most surprising characteristic of the Sahara is the speed with which it changes.

Algeria is better, maybe because thirty years ago the Algerians threw the French out. Algerians have become proud and somewhat distant. If they are poor, they are not hungry. If they hustle each other, they do not bother strangers. In the vast south, which is the desert, they themselves are accustomed to travel. They are hospitable but not fawning. They appreciate their own solitude and respect that of others. They have not spoiled their desert: it is the real Sahara. Still, I cannot recommend a vacation there without admitting that Algeria is troubled. After the near victory of the Islamic party in national elections, and a subsequent mili-

tary crackdown, last year a low-grade civil war broke out that so far has claimed more than a thousand lives. The struggle is limited to the north, mostly to savagery between authorities and rebels in the capital, Algiers. To date foreigners have not been attacked.

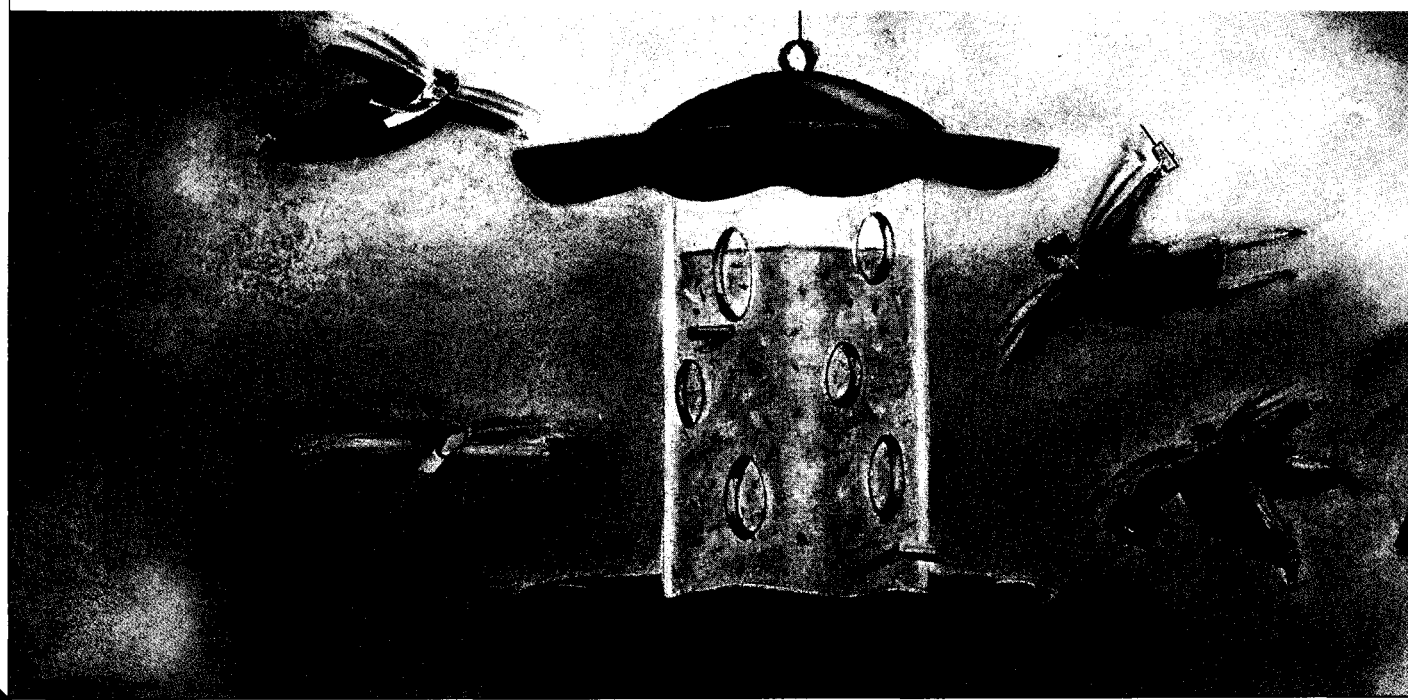
In fact the capital is worth a few nights on the way to the Sahara. It sparkles across hills on a blue Mediterranean bay. Though the suburbs boast a Hilton and a Sofitel, the best place to stay is the Es-Safir (phone 011-213-273-5040, fax 273-7863), a venerable colonial-era hotel in the city center, where for \$40 you get a room with a high ceiling and a bath. Forget the museums and the beaches. Algiers is tense and watchful. The economy has gone underground. Walk the streets and study the face of resurgent Islam. You probably should stay out of the casbah this year. The calls to prayer sound like calls to action.

But you can also skip the city center, and fly Air Algerie from Algiers to Djanet, two hours away by Boeing on a flight any day but Tuesday. The airline is competent and safe. Except during the

height of summer it runs an additional weekly flight directly from Paris to Djanet. The flight takes only four hours, but by some measures covers as great a distance as exists anywhere.

DJANET stands at 3,600 feet at the base of the Tassili-n-Ajjer plateau, which rises almost twice as high. It is an old trading center for Tuareg nomads, the veiled warriors of the high desert. Because of its altitude, the area is not prohibitively hot, even in the summer, and nights are cold in the winter. The town is home to 10,000 people. It consists of villages built of stone which melt into the hillsides along a dry riverbed. It has an old French fort, a market, and a typical date palmery. You can easily spend a couple of days there, watching the Arabs, Tuaregs, and black Africans. Along the main street a shaded café serves tea and good strong coffee. The little restaurants won't make you sick. As elsewhere in the Sahara, the drinking water is clean. Unfortunately, the same cannot be said for the main hotel, a concrete box longingly named The Zéribas, after the airy stick-

Why are so many frequent flyers



walled huts of tradition. Better to stay six miles out of town at the other hotel, called Ténéré Villages, where a room for two costs \$60 and includes breakfast.

The hotel is run by Ténéré Voyages, the most reputable guide service in the Algerian Sahara. This is convenient, because Djanet alone is not enough to see—you'll want to poke around the desert. For \$90 a day per person (\$50 for children) Ténéré Voyages includes the room, all meals, and a Toyota Landcruiser with driver. The price is based on there being four passengers per vehicle, and is the same whether you make day trips from the hotel or venture farther, camping in the desert. You may also travel by camel or by foot with pack mule. Though all this quickly becomes expensive, straying from Djanet without a guide and a good vehicle would be foolish. Ténéré Voyages says it has never lost a client. Its phone number in Djanet is 011-213-973-5053; its head office is in Ouargla, at 970-7562, fax 970-2936.

Language is not a great obstacle. French is widely spoken, along with Arabic and Tamachek, the Berber dialect of

the Tuaregs. English is less common, because American and British visitors are rare. But visitors talk too much anyway, and expect too much of their guides. Local people know less than they pretend to. You can learn more by reading a few books beforehand (if you read French, you'll want to look for the *Guide Bleu Algérie*, which is far and away the best guidebook available; in English look for the out-of-print *Search for the Tassili Frescoes*, by Henri Lhote), and trusting the guides simply to navigate. In Algeria at least they don't require you to ski the dunes and they don't name the rocks.

After a morning's drive south from Djanet you come to a desert of scattered acacias, and to a canyon and a spring where nomads camp. The women may slip into their tents. The men may make tea, and sit with you for hours in silence and the buzzing of flies. The goats will bleat. The children will stare.

Farther to the south and east, after a day or so of hard travel, the Sahara descends toward Niger and Libya into valleys so hot that the wind blows upward and sand dunes mount the canyon walls

to escape. Nomads do not venture here. This is the Tadart, a wilderness within a wilderness, a desert of sculpted stone. It requires patience to visit: at midday you pass long hours sheltering from the sun under overhanging rocks; at night, under the brilliant stars, you must reassure yourself that elsewhere life continues. I have tried, and been unable, in the Tadart to imagine Manhattan.

Closer to Djanet lies Erg Admer, a sea of 300-foot dunes extending for more than a hundred miles toward the Hoggar Mountains. By Algerian standards Admer is a small erg, but its sand will

The rock art continues. The most recent works are primitive representations of trucks and trimotors.

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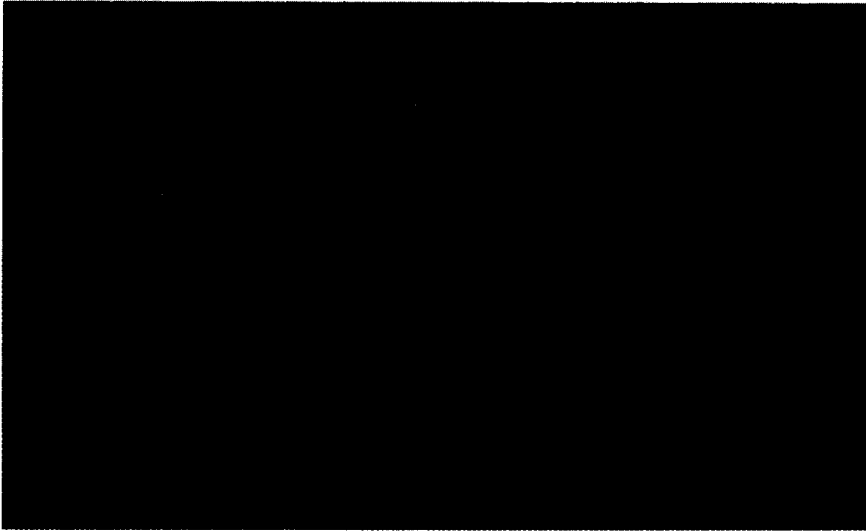
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Prehistoric rock paintings give evidence of a different Sahara

line your horizons and fill your shoes.

For all its size, the most surprising characteristic of the Sahara is the speed with which it changes. It is full of hidden worlds. The most compelling of them rises to the east, in the rugged Tassili plateau. Accessible only by steep cliffside trails, the Tassili contains one of the world's great collections of prehistoric rock art. Rock drawings can be found in highlands throughout the Sahara, hundreds in the Tadrat alone, but only here in the Tassili is there such a concentration—perhaps 400,000 Neolithic paintings and engravings, which together chronicle the human history of the Sahara. If you are physically tough, you can hike up to the closest site and back in a day. It's better to pack in supplies and spend a week. The richest site is at Sefar, a two-day walk from the trailhead. And the Tassili is spectacular canyon-cut country. The art gives you an excuse to wander through it.

PEOPLE began to paint the rock there about 8,000 years ago, during a long wet spell. They drew gods with round heads, and illustrated a savannah roamed by the largest African mammals. Rivers flowed in the canyons, and crocodiles lurked, and there was good fishing near Djanet. Around 4000 B.C. new people arrived with domesticated cattle, bringing with them the finest period in Saharan art, the so-called Bovine: they drew realistic cows and graceful human beings. Because of similarities of hairstyle and village life, clearly shown on rock paintings, it seems likely that they were the ancestors of the modern Peul, herders of

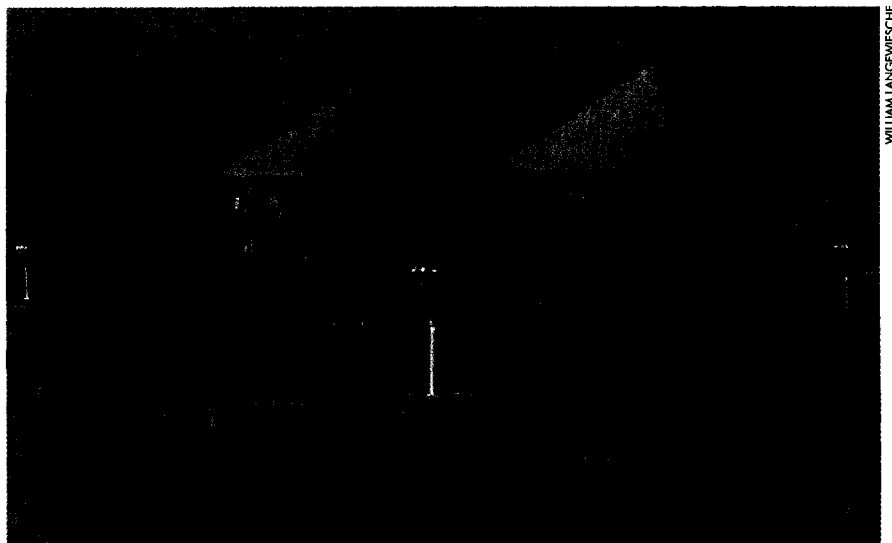
the Sahel. Speculation that they wrecked their homeland by overgrazing it seems unfair, since larger climatic forces were at work. After 2000 B.C. the desert began to return. The rivers dried up, and the African mammals drifted south. On a cliffside near Djanet an engraving shows a weeping cow. Around 1500 B.C. armed horsemen appeared, driving chariots at full gallop. They were Berbers from the north, and they took over. The art declined, and the desert deepened. Then, just before Christ, came the camel.

It came from Arabia as a domesticated animal, and soon supplanted the horse and chariot. Fierce horsemen became even fiercer camelmen, the indomitable Tuaregs. This is not as improbable as it might seem. Horses don't endure the hard desert, and wheels require roads. In a brilliant book titled *The Camel and the Wheel*

(1990), the Columbia history professor Richard W. Bulliet describes how camels came to dominate throughout North Africa and the Middle East. All that was required was an efficient camel saddle—and one was invented in northern Arabia a few centuries before Christ. It was excellent as both a packsaddle and a riding saddle. Afterward even the memory of the wheel was lost.

Incidentally, the problem with camels is the hump, which is made of fat and cannot support a load. The first saddles went on behind the hump, since there was not enough space in front. But the rear was weak and wobbly. The northern-Arabian solution was a saddle that straddled the hump with a frame of inverted Vs. It allowed the camel to carry heavier packs, and it provided the rider with a high, stable perch from which to swing a sword. According to Bulliet, this was the invention that won the Arab world. It remains the packsaddle of the Sahara today.

The rock art continues. The most recent works are primitive representations of trucks and Junkers trimotors. The Tuaregs know that the hoof has been surpassed. Still, they cling to their camels. For riding and making war, they have gone beyond the Arabs. They breed a tall, thin camel with a back so long that they can put their riding saddles *before* the hump. This places the rider low, within the upper reach of a horseman, but improves the handling. Tuaregs nestle their bare feet against their camels' necks and direct the beasts with gentle pressure. If you go to Djanet, you might do the same, for the sake of history alone. ☼



Stone huts in the Ténéré Villages compound outside Djanet

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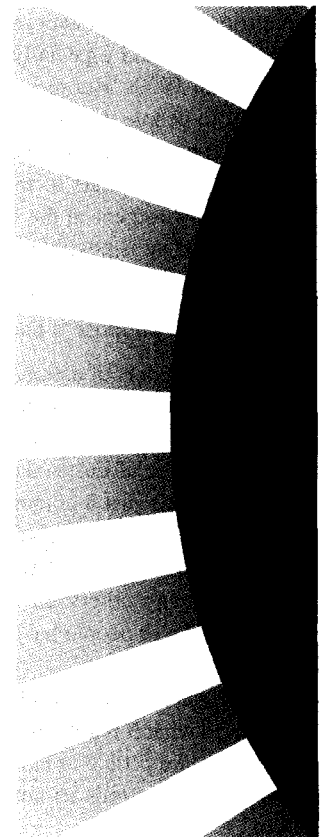
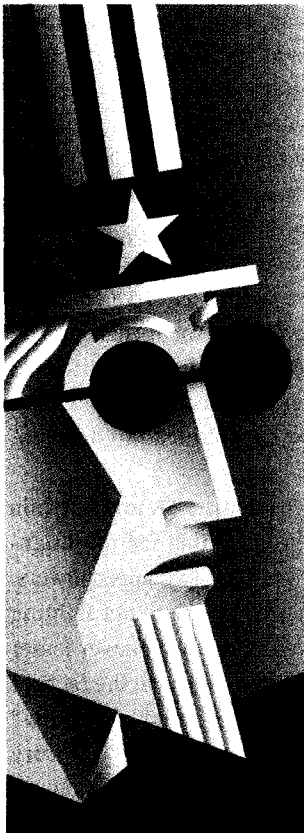
by JAMES FALLOWS

*A case of
Japanese industrial success
and American failure
that can't be explained by American
economic rules. Could the
rules be wrong?*

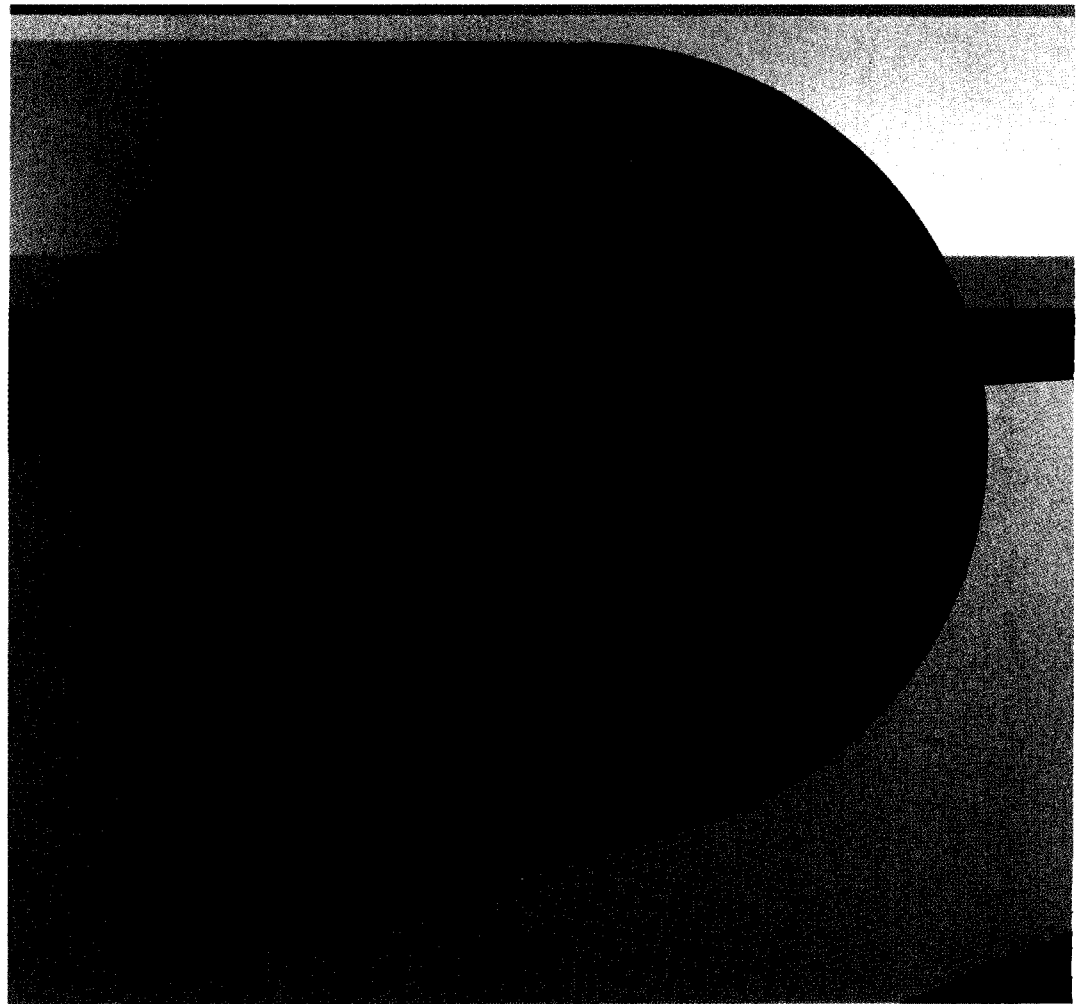
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HIS is not supposed to be an ideological age, but the ideas we use to explain events are very powerful. The idea that Communist control of Vietnam would lead to Communist control of all of Asia required the United States to fight there. Standing up to the Viet Cong and the North Vietnamese represented a chance to correct the mistake made when no one stood up to Hitler—or so it seemed while the domino theory prevailed. In economics the idea that there can't ever be too much competition, or that the government will gum up whatever it touches, requires us to assume that whatever the market decides is for the best.

During last year's presidential campaign the columnist George Will offhandedly reminded his readers that the "lesson of the late 20th century" was government's inability to hit whatever economic target it set for itself. Therefore it was folly for the Democrats under Bill Clinton even to talk about devising a "national economic plan." The significance was that Will could say this offhandedly, and he could safely assume that most educated Americans would agree.



The prevailing idea requires us to view industrial rises and falls as if they were the weather. We can complain all we want, but in the long run there's nothing much we can do.



Aspiring planners of national economies were thick on the ground, here and especially in Europe, as recently as the 1940s and 1950s. But recent history has been chastening, at least to people paying attention. . . . Planners say, with breezy confidence: Why wait for billions of private decisions in free markets to reveal possibilities and preferences? Government in the hands of clever people like us can know what is possible and preferable.

Suppose this paragraph, and the idea behind it, had been a little different. Suppose it had said,

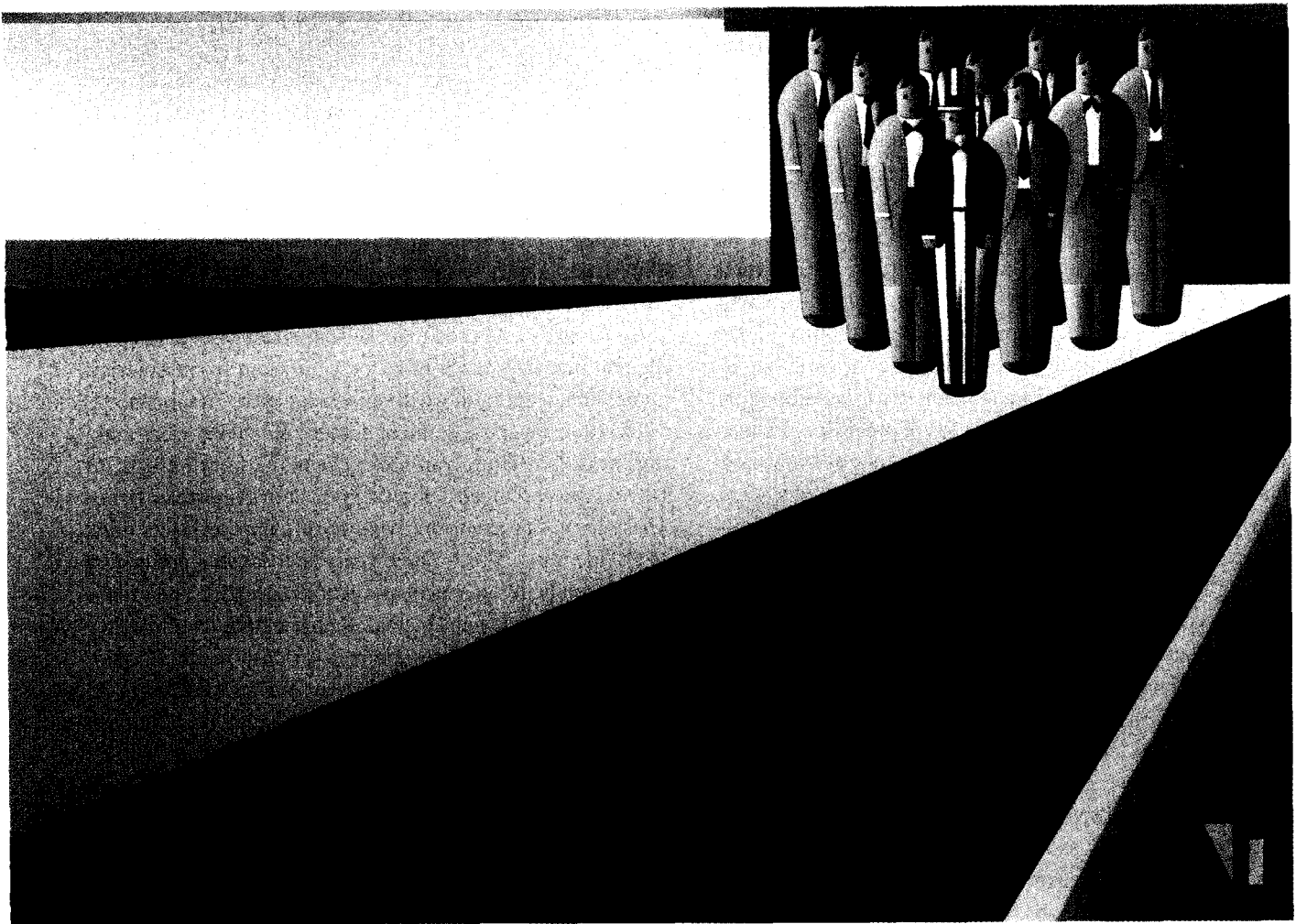
Aspiring planners of national economies were thick on the ground in America as recently as the 1950s. Even now they dominate the governments of Europe, except for England, and those of East Asia, except for Hong Kong.

Perhaps it's just a coincidence, but each of these "except for" countries is the industrial sick man of its region. The European planners have succeeded in some ways but failed in many others. In East Asia, government in the hands of clever people has generally achieved what it set out to do.

This history might be chastening to people paying attention to what it really means—but that's hard for us, because we like people to talk to us in English, and the Anglophone world tells us not to question what we already think.

This, of course, would represent a different idea, which would fit reality into different patterns, leading to different results. With another mental map of the world, people might feel differently about the nature of economic change. The prevailing American idea requires us to view industrial rises and falls as if they were the weather. We can complain all we want, but in the long run there's nothing much we can do, except put on a sweater when it's cold. Or the American idea makes economic change seem like an earthquake: some people are better prepared for it than others, but no one can constrain the fundamental force. A different idea—that industrial decline is less like a drought than like a disease, which might be treated—would lead to different behavior.

In the early 1960s American strategists "knew" certain things about military power. They knew that the most dangerous potential conflict was between the two superpowers. If the United States and the Soviet Union were not fighting each other, then either of them would beat whichever lesser power it faced. It was hard to make those ideas fit the facts of Vietnam and Afghanistan. American economists "know" certain things about business competition now. It is very hard to make those ideas fit the facts of the semiconductor industry, America's great success story of the early 1980s.



The story matters more than others, because of the importance of semiconductor chips to high-tech industrial growth. But even if the products themselves were insignificant, the gap between how Americans think about industry and what happened to this particular industry would be provocative. Americans have learned to explain away industrial failure with reasons that seem to make sense when applied to TV makers, or the Big Three of Detroit, or traditional heavy industry. These reasons—shortsighted management, obstinate unions, neglect of education and investment—do not fit the semiconductor case. A better understanding requires a look at ideas that are in very limited circulation among people educated and trained in English-speaking countries—ideas in direct conflict with all that we “know.”

THE AGE OF INNOCENCE

CALIFORNIA is blessed with a sense of newness, and in 1980 that sense was especially vivid. The Santa Clara Valley had just been baptized Silicon Valley and was the center of the semiconductor industry for the entire world. The new buildings to house that industry looked fresh and almost flimsy without seeming cheap. They were like mushrooms that spring up after a rain, fragile but in their

own way perfect. In the downtown of Cupertino, one of the newest and freshest-looking of Silicon Valley’s cities, stood a public library with a large sculpture shaped like a conquistador’s helmet. Against it the sun emitted a coppery glow. Such structures were this new economy’s answer to the concert halls and art museums that had gone up in Detroit and Chicago in the previous century: people were making money, and they were spreading it around.

Just a few blocks from the library was one of the main sources of the money, Apple Computer, which was then growing so rapidly that its offices were scattered among half a dozen rented sites. If Cupertino had had a skyscraper, from its top you would have been able to see the other great successes of the valley. They included Intel, with headquarters in Santa Clara; Hewlett-Packard, in Palo Alto; the upstart Zilog, in Cupertino, which had been founded by exiles from Intel; and a host of others.

Within a few years it would become difficult to remember the sense of amazement and all-embracing promise that had emanated from Silicon Valley. But in the years before 1980 the industry did things never done before, creating things no one had ever seen. As Detroit had at the turn of the century, when new car companies were springing up practically overnight, Silicon Valley conveyed the sense that its indus-

tries were remaking the world around them—and, as in Detroit earlier, some of the people who had made the original discoveries were still in charge.

The manufacturers of the valley could be divided into three main categories. At the top of the industrial food chain were the computer makers—companies like Apple and Hewlett-Packard, whose brand names the public knew and whose products sat on desks in offices and homes. Below the computer makers were the semiconductor makers—Intel, Motorola, Texas Instruments, Zilog, National Semiconductor, and many others. As the industry grew through the 1980s, the public came to know their names as well, but until very late in the decade, when computer users around the country began buying extra RAM or faster processors for their home computers, the semiconductor makers sold their products to the computer industry and other industrial consumers. At the base were the semiconductor-equipment companies—Varian, Eaton, and Perkin-Elmer, among others. They were virtually invisible to the public, but without them Intel and Motorola could not have made chips, and without chips Apple and HP could not have made computers.

The varied branches of this industry were working together in California just the way American economic theory said they should. Few companies in this industry were big and integrated. Most were small, specialized, and agile. The giants of those days, IBM and Xerox, were present in the valley but served largely as brooder houses from which ambitious engineers and breakthroughs in basic research would emerge. (AT&T's Bell Labs had played the same role in the industry's early days.) Every branch of the industry seemed unchallengeably strong—as U.S. car makers had seemed in the 1950s, as U.S. software houses believe themselves to be today.

Japanese manufacturers, who had already created problems for other, less advanced-seeming American industries, were barely on the map. At the urging of the Japanese government a number of big Japanese firms—Toshiba, Hitachi, Fujitsu, NEC—were by the mid-1970s building both chips and computers. But they still relied overwhelmingly on American suppliers for chip-making equipment; they had no way to match it on their own.

Because of everything that was going right in Silicon Valley, its workers—and most of the American public—saw a kind of commonsense economic and moral logic to its rise. These industries were forward-looking and flexible. They used advanced technology and they created good jobs. They invested for the long run; they thought of labor and management as a team; they weren't crying for government protection, as so many of America's "sunset" industries were. Opinion polls in the 1980s still showed great American confidence in the country's technical prowess. Koreans might move from textiles to steel, Japanese from steel to cars, but Americans would move from cars to computer chips, and who could tell what would come next?

THE SUDDEN COLLAPSE

LESS than ten years later everything about this industry had changed. The very companies that had supposed they demonstrated the moral superiority of the American way of doing business seemed by the late 1980s to be making the opposite point.

Through the late 1970s American companies dominated chip making and the manufacture of semiconductor equipment—the machines used to produce chips. Of all the machines in the world used to make semiconductors in the middle and late 1970s, about 85 percent came from America; about 80 percent of those used in Japan were American.

By 1982 Japanese semiconductor companies were making more "dynamic random access memory" chips, or DRAMS (pronounced "dee-rams"), than American firms. These DRAM products are what most computer users think of as "memory chips." Three years later Japan's production of semiconductor products as a whole exceeded America's. As Japanese companies increased their output of chips, they also turned to Japanese suppliers for chip-making equipment. By 1985 American equipment makers had barely 25 percent of the market in Japan, already the world's largest and fastest-growing market.

The best-publicized American success was in the area of microprocessors—the chips that interpret the instructions in computer programs and control the operations of the computer as a whole. The two American powerhouses in microprocessor making were Intel and Motorola. Intel had started out as a memory-chip company—indeed, it had invented the DRAM chip in 1969—but, like many others, had been forced out of that business as Japanese producers came in. Unlike the others, however, it had found a new and amazingly lucrative niche in producing microprocessors. Motorola, which had been actively fighting trade wars in Japan, and whose processor chips were used in the Macintosh and in a variety of industrial applications, also prospered.

Each of the two companies had worked to have its chips designed into major computer operating systems. Intel's chips dominated the IBM-compatible world of computers running DOS, Microsoft Windows, and OS/2; Motorola's ran the Macintosh and other Apple products. These relationships provided a steady cash flow that buoyed Intel and Motorola when the rest of the American semiconductor industry was foundering.

In 1978 the two largest merchant semiconductor firms in the world were Texas Instruments and Motorola. (IBM was ranked as the world's largest producer, but it used chips for its own products, unlike the merchant firms that sold the chips they made.) By 1983 Japanese semiconductor companies were spending more on new facilities than American ones. By 1985 they were spending more on research and development. By 1986 the top three merchant firms were NEC, Hitachi, and Toshiba, and there were six Japanese firms



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drinker has been
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would notice the misspelling in the previous
sentence: 1 in 10. ☐ Number of jelly beans
needed to fill an Absolut bottle: 222. Number of ex-
presidents who have tried this: 1. ☐ Number of times
Absolut was given as a gift to a boss in 1992: 396,229.
Number of promotions to vice president, 1992: 396,229.
☐ Rank of Absolut among imported vodkas: 1.
Percentage of drinkers who drink Absolut for this reason
only: .0000002. ☐ Number of bars and restaurants in
New York City that feature Absolut: 11,000. Number that
serve water: 11,000. ☐ Average number of Absolut bot-
tles needed to fill an Olympic-size swimming pool:
315,418. Number of times this has been done: 0. Are
you kidding? Waste fine vodka? ☐ Number of people
who have been inside the Absolut Miami building: 0.
Number of people who have been swimming in the
Absolut LA pool: 0. Percentage of Americans who know
the reason why: 2. ☐ Percentage of alcohol advertising
that features bikini-clad women: 27. Percentage of
Absolut advertising that features bikini-clad anything: 0.
☐ Longest solo flight (miles) in the Absolut hot air bal-
loon: 2,345. ☐ Amount of money raised by Absolut
Artists Against AIDS: \$750,000. ☐ Number of homes in
Sweden heated with energy generated from the Absolut
purification process: 10,000. ☐ Distance (km) reached
by lining up world supply of Absolut bottles around the
equator: 27,300, or once around the United States, or
14 times around Sweden. ☐ Average dress size used in
Absolut fashion show: 6. ☐ Ratio of calories in 1 oz.
cheesecake to 1 oz. Absolut: 9 to 1. ☐ Number of peo-
ple who can identify the man on the Absolut bottle: 47.
Number who aren't Absolut employees: 3. ☐ Average
number of words in an Absolut ad: 2. Number of words
in Absolut Trivia: 351. ☐ Percentage of people who
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among the ten world leaders. At that time, according to one report, “most non-Japanese producers of DRAMS had been eliminated from the world market or marginalized; Japanese firms controlled 90 percent of world production of 256K DRAMS.” Even AT&T was leaving the DRAM business by the end of the decade. Early in 1991 I met a minister of the Korean government who had come to Washington to try to put together alliances of Korean and American technology firms. If they tried to make it on their own, he said, they were both certain to be eclipsed by Japanese firms.

The chips were raw material for other advanced products: they went into computers, VCRs, and increasingly into cars. NEC, Hitachi, and Toshiba were best known not for the chips they sold but for their computers, VCRs, machine tools, and similar finished goods that incorporated chips. The United States has twice as many people as Japan, an economy that through the 1980s was more than twice as large as Japan’s, and a computer-and-semiconductor industry that was regarded as leading the entire world. Yet in 1988 Japan’s *consumption* of semiconductors—its use of them as components for cars, computers, and countless other high-value products—was greater than America’s.

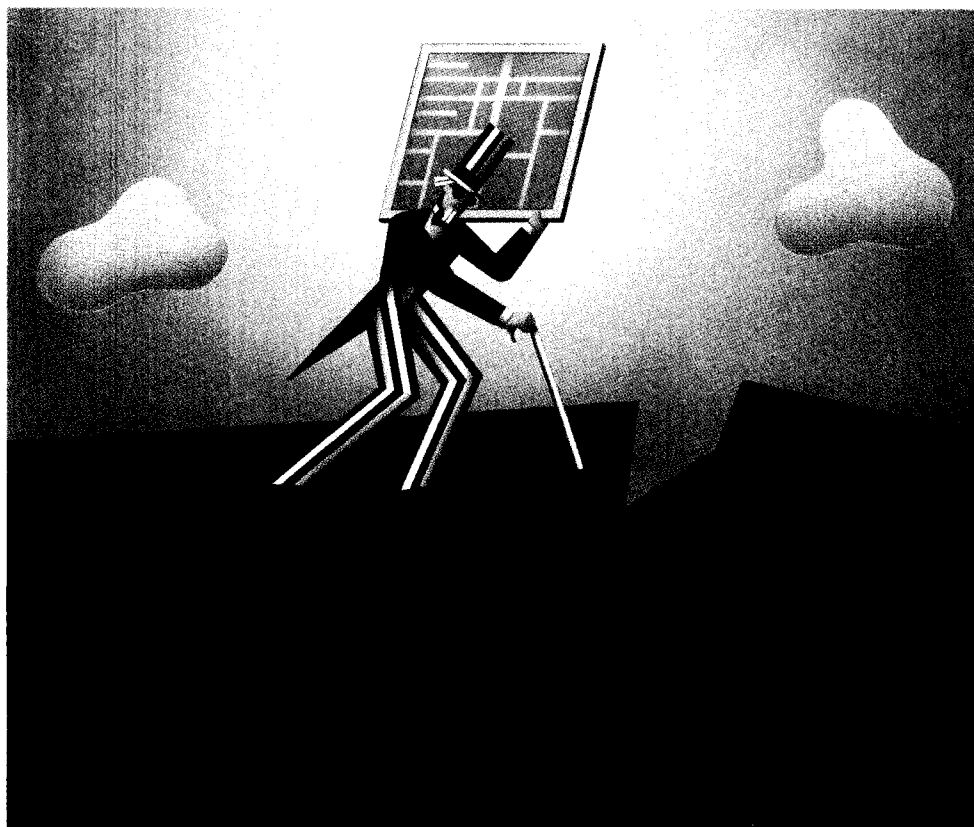
In addition to providing the supplies for computer makers and other “downstream” industries, the chip makers were themselves major customers. They bought from the “upstream” equipment makers that made the complex and expensive capital goods necessary to produce chips. As the American semiconductor industry dwindled, so did the related American industries that bought from and sold to it. In

theory this need not have happened—American etcher makers could sell equipment to Hitachi rather than to Advanced Micro Devices; American computer makers could get all the DRAM chips they needed from NEC rather than from sources nearby in Silicon Valley. But it didn’t work that way.

As the semiconductor industry grew in Japan, it evolved in such a way as to promote linkages with other Japanese firms—and prevent them with non-Japanese firms. In the mid-1970s Japan’s Ministry of International Trade and Industry launched its VLSI projects, the most visible of numerous efforts to coordinate the growth of Japan’s computer-related industries. The acronym stood for “very-large-scale integration,” and the projects involved preferential access to capital, government-sponsored research, strategies for licensing technology from foreign (mainly American) suppliers, and other means to help Japanese producers overcome the foreign lead in high-tech production.

By the logic of American-style economic theory, such government-sponsored efforts were both unnecessary and self-defeating. They were unnecessary because if customers in Japan wanted chips, chip-making machines, or computers, they could always just buy them from suppliers in other countries. There was no need to create new industries from scratch. And the efforts were self-defeating because government interference would raise the price that Japanese industrial customers had to pay, handicapping the firms that used the chips.

Japanese commentators, when writing in English, often claim that precisely this logic prevailed in Japan. “We

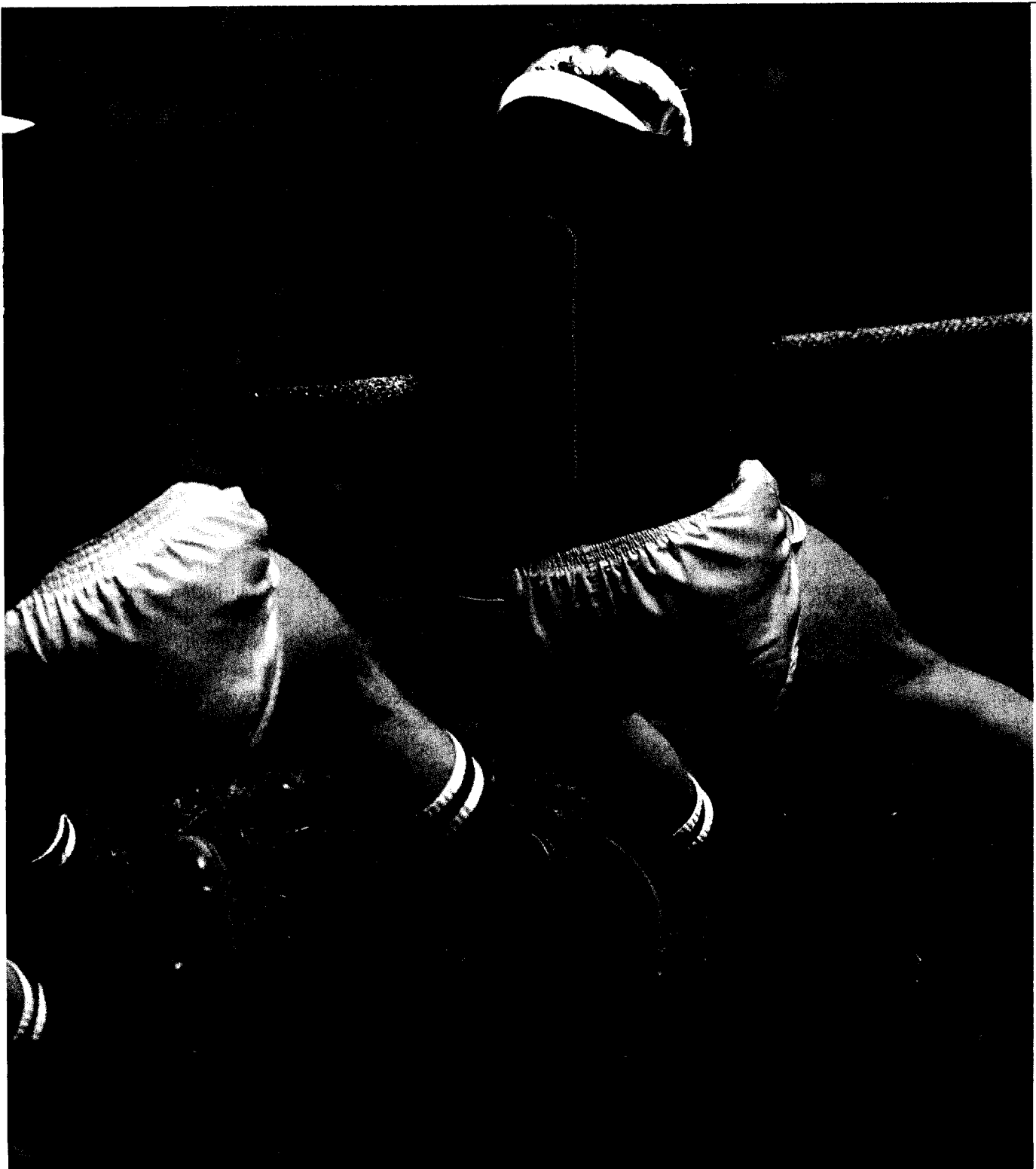


The industry seemed unchallengeably strong—as U.S. car makers had seemed in the 1950s, as U.S. software houses believe themselves to be today.



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Japanese, like people everywhere, import when other countries can provide competitively attractive goods and services," one famous Japanese spokesman asserted this year. Yet this nationality-blind, purely price-minded mentality cannot explain the way the Japanese semiconductor industry grew. The strategy of developing high-tech manufacturing abilities within Japan rather than buying high-tech goods from outside Japan succeeded.

With each passing year Japanese firms had a larger share in every part of the industry: machinery, chips, and computers. By the end of the 1980s American equipment makers—the companies that produced the specialized, ultra-precision equipment for each of the twenty-five-plus steps necessary to make a semiconductor—still outsold Japanese suppliers in every part of the world except Japan. But the market inside Japan had become so large, and was so thoroughly dominated by Japanese suppliers, that Japanese equipment makers outsold American ones worldwide.

In Japan the companies that made chips were tightly connected to the companies that bought chips—and connected by something beyond the prospect of business advantage which momentarily binds buyers to sellers in the American marketplace. The closest analogy from American life is the military. Just as the U.S. Air Force, with its allies in industry and Congress, competes bitterly against the Army and the Navy (and their respective allies) for budget dollars and prestige, so do Toshiba, NEC, and Fujitsu, with their allies, compete bitterly against one another for primacy and market share. Yet each kind of competitor recognizes limits to its rivalry. Fundamentally it is on the same team as its rivals, and at certain points all must suppress their immediate interests for the common good. According to Western economic theory there is virtually no "shared interest" among business competitors. Members of the American military system, and of the Japanese business system, need no theory to articulate why they are on the same side.

THE UNEXPECTED CHIP SHORTAGE

IN 1985, just as the last non-Japanese producers of DRAM chips were about to drop out of the business because of sustained low-priced exports from Japan, a strange thing happened. For at least two decades the price of chips had steadily gone down. Factories became bigger and more efficient. Producers learned how to eliminate defects, which meant they had fewer flawed chips to throw away, which in turn reduced the overall cost per finished chip. Yet starting that year 256-kilobyte DRAM chips started to become expensive and scarce. Prices went up, and stayed up, as they never had before.

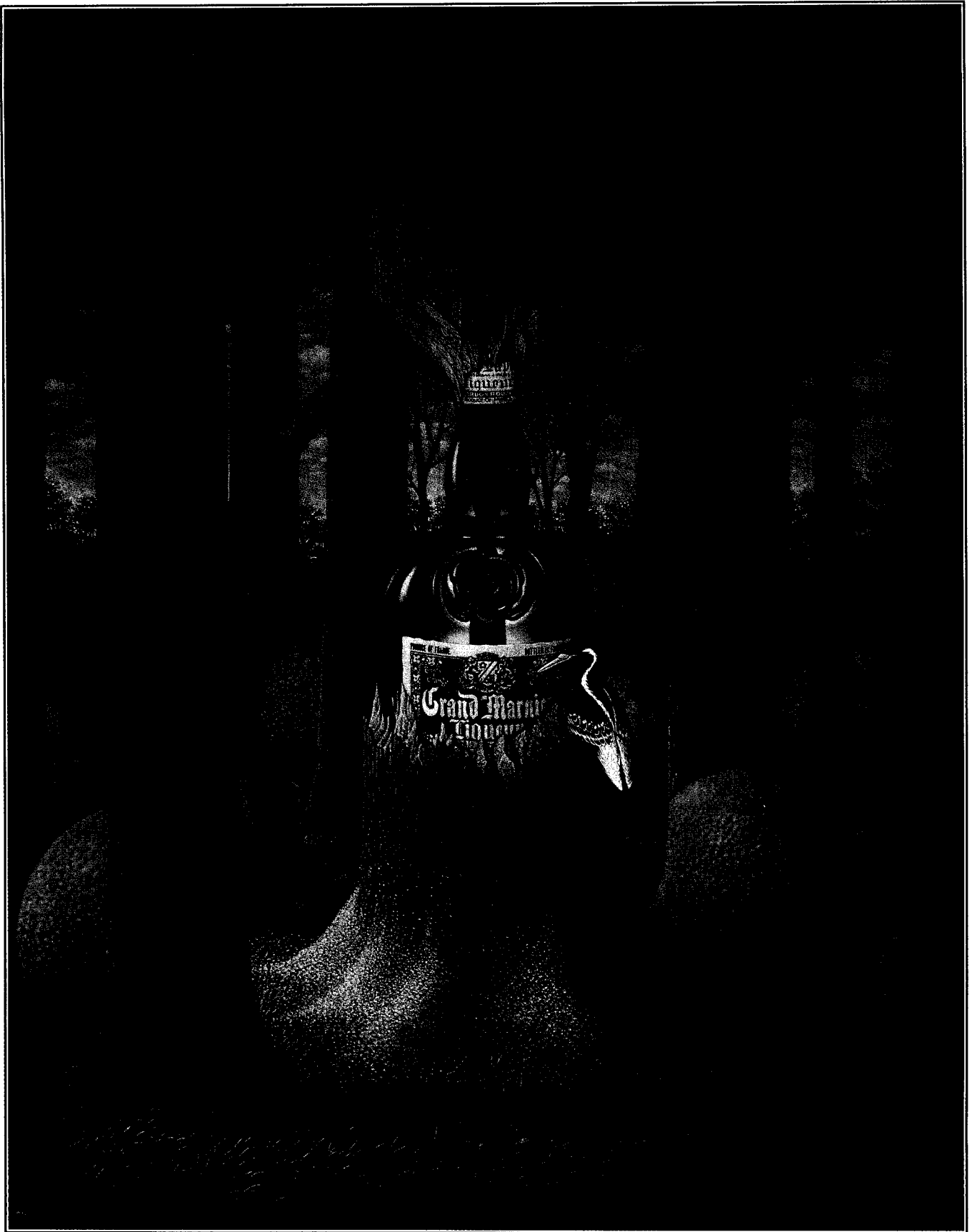
One of the industry's chronic headaches had been the "learning curve," a rapid fall in the price of a new chip six or eight months after it was introduced. Financial experts at In-

tel in 1980 explained to me that the retail price of a chip began to plummet once competitors figured out how to make it. Previously exotic products like 64K chips and 80286 processors became mere commodities, and forces of supply and demand drove the price through the floor. This was a blessing for consumers, but it meant that companies had to be quick to develop new products, so that they could earn their profits in those first six or eight months of premium pricing. In the past, high prices had always led to increased supply—the more the money that was coming in, the more of it the companies reinvested in factory space. But as the price of 256K chips mysteriously rose, Japanese companies did not invest in any more 256K production space.

The exact causes of the DRAM shortage are still hotly debated in Japan and the United States. In brief, most discussion in America assumed that the United States itself had caused this price rise, through its complaints about Japanese "dumping" of chips in the previous three years. Reports published in Japan suggested that the Japanese industry itself engineered the rise, taking advantage of the OPEC-like control it had finally attained over chip supplies. Either way, the results were unmistakable. An American high-tech industry that had fed on chips, using more and more memory to produce bigger and faster machines, was suddenly cut off from its supply. Chip prices were going up, defying the industry's collective experience—and no matter what the price, some chips seemed impossible to find.

Officials of the Ministry of International Trade and Industry (MITI) began regulating the flow of precious DRAM chips out of the country, much as oil ministers had regulated output during OPEC's heyday. MITI had long maintained a list of goods subject to government approval before they could be sold to customers in China. An official of Hitachi, one of Japan's major DRAM producers, said that during the shortage "it was easier to get approval from MITI to sell [goods subject to government control] into China than it was to get approval to sell DRAMs into the United States." Japanese producers that were strong in DRAMs but relatively weak in other semiconductor products, such as "application-specific integrated circuits," or ASICs, began offering package deals to American customers on a take-it-or-leave-it basis: We'll let you have DRAMs if you'll buy our ASICs. American computer makers bought expansion boards from Japanese suppliers simply to strip off and use the DRAM chips.

The shortage was intense through most of 1988. Its most enduring effect was to aggravate a division between two branches of the American high-tech industry, chip makers and computer makers. In Japan these industries generally saw themselves as allies—and in many cases were actually part of the same firm. In America the chip and computer makers were often at odds. For the chip makers, of course, higher chip prices meant higher revenues. For the computer makers, higher chip prices meant higher costs. So although the American computer makers might theoretically agree



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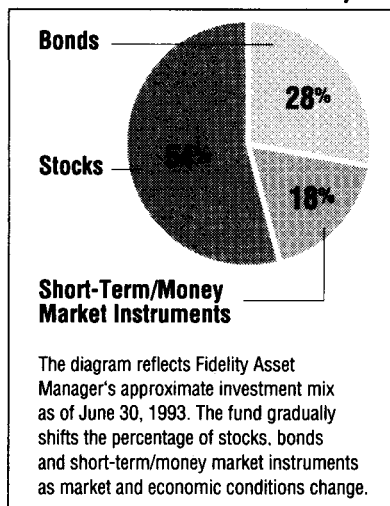
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that it was wrong for Japanese chip makers to dump chips, at least in the short term the dumping was a boon. More important, although the evil of dumping was theoretical, the hardship caused by the chip shortage was immediate for the U.S. computer makers. Most of them retained a "never again" mentality after the 1988 shortage. They realized the dangers of exposing themselves to another DRAM shortage by antagonizing suppliers in Japan.

These disagreements came to a famous climax early in 1990. IBM had spent much of the previous year pushing for a new U.S. chip-making consortium. The idea behind the project was that America's biggest chip-using and chip-making companies would band together to help strengthen the domestic semiconductor industry. Computer companies such as Digital Equipment and Hewlett-Packard—which, like IBM, used tremendous numbers of chips—would join semiconductor companies such as Intel and LSI Logic in building a large, advanced chip-making facility to be called U.S. Memories. The computer companies would then commit themselves to buying a certain share of the plant's future output, even if in the short term they could obtain chips more cheaply from Japanese or Korean suppliers. The project's backers argued that in the long term the computer companies and the whole domestic high-tech industry would be stronger if American-owned chip companies survived.

U.S. Memories had been proposed in 1988, during the great chip shortage. As it held its first organizational meetings, in 1989, chip prices began drifting down. By the summer of 1989 another chip glut seemed to be in the making. Japanese manufacturers had expanded their output, and U.S. computer makers could get all the chips they wanted at good prices. In September of 1989, amid falling chip prices, Apple Computer announced that it wouldn't support U.S. Memories. Apple spokesmen said there was no need for the project, now that DRAM chips were cheap and plentiful again. By November, Compaq, Sun Microsystems, Unisys, and Tandy had all rejected U.S. Memories as well.

At a showdown meeting in Dallas on January 10, 1990, Sanford Kane, the president of U.S. Memories, asked the remaining partners to state explicitly how much money they would put up and how many U.S. Memories chips they would buy. IBM and Digital were the only two computer companies to make significant commitments. Hewlett-Packard, one of the original supporters of the plan, backed off. By the end of the meeting it was clear that U.S. Memories was dead.

"These guys have a tactical view of the world; they don't think strategically," Sanford Kane told Stephen Kreider Yoder, of *The Wall Street Journal*, shortly after the meeting. They were able "to so quickly forget that a year ago they were screaming for this"—that is, for some alternative to Japanese suppliers. "For them, it's 'Don't worry, be happy.' Just close your eyes and blindly go on." Kenneth Flamm, then a semiconductor expert at the Brookings Institution and

now a Pentagon official in the Clinton Administration, said in the same article that the U.S. Memories failure "goes to prove Akio Morita's contention that U.S. business has a ten-minute time horizon."

With a longer perspective, those who argued for a U.S. consortium said, computer companies would realize how deeply they were threatened by reliance on foreign suppliers. If, for instance, Compaq was selling laptop computers in competition with Toshiba, but both of them relied on Toshiba chips and screens from Sharp, then in the long run Compaq would lose.

At about the time U.S. Memories failed, Ingolf Ruge, a German technology expert, said,

The goal of the Japanese . . . is a world monopoly on chips. They have even announced this publicly, and they are acting with this in mind. About a year ago, all Japanese manufacturers suddenly cut back on production, shooting prices way up. This monopolistic policy is currently costing companies like Nixdorf [a major German computer maker] tens of millions of Deutschmarks.

DEBILITATING DEPENDENCE

THROUGH the early 1990s American politicians would often threaten to deny the American market to foreign manufacturers as a way of getting what the United States wanted. Since America was by far the world's biggest importer, this was sometimes a plausible threat. In 1992 Japan, for instance, sent 28 percent of all its exports to the United States, its largest customer, and only six percent to its second largest customer, Hong Kong. But the threat was less plausible than many Americans believed, because in many areas Japanese companies were the only known suppliers. The American market for fax machines was large, but there were no domestic manufacturers. In 1991 the U.S. Office of Technology Assessment issued a report on international competition in high-tech manufacturing. It concluded that for a number of steps in the semiconductor-making process Japanese companies were the only suppliers. No American companies had the machinery or technical know-how to compete.

Also in 1991 one Japanese electronics maker irritated the U.S. government by selling equipment to Iran. Some federal agencies proposed punishing the company by refusing to buy its products. The main resistance came from the Pentagon: the American military realized that it could not develop several projects it had under way if the company were barred from selling in the United States. During the brief war against Iraq the U.S. military grumbled about the difficulty of getting supplies and crucial parts from Japanese industries; the Japanese government, after all, was much less enthusiastic about the war than the American government was. The most celebrated American weapons used during that war, including the Patriot missiles that intercepted some of



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A
strange thing
happened. For two
decades the
price of chips had
steadily gone
down. Yet starting
in 1985 prices
went up
and stayed up.



the Iraqi SCUDs, all relied for their operation on a kind of ceramic chip packaging that no American company produced in significant quantities.

Several years earlier the National Security Agency, which is in charge of intercepting, processing, encoding, and decoding millions of messages a year, took the extraordinary step of setting out to build its own semiconductor-manufacturing facility. It went to this extreme to avoid having to buy foreign-manufactured semiconductors, which could conceivably be tainted with virtually undetectable yet potentially catastrophic viruslike hostile programming. Despite its determination to avoid relying on foreign sources the NSA found that it could not. For certain kinds of semiconductor-manufacturing equipment it had no alternative but to buy from suppliers in Japan.

The NSA was asked what it would do when its foreign-made machines needed servicing, as they inevitably would. Would it allow service representatives from the parent company to come to its supersecret premises and work on the machines? A government official involved in buying the machines smiled ruefully, according to another U.S. government official who witnessed the exchange, and replied, "Oh, we'd never risk having a foreign citizen enter the facility. If we can't fix it ourselves, we'll just throw that piece of equipment out and purchase a new one, even if it means several million dollars for replacement instead of several hundred dollars for repair."

Just before the Gulf War the Defense Intelligence Agency circulated a highly classified and controversial draft report

about the American military's growing dependence on Japanese high-tech equipment. The report warned that the Japanese government was explicitly considering how it could exploit the military's dependence to gain additional leverage over the United States.

In 1990 Andrew Grove, one of the founders of Intel, gave a speech contrasting the Japanese and American semiconductor industries. Among the most striking differences, he said, was how much denser and deeper the Japanese network of suppliers was. One Japanese company had decided to get into the DRAM business and was up and operating within about a year. For immediate service it could call on suppliers of machinery and components located in Japan. "At one point," Grove said, "there were twelve hundred vendor employees"—that is, representatives of companies making the components and machinery—"swarming all over the location where this company's first factory was being built." He added, "We couldn't do this in the United States for love or money. There are no twelve hundred vendor employees and there are no dozens of relevant suppliers."

By the early 1990s American semiconductor and computer companies were routinely complaining to the government, but their complaints had taken on a strange new fatalistic tone. In many cases they were not even asking for a better opportunity to sell to Japanese customers, or to sell in competition with Japanese firms in other markets around the world. Rather, they were complaining because they were having trouble *buying* the best chip-making equipment from Japanese suppliers. In the fall of 1991 a report from the Gen-

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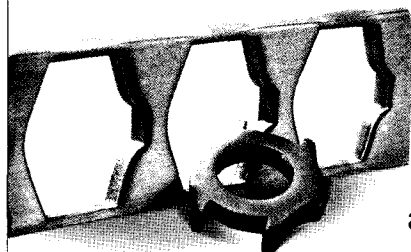
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On the white expanse of Antarctica's Filchner Ice Shelf, glaciologist Dr. Monica Kristensen watches as members of her team remove a ten-meter core sample from the ice. "By studying the different layers, we can see how the climate has varied and carbon dioxide levels have changed over the past few hundred years," she says.

The global warming trend caused by a rise in carbon dioxide and other greenhouse gases is among Dr. Kristensen's most pressing concerns. Many scientists fear that the increases in temperature brought about by such a rise will eventually cause the polar ice caps to start melting, raising sea levels everywhere.

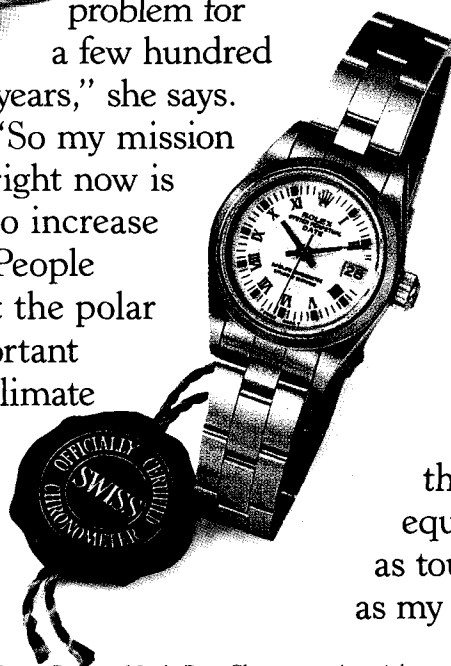
"It's difficult to get the public to focus on something that may not become a problem for a few hundred years," she says. "So my mission right now is to increase



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public awareness. People need to realize that the polar regions are an important part of the earth's climate system. What happens there will affect all of us."

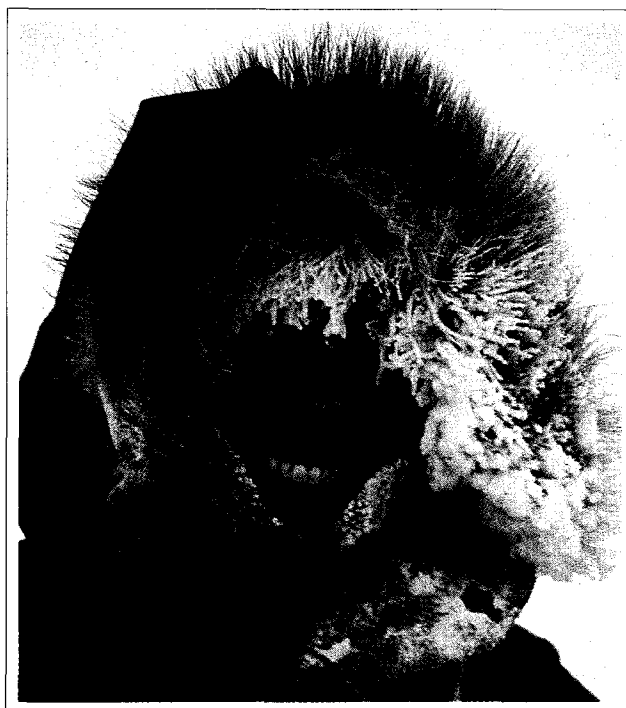
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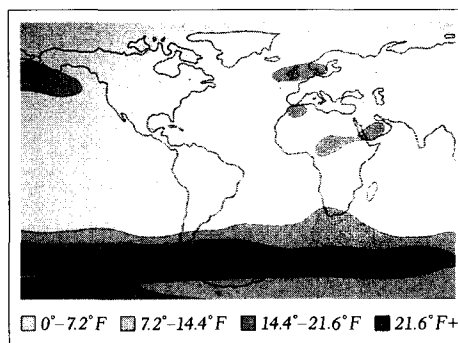
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"The earth's climate is like a giant puzzle, and the polar regions hold many of the clues."

Dr. Monica Kristensen

to desolate stretches of the Antarctic, where she must remain for months at a time. Says Dr. Kristensen, "Because



Predicted increase in July temperatures after atmospheric CO₂ concentrations double. Calculations based on existing trends indicate this will happen by the year 2030.

the conditions here are harsh, my equipment has to be as tough and reliable as my Rolex."


ROLEX

eral Accounting Office said that a third of the American companies it surveyed had had problems buying up-to-date components from Japanese suppliers, even though the components were already for sale within Japan. Among the crucial components were flat display screens for laptop computers and the most modern versions of "steppers" for producing semiconductors. One company said that the delays had cost it \$1.4 billion in sales, and another said the problems in getting display screens had put it "essentially out of business." William Spencer, the president of an American chip-making consortium called Sematech, was asked early last year which kind of silicon wafers U.S. manufacturers would be using in the long run. "That's easy to answer," he said. "It depends on what Japan, and to a degree Germany, will sell us. We no longer have sufficient silicon sources of our own, so what we can make depends on what they will sell us."

At about the same time, several American newspapers carried the news that Intel, clearly the giant of Silicon Valley, had nearly perfected a technology called "flash memory," which could revolutionize the electronics business yet again. Because normal computer chips do not store information when the power is off, computers require bulky storage devices, especially hard-disk drives. Flash memory retains its contents when the machine is turned off, so it could eventually eliminate disk drives. Perhaps more important, it could add enormous amounts of memory to small devices not normally thought of as computers, from toys to compact-disc players to organizers like the popular Sharp Wizard series.

This looked like a comeback for the American industry—and it was so reported in a euphoric story in *The Washington Post*, in February of last year. But on the same day the *Post* story appeared, Jacob Schlesinger, of *The Wall Street Journal*, presented the same news in a very different light. Intel had come up with the technology—based, for once, on an invention that originated in Japan. But Intel could not *make* the chips. Even Intel—touted throughout the American press last year as the classic high-tech success—lacked both the money and the manufacturing capacity. It would rely on Sharp to do the actual production work. "The Intel-Sharp pact shows growing American dependence on Japan, even when the U.S. has the technological edge," the *Journal* story concluded.

From Intel's point of view the alliance with Sharp would help avoid another peril. The most valuable customers for flash-memory chips would be consumer-electronics companies—the ones that made TVs, VCRs, computer games. Those companies were mainly based in Japan. Everything in Intel's experience indicated that if it did not form a partnership with a Japanese company it would eventually be frozen out of this new market.

Just before the war against Iraq began, in December of 1990, the Nomura Research Institute, which is connected to one of the world's largest stock-brokerage houses, No-

mura Securities, of Tokyo, released its survey of the semiconductor and computer industries. Anyone who has tried to talk delicately around an unpleasant truth ("Well, I'm sure Johnny is trying his best in math") could recognize the tone of this document. For instance, "The widely held view is that the declining market share indicates loss of American competitiveness, but we believe this is not necessarily the case."

The report sympathetically but firmly stated that American firms simply could not compete in the future.

As the memory capacity of DRAMs increased, management of the manufacturing process and the capability to make massive capital investments became the major determinants of competitiveness, and since Japanese companies were stronger than U.S. companies in both respects, their share of the world market expanded rapidly. . . . A second trend is that the U.S. will fade as a growth market.

And so on. It is difficult for Americans to compete with Japan's "oligopolistic dominance," which came from "weeding out of weaker companies unable to keep up with heavy capital expenditure," the report said. "In the technology-intensive computer and semiconductor industries, the basic trend since the start of the 1980s—market share gains by Japanese companies, market share losses by American companies—will likely continue in the 1990s." Whenever American firms started to show weakness, the report said, they usually went on to collapse. "The U.S. market is hard on losers. Companies that have reached the limits of growth rarely have a chance to come back." Large Japanese firms, in contrast, simply did not go bankrupt, and were able to buffer losses in one division with earnings from another.

The Nomura report—which was intended for domestic Japanese consumption rather than for inspection by Americans—included a nightmare version of a Horatio Alger story. It concerned a young, talented, and ambitious American software engineer known as Mr. A. He starts with a big high-tech company, as would his counterpart in Japan. Then this company is acquired in a hostile takeover and Mr. A is laid off—a fate that would not befall his counterpart in Japan. He moves to a fast-growing company but is laid off again when business slows down. He joins yet another company but, hardened by his experience, resolves to "keep the knowledge and skills he was acquiring to himself as a means of ensuring his job security." After five years with this firm Mr. A considers jumping ship and starting his own firm, with the help of venture capitalists. The Nomura report drew these lessons:

Mr. A's experiences in the status- and class-conscious culture of the American company suggest why the United States is so imbued with an entrepreneurial spirit, yet why American industry is so sloppy when it comes to factory productivity and quality control.

“CULTURAL” EXPLANATIONS

HOW can we explain what happened to the American semiconductor industry? The familiar reasons for industrial failure—greedy bosses, pigheaded unions, rampant short-termism, overregulation by the meddlesome state—don’t seem to apply.

The Japanese explanation is simpler. During the 1980s most Japanese high-tech industries thrived. Japanese commentators and politicians are quick to see the “unique” traits of the Japanese people as the explanation for almost any phenomenon in Japan. Therefore Japanese discussions of the semiconductor industry have stressed “harmonious” working patterns, attention to detail, and related Japanese characteristics that supposedly make it natural for Japanese companies to excel.

At a Hitachi semiconductor factory on the island of Kyushu, in 1986, I walked through fabrication areas that looked very much like their counterparts in Texas and California. The hardware and the procedures seemed so similar. Why were Hitachi and other Japanese manufacturers doing so much better?

“The starting level of production is not so different here from in America,” the manager who was escorting me said—in English, since he had studied for a while in the United States. He paused, and indicated thoughtfulness with the distinctive Japanese gesture of “teeth-sucking.” (This involves opening the mouth, putting the bottom teeth against the upper lip, and inhaling, with a sucking, slurping sound. Its body-language message is “Whew! I need to think about this for a minute.”) When he recovered, he said, “The starting level is similar—but ours improves much more rapidly than in America. There is a difference of culture. It is often said that we Japanese are united as a single people, or even race. In the U.S. there are so many people with different backgrounds and religions and races, it is harder to work together in harmony—unless you are all Swedes in Wisconsin.”

Americans themselves have, in their time, fallen back on ethnic theories to explain success or failure. But ethnicity and race are no longer part of any respectable discussion of business trends. Instead the emphasis is on the ultimate justice of the market. We all assume that the efficient companies will survive and the inefficient will fail. Governments can try to tamper with this law of nature, by offering subsidies or shielding producers from foreign competition. But in the short run these attempts will harm a nation’s consumers, by raising prices, and in the long run they will weaken the nation’s producers, by delaying the moment when old industries are cleared away so that new ones can rise.

In the late 1980s this view was summed up in a grim comment made by a Republican official during a meeting about American semiconductor makers. Sometimes the words

have been attributed to Richard Darman, the director of the Office of Management and Budget, and sometimes to Michael Boskin, the chair of the Council of Economic Advisers. Sometimes they have been attributed to someone else. Each of the supposed speakers denies uttering the sentence, but the underlying argument, if not the specific wording, accurately reflects a position all of them have held for years: “If our guys can’t hack it, then let ’em go.”

This vision of “creative destruction,” in the famous words of Joseph Schumpeter, is indispensable as a guide to most economic activity. But it can’t quite explain the semiconductor case. All the familiar variants of the “If they can’t hack it” argument apply to certain parts of the American economy, but they don’t tell us what went on in Silicon Valley.

Consider several elements of the standard analysis. The first and most familiar part is that American management has simply forgotten why it is in business. Too many companies are run by financiers, not engineers or production experts. The executives have feathered their own nests, ignored and mistreated their workers, been too lazy to learn what it takes to please German or Japanese customers, and in general failed to do their best.

A second, related explanation is that American products have become shoddy and backward—and a nation that still excels in basic science has forgotten how to put its inventions to commercial use. The most popular Japanese products of the 1980s were typically hatched in American labs. The United States is following the unwholesome trail blazed by the English, who by the 1930s were famed for having brilliant tinkerer-inventors but an increasingly feeble manufacturing base. Before and during the Second World War, British scientists came up with most of the crucial breakthroughs in radar technology. Yet the high-volume production was done in America, where the huge wartime investment in radar provided a foundation for the postwar American electronics industry.

The third standard belief is that American managers have been ruinously focused on the short term. Given a choice between spending \$10 million for new equipment that will pay off in five years and using the money to boost earnings next quarter, they have too often pumped up the earnings, because their own pay is tied to results *right now*.

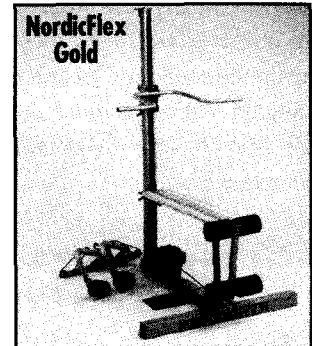
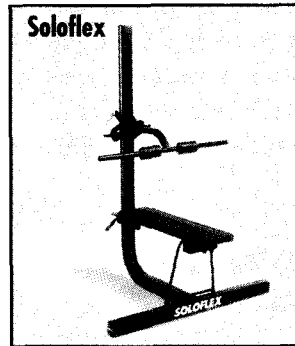
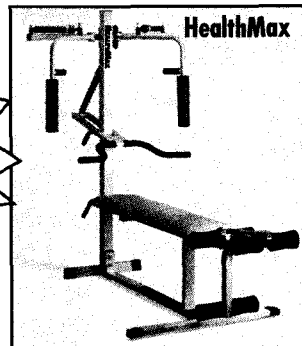
All these failings are serious, and one or more of them may seem to explain what has gone wrong when we examine American businesses that are failing. But they weren’t failings of the semiconductor industry in 1980, when it was on the verge of its precipitous decline.

By the rules that American politicians and journalists use to explain success or failure, there was no obvious reason why the industry should have been eclipsed so fast—indeed, relatively much faster than any of the “bad” old industries like steel and cars. The semiconductor industry was in trouble less than two decades after its basic product was invent-

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4 Butterfly Unit included	✓ YES No extra cost.	✗ NO Costs \$200 extra.	✓ YES, BUT... You must assemble before each use, and disassemble to use bench press.
5 Strength conditioning for all five major muscle groups	✓ YES HEALTHMAX strengthens all five: arms, legs, abdominals, back and pectorals.	✓ YES, BUT... You must purchase \$400 in extra accessories to do comparable exercises for legs and pecs.	✓ YES, BUT... Why would you pay \$700 more than HEALTHMAX ?
6 Comfortable bench	✓ YES Padded bench is a full 47" long, 12" wide, and a comfortable 20" high.	✗ NO Padded bench is only 40% long, making some lying down exercises awkward.	✗ NO Padded 40" bench is short, narrow (only 9" wide), and too high (24") off the ground.
7 Hydraulic cylinder resistance system	✓ YES Adjusts to your personal resistance level with a simple twist of a dial.	✗ NO Uses rubber bands which must be changed to vary resistance level.	✗ NO Uses complicated cord/pulley/mechanical resistance system.
8 Full refund of return freight if unit returned	✓ YES If not satisfied, we will refund your cost, shipping/handling charges, and all return freight!	✗ NO You pay over \$85 to return. It must go by truck to Oregon!	✗ NO You pay about \$65 to return by UPS.
9 Payable in installments	✓ YES 9 easy installments of just \$36.56! (\$49.00 S/H added to first installment.)	✓ YES, BUT... You pay \$39 per month for the next 2 YEARS!	✓ YES, BUT... At 4 payments of \$250, each installment is almost as much as the total cost of a HEALTHMAX !



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ed and barely one decade after its most rapid growth. It is as if other industries in which the United States now considers itself dominant—movies and music, pharmaceuticals, university education, software—were on the skids by the end of the nineties. A Saturn plant for GM, a mini-mill for steel makers, a radical new program of teaching Japanese or German in the schools—all these might be necessary for ginning up the economy. But on the evidence of what happened to Silicon Valley, perhaps those things would not be sufficient. Maybe our understanding of competition is not sufficient either.

DIFFERENT GOVERNMENTS, DIFFERENT SYSTEMS

PETER Drucker, the business strategist, in his 1989 book *The New Realities* gave one view of how Japan had changed the competitive landscape.

The emergence of new non-Western trading countries—foremost the Japanese—creates what I would call *adversarial* trade. . . . Competitive trade aims at creating a customer. Adversarial trade aims at dominating an industry. . . . Adversarial trade, however, is unlikely to be beneficial to both sides. . . . The aim in adversarial trade . . . is to drive the competitor out of the market altogether rather than to let it survive.

Most American commentators have offered narrower explanations for competitive shifts. For example, Michael Porter, of the Harvard Business School, claims several times in his lengthy 1990 book *The Competitive Advantage of Nations* that Japanese chip makers succeeded mainly because they were quicker-moving than their American competitors. They made the crucial switch from one form of chip technology to another (from “bipolar” to “metal oxide”) faster than the Americans—and this switch, Porter says, “catapulted the Japanese to industry leadership.”

But this explanation only raises further questions. Why, exactly, would American businesses have been slower to switch from one kind of chip to another, especially when in the preceding decade they had seen more clearly than anyone else the importance of moving fast? Was it simply that they were complacent and satisfied, like the barons of Detroit or Pittsburgh in their dominant days? That doesn't seem likely—the rhetoric that poured out of Silicon Valley in those days was full of exhortations to stay alert, to adapt or die, to keep moving ahead. Had they forgotten that there were competitors overseas? Did they dismiss them, the way auto makers had dismissed the tinny, laughable cars from Japan? Hardly. Even in 1980 Silicon Valley rang with analyses of the “Asian challenge.”

Individual firms in America may have made strategic errors, and individual firms in Japan may have been persistent and skillful and shrewd. But something else was going on

that shaped the actions of these firms, and its effects sometimes dwarfed what any one firm could do. Something was going on that did not often show up in the speeches and the editorials about quality control and foreign-language training and good morale on the factory floor. That something involved factors left out of standard discussions of “improving competitiveness.”

One of these missing factors was government. On its way up and on its way down, the semiconductor industry was driven not just by private companies—although they made every crucial operating decision and came up with every new design—but by a network of government-business interactions. The role of the government is often considered an embarrassing afterthought in American or British discussions of how economies should work. Yet in America, as in every other country that spawned a semiconductor industry, government incentives and pressures shaped the way the industry grew. All around the world the design, production, and marketing of chips were carried out by private firms. It was these firms—America's Intel and Japan's Toshiba, Korea's Samsung and France's Thomson—that journalists and politicians mainly discussed. But each firm took the shape it did largely because of policies imposed by its government.

Last year the Semiconductor Industry Association published a history of the industry, which says that the industry's growth since the 1950s can be divided into five stages. The first four are these:

- 1) The pioneering American efforts in the 1950s and 1960s to develop transistors and integrated circuits, and to learn to make them efficiently and in large quantities.
- 2) The Japanese entry into the field in the 1960s and subsequent rapid catch-up with American producers in the 1970s and 1980s.
- 3) The effort of European manufacturers, principally Philips, of Holland, and Siemens, of Germany, to survive in the business in the 1980s, despite the American technical lead and the Japanese competitive surge.
- 4) The emergence of other East Asian producers, especially those in Korea, to challenge the Japanese in the late 1980s.

Every one of these steps, the history says, depended fundamentally on government policies. Using the emphasis of italics the authors wrote,

Government policies have shaped the course of international competition in microelectronics virtually from the inception of the industry, producing outcomes completely different than would have occurred through the operation of the market alone.

The SIA authors are not, of course, purely detached historians; their organization has lobbied for the U.S. government to respond more aggressively to Japan's industrial policy for semiconductors. And the SIA can offer evidence to



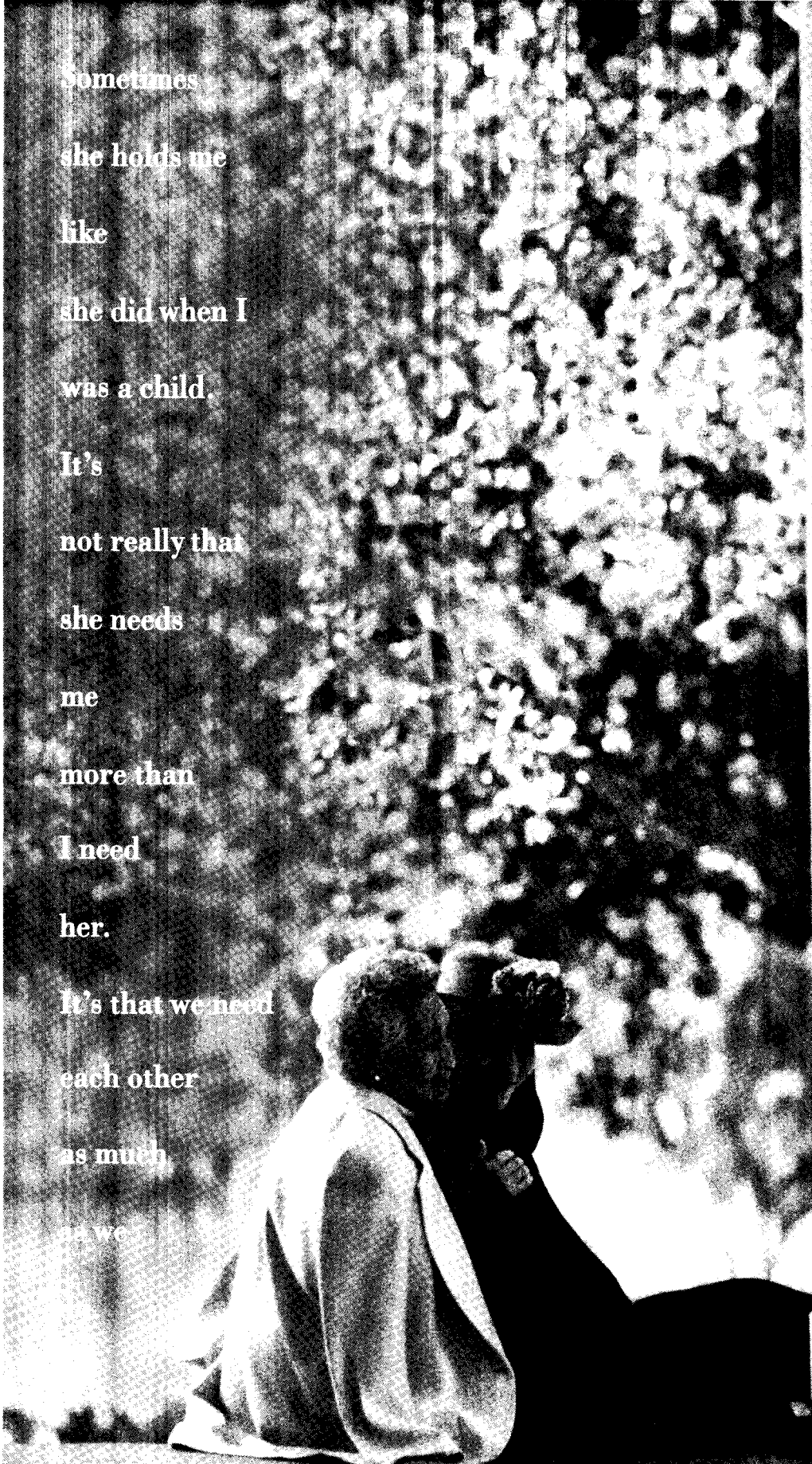
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she holds me
like
she did when I
was a child.

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not really that
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me
more than
I need
her.

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each other
as much
as we

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substantiate its view of events. Let's consider the various stages again.

■ *U.S. genesis.* American companies led the world in semiconductor technology thanks to their own efforts, expenditures, and ingenuity—but also thanks to U.S. government support. The government did not directly finance the crucial research that led to integrated circuits, but the companies making these investments understood that if the products were successful, the Department of Defense and NASA would be standing in line as customers.

For instance, in 1962 NASA announced that it would use integrated circuits—the first simple chips, produced by Texas Instruments, Fairchild Semiconductor, and other sup-

plied to patents. In those cases the Defense Department required the companies, in effect, to share the patents with the American industry as a whole. Sharing with foreign producers was at this time moot, since there were virtually none; moreover, the Defense Department could use national security as a justification for excluding foreign-owned companies. By normal market logic, a company would have no incentive to share its discoveries for nothing. But the government insisted that such discoveries be treated as a public good. This naturally made it easier for small companies, which became the hallmark of Silicon Valley, to find niches and go to work.

The U.S. government did not run a single semiconductor factory, and no doubt would have failed if it had tried. But it



An American chip maker was asked what kind of wafers U.S. manufacturers would use. "That's easy," he said. "It depends on what Japan will sell us."

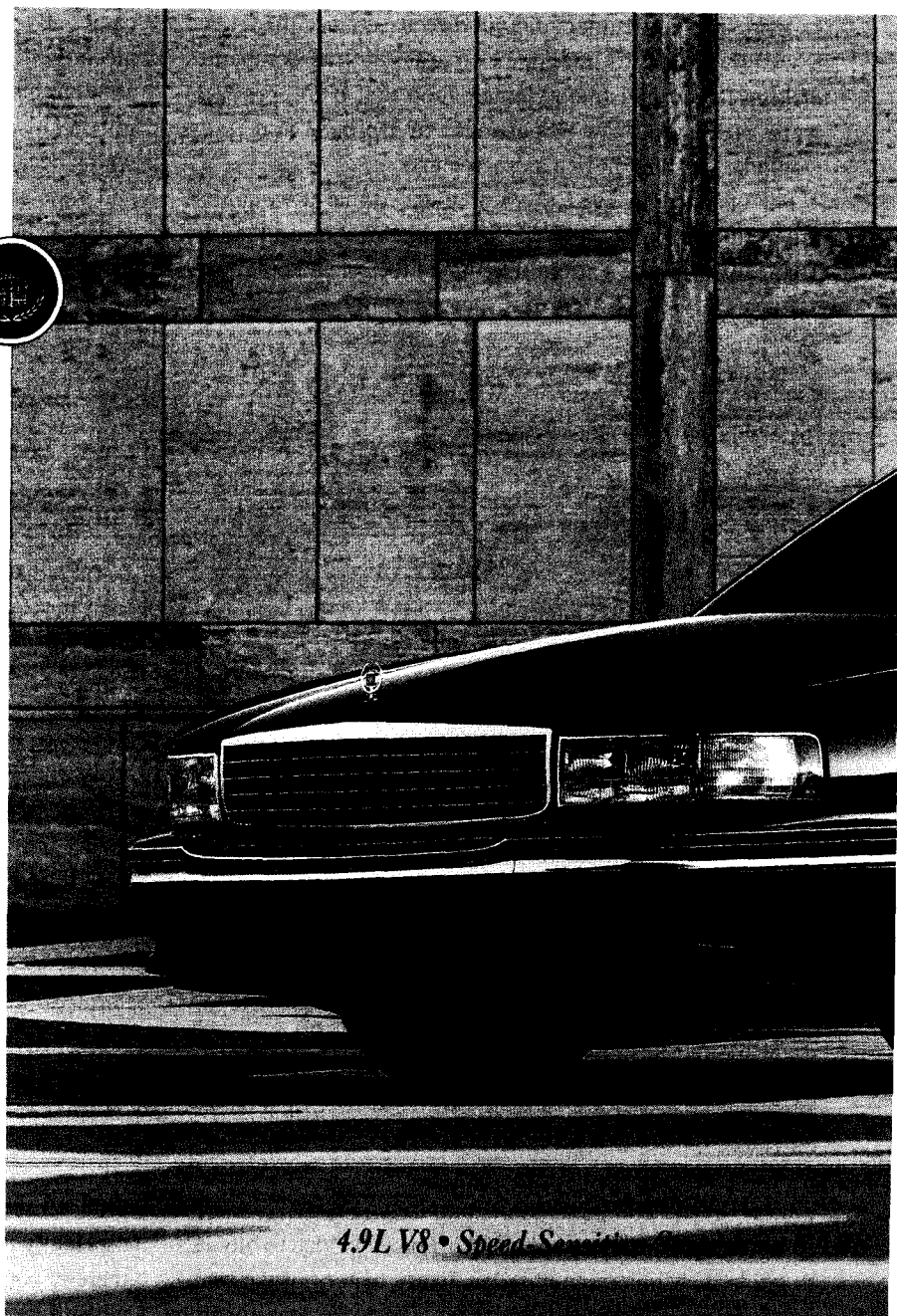
pliers—in the computer systems that would guide Apollo spacecraft to the moon, and the Air Force decided to buy ICs to guide its Minuteman missiles. Every history of the semiconductor business regards these contracts as a turning point; they guaranteed a big and relatively long-term market, which no private purchaser could have offered at the time.

The early government purchases let manufacturers increase their volume of production. As volume went up, price went down, and commercial customers began buying more and more chips. This was not an explicit "industrial policy," but it had the same effect: it gave the companies a reason to invest in new products and new factories.

The Defense Department played another crucial role. Government contracts had paid for some of the research that

provided conditions that *could not otherwise have existed*, especially the reliable markets in the crucial early years, and thereby got the industry off the ground. The government has never directly operated farms either—and if it had, it would have been less efficient than the sturdy, self-disciplined folk who settled the American heartland. Yet many of the farmers received their land through government land grants; the territory was originally mapped by government (often Army) cartographers; new seeds were continually developed by the government's agricultural experiment stations. The government did not directly make airplanes, even during the Second World War, and if it had, they would not have been as good as those made by Boeing or Lockheed or what was then known as Douglas Aircraft (and is now McDonnell Dou-

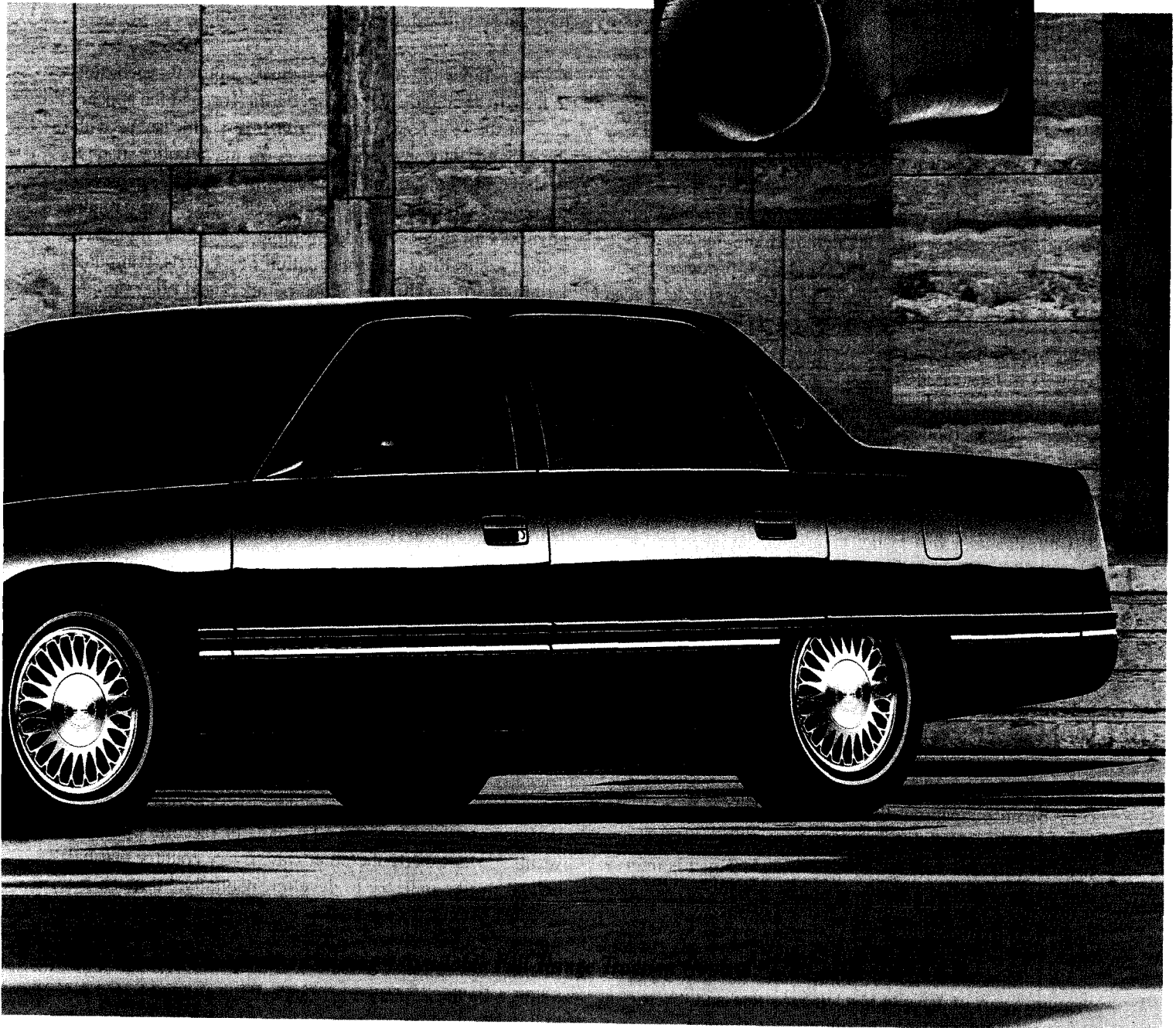
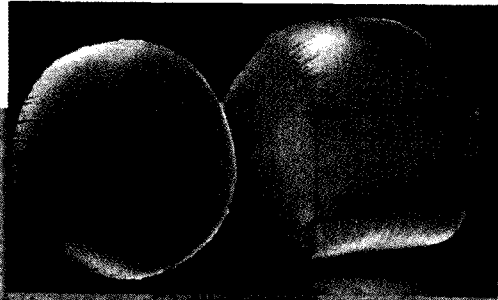
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glas). But, even more than with semiconductors, the government provided the initial market—directly, through the War Department, and indirectly, through air-mail contracts that got fledgling airlines going. Americans still talk about “government interference” and “industrial policy” as if they faced a choice between grim, Soviet-style central planning and entrepreneurs completely on their own. In reality, even as lively and entrepreneurial an American industry as semiconductors reflects a mixture of visible and invisible hands.

■ *Japanese ascendancy.* The role of government in the rise of the Japanese industry is more familiar and is taken for granted. Without heavy government involvement, Japan’s semiconductor industry would not exist. In the beginning, during the decade or two or three after the Second World War, non-Japanese firms had difficulty exporting to Japan, were virtually forbidden to invest in Japan, and were forced to license their advanced technology to Japanese producers at fees set by the Japanese government if they hoped to do business in Japan at all.

These aspects of Japanese policy had long-lasting consequences—in the 1960s and 1970s foreign suppliers could not build up the relationships with customers in Japan which, they now know, are essential for doing business there—and the rules established by the Japanese government had nothing to do with enhancing free-market competition as an end in itself. Market forces were *tools*: Sony and Matsushita and NEC and Toshiba competed against one another as hard as they could. But the goal—building an industry in Japan run by Japanese people—was decided on and carried out by the government.

Why does this matter? Because it is so much at odds with the prevailing American idea about why industries rise and fall. Michael Porter says that Japanese semiconductor makers succeeded because of the fierce “internal competition” in Japan. This is a favorite theme in analyses of Japanese success: because Japanese companies had to try so hard to stay alive at home, they were naturally better prepared for competition overseas. Yes, competition inside Japan is intense. But is that what made IBM and Texas Instruments decide to license Japanese patents?

A leading trade economist, Gary Saxonhouse, says that the postwar Japanese emphasis on high-value manufacturing is a “natural” part of Japan’s high literacy rate and “factor endowment.” With a lot of people and with not much space, the Japanese naturally tend to produce sophisticated, valuable products. In isolation this may sound logical enough. But it doesn’t fully explain how Japan went from having virtually no semiconductor industry in 1970, when it was already crowded and the people were already well educated, to holding the lead in 1990—or why the foreign share of its market remained constant through the eighties, no matter what ups and downs were occurring in technology and market position and corporate strength elsewhere in the world.

“If our guys can’t hack it”—this is a natural reflection of

everything we have been taught about industrial development. But a more realistic view is the conclusion of one authoritative history of the industry, *Competing for Control*, by Michael Borrus. “State policy would not have succeeded without the efforts, investments, and strategies of Japanese industry,” it says. “But the industry would almost certainly have failed without the state.”

■ Phases three and four of the industry’s growth, according to the SIA account, were *European survival* and the appearance of the *new East Asian entrants*. In each case, as with the U.S. and Japanese examples, government policy made a decisive difference. European governments unashamedly promoted national champions in technology. The French government, in an effort to promote a domestic high-tech industry, subsidized the installation of Minitel, computer terminals for looking up phone numbers and other simple functions, in most homes. The Korean case is less familiar to the Western public but even more overt. Chun Doo Hwan, who took power after the previous strongman was kicked out in a coup, believed in state-run industrialization. In the mid-1980s his advisers persuaded him, in the words of a magazine report, that “the only way to crack the world semiconductor market would be to orchestrate a massive development project involving every important Korean company in the business.” By the end of the decade analysts from the World Bank—which is committed to the proposition that state guidance usually fails—concluded about Korea that “there is no doubt that the government has sought explicitly to encourage the development of high-tech industries like computers and semiconductors by designating them ‘strategic industries’ entitled to certain preferential treatment.”

That is, the growth and survival of semiconductor industries has not been just a matter of “hacking it,” or fostering competition, or having good schools—although each of these ingredients has played a part. In fact the evidence seems to run exactly the other way. Every country that has waited for the industry to develop “naturally,” through the flux and play of market forces, is waiting still. Canada is as populous and as committed to education as some countries that now make semiconductors. It had as much natural advantage for the semiconductor industry in 1980 as Korea did—indeed, much more, since it was richer, better educated, and closer to major markets and research centers in the United States. Hong Kong ten years ago had as much natural inclination for making semiconductors as Singapore—it was just as crowded, just as much influenced by Confucian culture. The governments of Korea and Singapore deliberately cultivated the industry; the governments of Canada and Hong Kong did not. Korea and Singapore now have a semiconductor industry; Canada and Hong Kong do not. Governments may not be able to pick winners, but they seem to be able to make winners.

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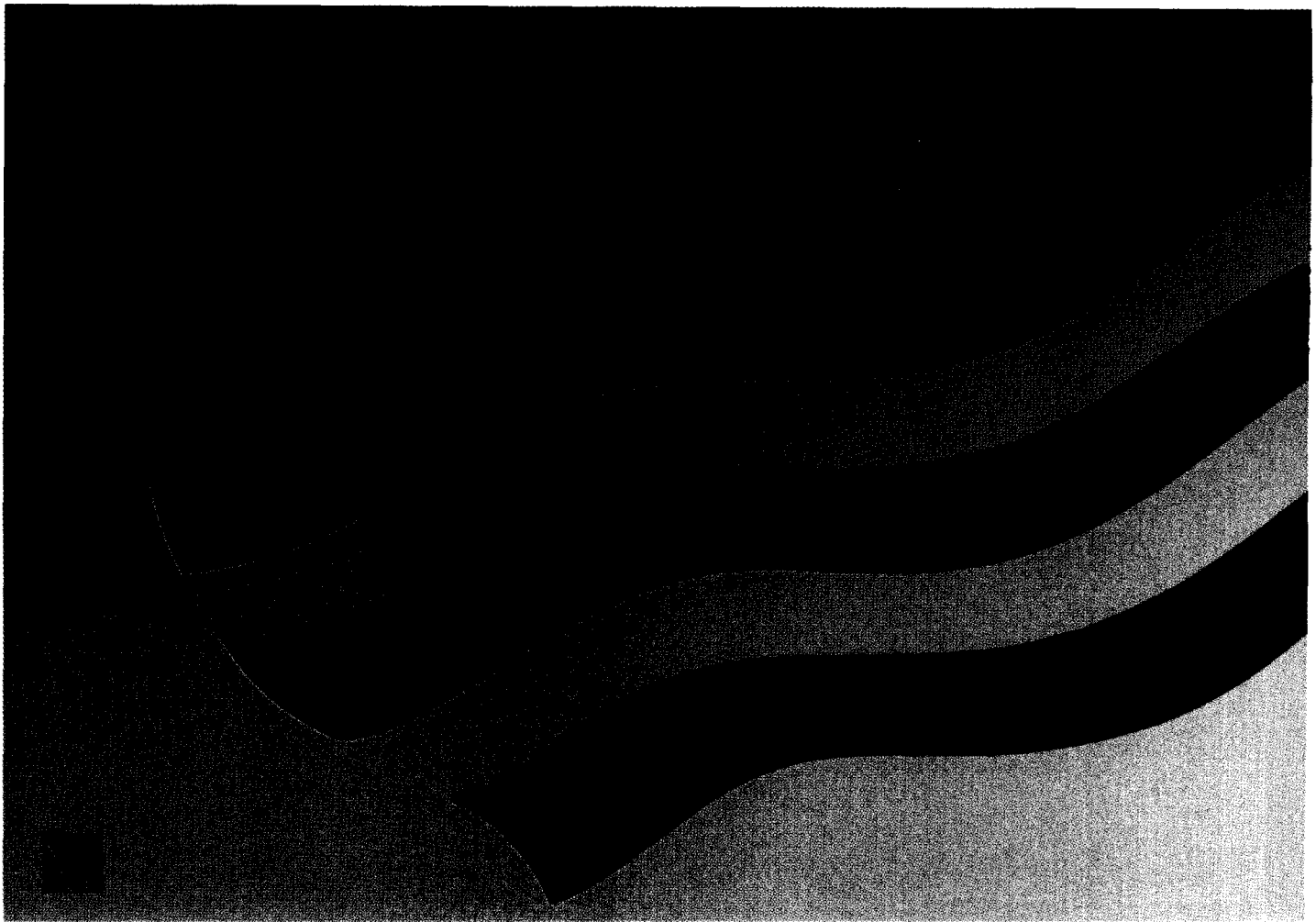


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WHEN GOVERNMENT INTERFERES

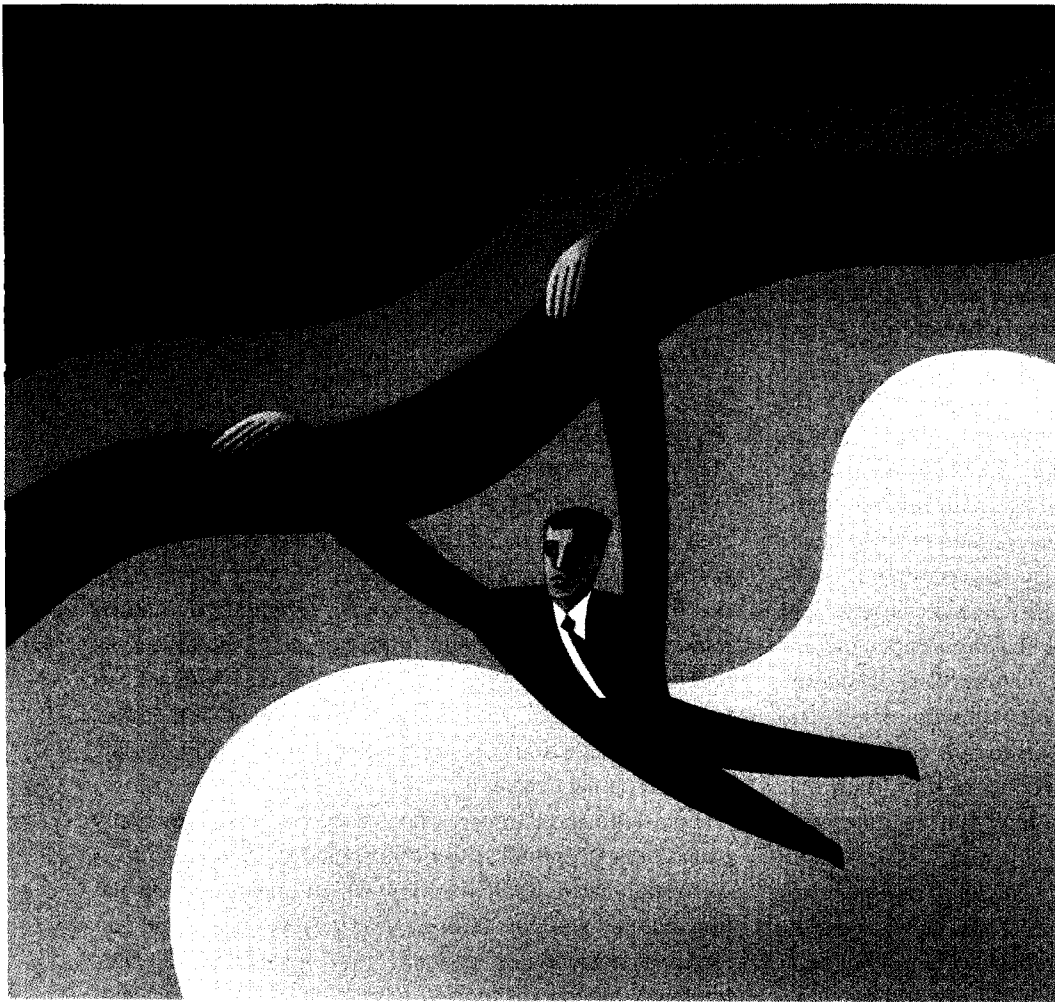
AND there was a fifth stage in the modern semiconductor industry. The authors of the industry study called it “*U.S. revival*.” “Recovery” or “respite” might be a more appropriate term. Starting in the late 1980s some parts of the U.S.-based industry flickered back to life. The graph lines showing worldwide market share for American-made chips dropped steadily through the late 1970s and the early 1980s—and then, around 1988, ticked slightly up again. Graphs for each specific kind of chip—processors, memory chips, ASICs—all showed similar changes at about the same time.

What happened? Was the main factor the fall in the dollar’s value, which made American chips cheaper for buyers around the world? Probably not—there had been very little correlation between currency changes and worldwide market share before 1988. (That is, when the dollar went up, American market share went down. When the dollar went down, American market share also went down.) Was it owing to a dramatic improvement in American education? Hah. Was it because the companies themselves tried harder in the late eighties than they had in the golden age of the early eighties? Perhaps. The kings of the American industry, Intel and Mo-

torola, kept racing each other with new designs and improved manufacturing processes. The industry in general, like the American auto makers it had once scorned, put new emphasis on quality and service.

But something else happened at about this time: the U.S. government intervened—“interfered,” if you prefer—in the workings of the market to protect American manufacturers. In 1986 the United States and Japan signed the Semiconductor Trade Arrangement, which was renewed and modified in 1991. The results of these negotiations differed from most trade agreements in that they did not attempt to remove barriers or create a level playing field in the Japanese market. The agreement was, in effect, a quota bill, paying less attention to the rules of competition in Japan than to the result. In 1986 the two governments expressed their “expectation” that by the end of 1991 U.S. companies would supply 20 percent of the semiconductors bought in Japan. At the time this agreement was signed, U.S. companies accounted for less than 10 percent of the Japanese market—and about 65 percent of the market in the rest of the world. (The deadline for reaching 20 percent was later extended to 1992.)

The Japanese government hotly denied that this “expectation” was any kind of enforceable promise. When talking to American politicians and reporters Japanese government of-



On its way up and on its way down, the industry was driven not just by private companies but by a network of government-business interactions.

ficials often claimed, doing their best to keep a straight face, that setting a market-share target would mean government interference with private enterprise. Surely the Americans didn't want that! Yet Japanese press reports made clear that the government was behaving internally as if it believed it had to meet the target of 20 percent. MITI was twisting the arms of big Japanese industries, encouraging them to design in foreign chips when they planned new products.

In 1987 the U.S. government also decided to support Sematech, the chip-making consortium. Its purpose was to encourage American semiconductor companies to cooperate in research areas too risky or expensive for any of them to undertake independently. The government offered research contracts and subsidies to defray research costs. The cost to the federal government was \$100 million a year, which was matched by contributions from the industry. And in the wake of all this government "interference" the fortunes of the American semiconductor industry finally improved. The American share of the Japanese market had remained flat, at about 10 percent, through the years when it was supposedly determined by pure market forces. It began rising, into the teens, in the late 1980s, and it neared 20 percent late in 1992, just as the Semiconductor Trade Arrangement had specified.

CAPITALISM AND PLAIN CAPITAL

WHAT happened in Silicon Valley says something about exactly where our standard economic theories may mislead us. Beneath all the ups and downs of high-tech competition, one difference between the Japanese and American industries matters more than anything else. The Japanese companies *had more money*. They could build newer and bigger factories, because they had more capital to invest. They could prevail in price wars, because they had bigger war chests with which to cover losses. They could retain their work forces, because in recessions they did not have to lay employees off. They could invest in ten potentially promising technologies at once (and fail at nine of them), because their R&D budgets allowed more room to experiment.

According to the deepest assumptions of capitalism, governments can never outguess the market about where money should go. All that governments can—and should—do is make sure the necessary signals flow. Signals come in the form of prices; therefore the paramount goal is to "get prices right." After that everything should work on its own.

This vision of capitalism is like the American vision of

democracy. The government has no right to define what a good society may be. All it can do is set the rules by which people express their views, exercise their rights, and cast their votes. According to American theory, if the system is fair, the results by definition must be good. So it is with the business system: if competition is on a level playing field, if new competitors can enter the game, if customers can choose freely and fairly among the offerings, then whatever happens will be for the best. The right amount of money will be available for investment and the right number of new ideas will pop up for putting the money to use.

By this logic the semiconductor industry in 1980 was structured about as well as any industry could be. It was fluidity and frictionlessness exemplified. The chip-making merchant firms of the valley acted as much like the “economic men” of academic theory as real human beings ever will. In the textbooks, economic man goes through life calculating the costs and benefits of different decisions—and is not swayed by irrational or sentimental concepts, including “Buy American” (or, for that matter, “Buy Japanese” or “Buy French”). The economic men who ran companies in Silicon Valley had every reason to sell equipment to whoever came up with money—even when they knew that many of the buyers might in the long run become their competitors.

In the early 1980s Silicon Valley companies raced one another to get more customers, to remove cost and waste from their operations, to increase their production runs. Every one of these steps drove prices down, down, down. The more intense the competition, the lower the prices—and the lower the prices, the thinner the profit margin. In the search for higher profits firms were forced to innovate once again.

If the American approach boiled down to getting prices right, the Japanese approach boiled down to getting enough money—not worrying about theoretical efficiency, not being concerned about the best rules for competition, but focusing only on getting the nation’s money into the hands of its big manufacturing firms. If companies could get more money than their competitors, they would eventually prevail, no matter how “fair” the competition might be. This was a view of capitalism that depended on capital. It did not concentrate on rules but focused instead on one goal: to build industry as quickly as possible. It was a means of catching up, and it worked.

What was most mysterious about this approach, from the Western perspective, was that it seemed to be divorced from normal calculations of profitability. American semiconductor officials, when preparing a dumping complaint against their Japanese rivals, found in 1985 a portion of a Hitachi sales presentation that emphasized the “win at any cost” spirit. It said,

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The bidding stops when Hitachi wins . . .
Win with the 10% rule . . .
Find AMD and Intel sockets . . .
Quote 10% below their price . . .
If they requote,
Go 10% *again*
Don’t quit until you *win!*

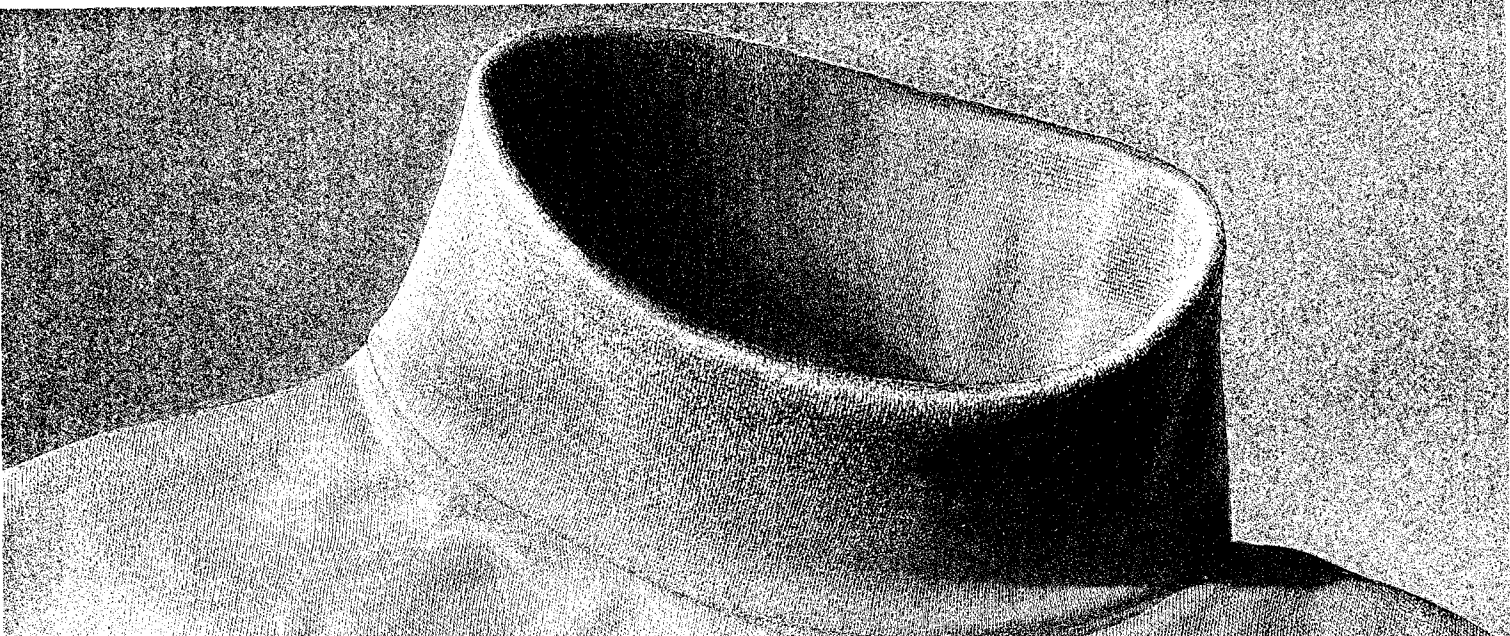
ANOTHER WORLD

WHEN the American industry was doing everything right according to American economic theory, it began to collapse. When European, Japanese, and Korean producers broke all the rules of American “market rationality,” they started to pull ahead. The very existence of the American industry could not be explained by natural market forces—nor could its implosion, nor could its partial recovery in the late 1980s. Every one of these trends reflected not just market forces, not just the dead hand of the state, but some interaction between the two that is usually missing from the public debate.

You don’t have to care about semiconductors, or really even about economics, to be intrigued by this tension. A well-established set of theories, which undergirds our national policy and runs through nearly every speech and editorial about America’s economic health, cannot explain what has happened in a major industry in the real world. Academic economists have offered nuances and refinements of the theories which more closely fit the facts of the semiconductor case. For example, they emphasize that the “externalities” of a high-tech industry can make it sensible for governments to subsidize the industry’s growth. Strong semiconductor and aircraft industries generate high-wage jobs and make it easier to attract other high-value industries in the future; therefore governments may be sensible in offering subsidies, even though the simplest version of economic theory says that the choice should be left strictly to the invisible hand. But very few of these refinements make their way into the public debate, where we’re usually presented with the stark choice between free markets and state control.

We can resolve this tension by disregarding the evidence—as most of us do when concentrating on consumer products like cars and TVs rather than semiconductor chips as the symbol of trade problems. We can invent exceptions and special clauses to account for the variation—much as the Ptolemaic astronomers did when they tried to fit the motion of the planets into their theory that the sun revolved around the earth. Or—we can look again at our basic ideas. ☸

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The Prostate-Cancer Dilemma

by CHARLES C. MANN

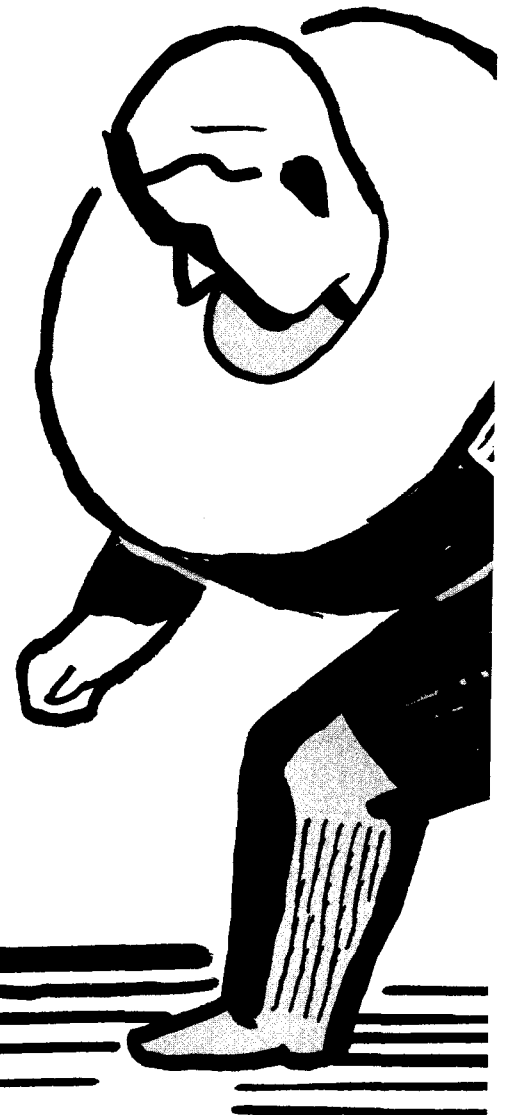
The country is embarking on a huge screening program for prostate cancer which is likely to cost billions and may lead to many unnecessary operations, especially for elderly patients. But what may be bad at the national-policy level could be a lifesaver at the individual level for men in their fifties and early sixties

I RECENTLY asked a man named Norman Yang if he was chiefly responsible for inventing the test that has transformed the treatment of prostate cancer. Cancer of the prostate gland is astonishingly common. Estimates vary, but a typical assessment is that one out of ten men has the disease in some form by age fifty. In the natural order of things, though, most of those men will never know they have it, because prostate tumors are usually small and symptomless, and because most of the time they grow so slowly that their hosts die for some other reason before the condition causes trouble. The problem is that prostate cancer is so prevalent that the exceptions to the rule represent a lot of people. According to the American Cancer Society, the disease will kill 35,000 men this year—putting it in the same ballpark as, though a bit behind, breast cancer.

In the past the lack of symptoms which allowed most men with prostate cancer to live undisturbed made timely detection of the bad cases extremely rare. Doctors looked for possible tumors by inserting a rubber-gloved finger into a man's rectum and palpating for lumps in his prostate, an undigni-

fied and ineffective procedure avoided by patients and physicians alike. The Department of Health and Human Services has estimated that only one out of ten men in the appropriate age group has an annual rectal exam. As a consequence, more than half of all prostate carcinomas were discovered only after they had spread—by which point it was usually too late. Worse, such tumors frequently disperse to the bones, and even in the dark spectrum of untreatable diseases, bone cancer has a particularly grim hue: pain, long and intense, is a primary symptom. Treatments for advanced prostate cancer, which can include removal of the testicles, are not terribly effective.

In the 1970s Norman Yang was one of the scientists who identified prostate-specific antigen (PSA), a substance that the prostate, and only the prostate, releases into the blood. The researchers discovered that mouse

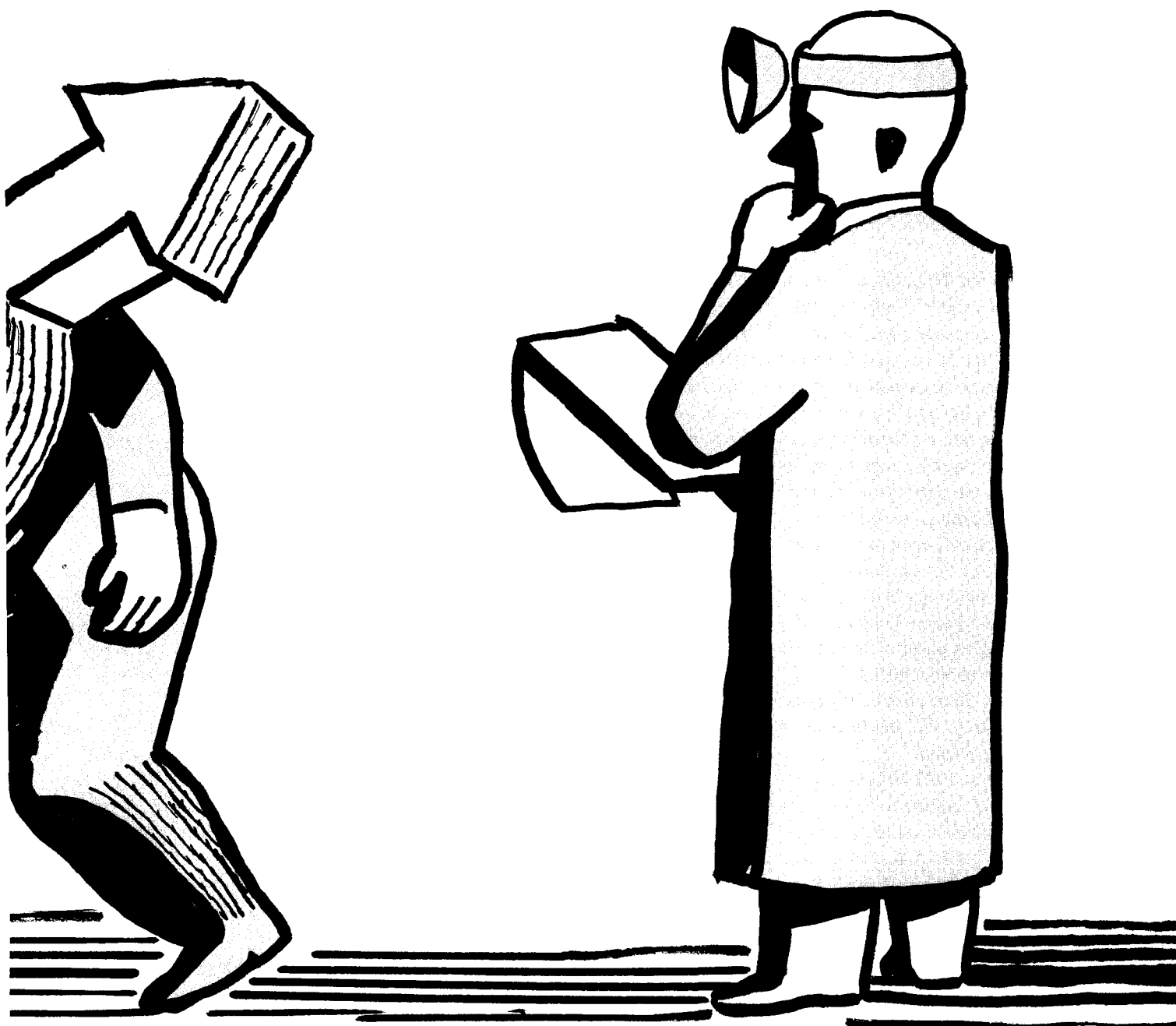


antibodies in a test tube can react to the presence of PSA, that this reaction can be used to measure the level of PSA in human blood, and that a man's PSA level is like a thermometer reading: a sudden rise indicates that something is awry. The something is not always cancer—high PSA readings can also be caused by the ordinary swelling of the prostate that comes with old age. But they indicate cancer often enough that they can be regarded as a signal to perform more tests, usually a biopsy (in this case a sample extracted from the suspect area with a needle).

For many in the field the PSA test changed everything. Simple to perform, not hugely expensive, free of embarrassment and discomfort, it seemed to provide doctors with a way to detect prostate trouble early and accurately. If the PSA level jumped, the next step would be a biopsy—a more unpleasant and costly business, but one justified by the potential gravity of the situation. If the biopsy indicated cancer, a surgeon might be called in. The operation, called a radical prostatectomy, removes the prostate and thus the source of the problem. If performed before the carci-

noma spreads, surgery is often successful, in that it ends the threat from cancer. But the procedure is dangerous—it may kill up to one out of a hundred patients outright—and fraught with possible side effects, such as impotence and incontinence. Even so, physicians reasoned, quick detection of prostate cancer would save thousands of people from awful deaths every year.

After PSA was identified, a company named Hybritech, in San Diego, jumped into the market with a testing kit. The Food and Drug Administration approved the Hybritech test in 1986,





ARE WE TO SENTENCE THE UNFORTUNATES WHO RECEIVE BAD NEWS TO A ROUND OF MEDICAL INTERVENTION THAT MAY ONLY INCREASE THEIR MISERY? OR, AS PSA PROPONENTS ARGUE, CAN EARLIER, BETTER DIAGNOSES BE ONLY BENEFICIAL?

1989 to 1990; preliminary data indicate that it jumped another 30 percent from 1990 to 1991, the fastest rise in cancer detection ever recorded. Figures from last year are not available, but I have found no one who believes that the increase has stopped. The increase in diagnosis has been accompanied by an increase in treatment. Wasson estimates that the number of operations for prostate cancer in Medicare patients jumped sixfold, from about 2,600 in 1984, before the PSA test, to about 16,000 in 1990, the latest date for which statistics exist. Today, Wasson says, the number is still higher.

Not every scientist has a chance to affect the lives of so many people, and I wanted to ask Norman Yang how he had done it. Yang was hard to find. To his evident annoyance, he had somehow passed through the entrepreneurial 1980s without making a bundle on the discovery. He runs a biotech outfit in Bellevue, Washington, with five employees, including Yang and his wife, Fumei, in a small office building near a strip mall. When I telephoned the first time, I was not sure that he was the right Dr. Yang. Is this, I asked, the man who helped put together the test that is drastically changing the health prospects of the 28 million Americans who are male and more than fifty years old?

"Yes," he said. "Unfortunately. If I had known what would happen, I would never have done the work."

I was surprised at his vehemence but not at his sentiment. Even as Hybritech's sales have risen, the medical establishment has been torn by a debate over whether the concomitant increase in early cancer detection and treatment

is a good thing. The PSA test cannot distinguish between a prostate carcinoma that will never disturb its host and one that is ready to invade bone. The fear is that in the next few years tens of thousands of men will undergo needless operations, with an attendant rise in surgically induced impotence, incontinence, and death. For every surgeon who is full of enthusiasm, another medical professional paints the scary picture of a nation full of otherwise healthy retirees in diapers. Indeed, some critics argue that the dispute over prostate cancer is a case study in one of the American medical system's worst shortcomings—its propensity to embrace expensive treatments without considering their long-term social or medical impact.

Just ahead, these critics believe, are tests for Alzheimer's disease and several other types of cancer. All are common conditions with uncertain prospects for cure. Are we to follow the PSA pattern, and sentence the unfortunates who receive bad news to a round of medical intervention that may only increase their misery? Or, as proponents of the PSA test argue, can earlier, better diagnoses be only beneficial? And what if—as may be the case with prostate cancer—the benefits of quicker diagnosis and treatment are concentrated among relatively few people, whereas the costs, perhaps much larger, are spread over many more?

Yang is one of these critics. "It's gone out of control," he says. "People don't know what they're doing, and it's going to be a terrible mess. I feel sick about it. It's a disaster for the health-care system—a horrible disaster. We've rushed ahead and created a nightmare."

though solely for the purpose of tracking recurrent cancers; only last June did an FDA advisory panel formally recommend that it be used to detect early prostate cancer as well. (FDA approval for this use is expected in the relatively near future.) Doctors moved much faster. Today PSA measurements for older men are part of the furniture of American health care. According to John Wasson, the director of the Center for the Aging at the Dartmouth Medical School, who co-heads the federally funded Prostate Patient Outcomes Research Team, in parts of the nation more than half of older men check their PSA annually. Some anxious types examine it monthly, like the balance in their checking account.

From 1988 to 1992 Hybritech sales rose from \$74.7 million to \$158.4 million, a rise that tapered slightly after the introduction of PSA tests by other firms, including Abbott Laboratories. (Hybritech itself was acquired in 1986 by another drug giant, Eli Lilly.) Statistics from the National Cancer Institute show that the number of prostate cancers detected rose 16 percent from

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The Troublesome Gland

AT the center of the dispute is the prostate, a small gland that is frequently burdened in description with adjectives like "obscure," "inessential," and "dumb." Prostates vary considerably in size from man to man, but typical examples are said to be about the size of a walnut and to weigh almost an ounce. They are solid, as opposed to spongy, and are loosely attached to the bottom of the bladder. Their job is to concoct a chemical stew—PSA is one of the ingredients—and add it to semen just before ejaculation. Nobody understands what, precisely, the added compounds do, but they are thought to be important in reproduction.

From an evolutionary point of view, there is little reason for the prostate to keep functioning after the typical age of reproduction—and it doesn't. Indeed, the number of men who escape prostate trouble of any sort is small enough to put the likelihood of experiencing it just below that of death and taxes. No one knows why, though every researcher I have asked has a laundry list of speculations. "Perhaps it is exposed to carcinogens," says Donna Peehl, a specialist in prostate genetics at the Stanford University School of Medicine. "Perhaps the problem is its proximity to the urethra [the channel carrying urine from the bladder], with all that urine leaking through. That explanation doesn't work particularly well, though. Perhaps it's a developmental thing, something about the biology of the prostate that is important to its normal behavior but that we don't know yet." Nobody knows, she says. "It's kind of an obscure little gland and yet it causes all this trouble."

The trouble comes in three varieties: prostatitis; benign prostatic hyperplasia (BPH); and prostatic carcinoma—prostate cancer. All are diseases of old age, or at least middle age. Prostatitis is simply an infection or inflammation of the prostate. It is extremely common. Indeed, many men have chronic cases that they don't know about and don't

need to know about, because the disease poses no long-term threat and in those men has no noticeable effects. In bad cases symptoms occur during urination: a sensation of burning, a need to urinate more often or more urgently than usual, or an inability to release more than a small amount of urine. The standard treatment is antibiotics of a class known as fluoroquinolones; the most common is ciprofloxacin (made by Miles, and sold as Cipro). A successful outcome is taken for granted.

Benign prostatic hyperplasia occurs when the inner portion of the prostate enlarges. The urethra tunnels through the middle of the prostate like a string through a bead. When the prostate swells, it becomes, in effect, a choke collar for the urethra, obstructing the flow of urine. Actually, it becomes a *second* collar; a band of muscle, the urethral sphincter, already rings one end of the prostate, preventing unwanted urination. That sphincter is under voluntary control; the BPH-caused sphincter is not. Symptoms of BPH include both trouble with urination and, paradoxically, its opposite, trouble with holding back urination, especially at night. By age sixty-five about three quarters of all men will experience BPH—indeed, that is when some men first learn they own a prostate. The cause of BPH is unknown. It just seems to happen, along with wrinkles, hair on the shoulders and in the ears, and the other irritants of male aging.

BPH is "benign" only as doctors understand the word, which is to say that it is not malignant. ("Hyperplasia" is the unwanted growth of tissue.) It is almost always a bother and sometimes more than that, leading to infections of the urinary tract. If the symptoms are unpleasant enough, doctors recommend treatment. Until recently the most common treatment was transurethral resection of the prostate, or TURP. The surgeon threads a fiber-optic tube through the penis to the prostate, guided by a light at the tip of the tube. Bits of tissue bulge into a hole in the side of the tube, where they are snipped off by a tiny blade and sucked away. Repeated clippings eventually free up the pas-

sage. Descriptions of the procedure often include references to "Roto-Rootering." According to Patrick Walsh, the chairman of the urology department at the Johns Hopkins University School of Medicine, TURP is usually effective, although like all surgery, it is expensive—the full tab often runs to more than \$5,000. Long-term difficulties with urinary control continue for about one out of every hundred patients, and fewer than one out of twenty, Walsh says, have subsequent problems with impotence.

ONE out of twenty sounds better to doctors than to patients, especially when it refers to sexual ability. Impotence and incontinence can usually be alleviated by further surgery, but for obvious reasons research into alternatives—that is, drugs—is vigorous. Unfortunately, BPH is linked to the presence of male hormones, especially testosterone, and male hormones are necessary to maintain interest in sex. Past efforts to treat the condition without surgery involved blocking the effects of testosterone, which risked eliminating a man's libido. Only recently was it discovered that not testosterone itself but rather some of the substances into which it is transformed by the prostate are directly responsible for BPH. First to take advantage of this finding was Merck & Company, a huge pharmaceutical firm that last year received FDA approval to market finasteride under the brand name Proscar. Finasteride blocks the action of 5-alpha-reductase, a compound secreted by the prostate which converts testosterone to dihydrotestosterone, one of the hormones that stimulates prostate growth. Like TURP, Proscar at least temporarily affects the sexual activity of some men, in this case about one out of twenty-five. Unlike surgery, though, its negative effects can be reversed easily—by throwing out the bottle of Proscar. From the point of view of a drug maker, Proscar is an ideal product: it costs more than \$50 a month and must be taken forever. Unsurprisingly, Merck has widely advertised it in newspapers and magazines, including

this one, though without mentioning Proscar by name.

Whether Proscar helps a particular man may depend on the makeup of his prostate. Dihydrotestosterone seems to affect the soft glandular part of the prostate to a greater degree than the hard muscular part. If a man's prostate is more glandular than muscular, he may be more likely to be helped. If it is the other way around, those men may need a TURP or perhaps some other, new treatment. One possibility for the latter is the class of drugs called alpha adrenergic blockers, which people with high blood pressure take to relax blood-vessel walls. The muscle in the prostate is similar to the muscle in blood vessels, and Patrick Walsh and others have told me that the analogy is promising. Alpha blockers have not been approved by the FDA for this purpose, but many doctors are already prescribing them on the basis of preliminary reports; among the most common is terazosin (brand name Hytrin, made by Abbott).

The third and most serious problem is prostate cancer, a medical oddity that is a long way from being understood. If all men lived to be ninety, almost all would harbor prostate cancer. It is especially widespread among African-Americans, who have the highest rates of death from prostate cancer in the world. According to John T. Isaacs, a medical oncologist at Johns Hopkins, data from autopsies suggest that about 11 million Americans have prostate cancer in some form. Lung cancer is thought to afflict about 300,000 Americans. The disparity in the prevalence of different types of cancer is baffling, and especially so when comparing prostate cancer with other kinds. "Can-

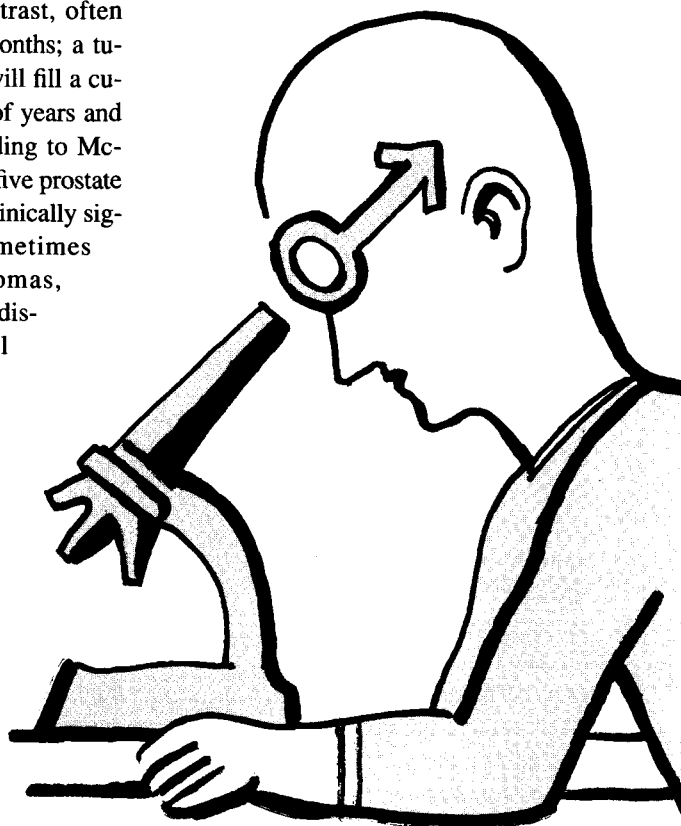
cer of the colon is extraordinarily common," says John McNeal, a pathologist in the department of urology at Stanford, "whereas cancer of the small intestine is very uncommon. How come? Here's two parts of the same organ, hooked together, and one appears to be quite susceptible to cancer and the other appears not to be." Yet more puzzling, he says, is the seminal vesicle, the small gland that produces most of the constituents of seminal fluid. "The seminal vesicle is attached to the prostate, and cancer of the seminal vesicle is, I would guess, the rarest of all human cancers, and it's only millimeters away from the organ that has one of the commonest cancers."

The American Cancer Society projects that no more than 165,000 prostate carcinomas will be discovered this year, whereas it expects 170,000 new cases of lung cancer and 182,000 of breast cancer. The difference is due in part to the relative newness of the PSA test, which for the first time makes diagnosis likely. But more important is the propensity for this cancer to lurk for years or even decades without apparent ill effects. As a rule it grows extremely slowly, taking four years or more to double in size. Breast carcinomas, in contrast, often double in less than three months; a tumor the size of a pinprick will fill a cubic centimeter in a couple of years and be ready to spread. According to McNeal, only about one out of five prostate carcinomas ever becomes clinically significant. The rest are sometimes called histologic carcinomas, meaning that tissue at the disease site fits the technical definition of cancer but no more. Many histologic carcinomas are micro-

scopic; some are barely distinguishable from their surroundings. In some sense, he says, this dormancy is what one would expect. "A cancer so common as this would have to be very slow-growing or it would have wiped out the population at the upper end," he points out. "It would not be something that people are just becoming aware of if it were like other cancers."

At present no one can distinguish at the outset between those carcinomas that will cause no trouble in a man's lifetime and thus should be ignored and those that will spread in time and thus should be treated, if at all possible. Scientists are not likely to solve this quandary in the near future. Cancer cells are generally thought to be created by a sequence of genetic mishaps. Every time a cell divides, there is a tiny chance—typically one in a billion—that it will not copy its genetic material precisely and will instead produce a slightly abnormal daughter cell. (Such failures occur randomly, although their incidence can be increased by exposing the body to carcinogens, chemical compounds that in some way interfere with cell di-

IMPOTENCE AND INCONTINENCE, POSSIBLE SIDE EFFECTS, MAY BE ALLEVIATED BY FURTHER SURGERY, BUT FOR OBVIOUS REASONS RESEARCH INTO ALTERNATIVES—THAT IS, DRUGS—IS VIGOROUS.



vision.) In turn this imperfect daughter cell divides. There is a slight probability that it, too, will fail to copy itself exactly—actually, a slightly greater probability, because precancerous cells seem to be accident-prone. If the cell makes the “right” error, it will be one step further toward full malignancy. In colon cancer the mistakes usually occur in sequence. In prostate cancer, though, each mistake may be independent of the others, so that, say, step No. 4 could occur before step No. 2 and after step No. 6. All that matters is that over the years one cell or set of cells passes through every step. Nobody knows why this happens to one man rather than another, or why it happens especially often to African-Americans.

The genetic material in a cell is deoxyribonucleic acid, or DNA, long, threadlike molecules twisted into forty-six bodies called chromosomes, which resemble the soft *Hs* in alphabet soup. Failures take place either when entire chunks of a chromosome snap off, fall away, or switch places, or when small bits of the strand get lost or mixed up. The former are easier to spot than the latter. For example, cancer of the colon is associated with gross chromosomal abnormalities, one reason that scientists have recently nailed down the sequence of events that leads to it. No such obvious changes have been spotted in prostate-cancer cells, and hence the thinking is that the accidents involved are small and affect individual bits of DNA. If it were stretched out, the DNA in each human cell would be about six feet long; errors may involve snippets shorter than a millionth of an inch. The implication for researchers, unpleasant to contemplate, is a long period of slogging. Thus far the only clue is the possibility, turned up over the past three years by a group of researchers in Sweden and a second group at Johns Hopkins led by John Isaacs's brother William, that particular bits of chromosomes 8, 10, and 16 may be involved. Is a sudden clinical breakthrough possible? William Isaacs thinks it unlikely. “No one is going to shout ‘Eureka!’ on this one,” he says. “The champagne is safe.”

Imagine a blindfolded man with an unlimited supply of darts. He is standing before, say, six dart boards. (The exact number of steps necessary for prostate cancer to occur is unknown; colon cancer, as it happens, involves six major chromosomal changes, so I chose that number.) Blindly tossing away, he will eventually hit a bull's-eye. That is equivalent to one of the “right” genetic accidents. After, say, two or more bull's-eyes he will have histological cancer. After a long time he will probably hit all six bull's-eyes. When he does, the cancer will be fully developed and ready to spread. The question is when treatment should occur. Surgery for prostate cancer involves the possibility of impotence, incontinence, and death. It also might not work: the cancer might already have spread, unnoticed, beyond the prostate. Considering these odds, the operation should take place immediately before he strikes the last bull's-eye. But that's impossible. By definition, one can never predict when a random event will occur. A more realistic goal is needed. One of the bull's-eyes—imagine that it is painted green—corresponds to the genetic change that triggers the propensity to spread that is cancer's most deadly feature. The other five bull's-eyes can be hit without any real menace. The problem is that no one can say when a dart has struck the green bull's-eye.

To be an ideal diagnostic test, the PSA would be positive only when the player has struck the green bull's-eye. Instead it is like an alarm that rings when the player has hit two or more. It does not tell him which two bull's-eyes he has hit; and because BPH, too, can increase the level of PSA, he may in fact have hit none at all. Are we better off for having installed this imperfect alarm nationwide? The answer depends on whether its use will lead to what social scientists call increased well-being. Everyone I have spoken with has an opinion on the use of the PSA test, favorable or un-. But no one says that his or her opinion was empirically established, based on the sort of controlled data that biomedical researchers like. No scientific study has demonstrated

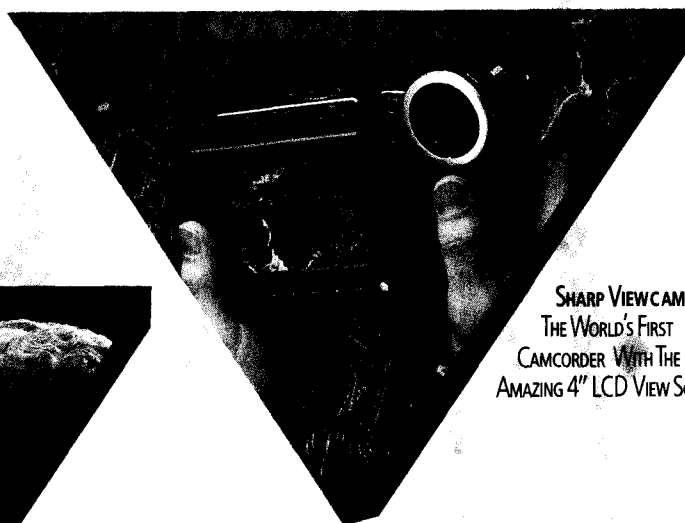
that the PSA test saves lives, though it might seem logical to suppose it would. Indeed, none has shown definitively that surgery leaves people better off than doing nothing. As a result, John Wasson says, the United States is rapidly putting the cart before the horse. “We’re using at an explosive rate a technology that has not proven itself,” he says. “The Europeans at the international meetings I go to are aghast. They say, ‘What are you people *doing* over there?’”

A Better Surgical Outcome (Less Impotence)

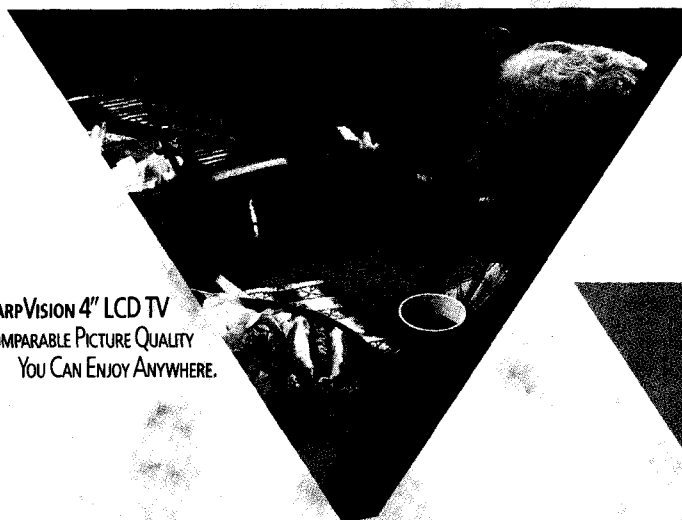
FROM a surgeon's point of view, the big change in the prostate world began when one of Patrick Walsh's patients experienced no long-term impotence or incontinence after the operation Walsh had performed on him. Walsh was flabbergasted. He had removed the man's prostate, and doctors had known for decades that radical prostatectomy *always* had these side effects. It was a desperate operation for men in desperate circumstances, because it left most men impotent, incontinent, or both. “I congratulated him, of course,” Walsh told me when I visited him recently. “But what I was thinking was, This man cannot be unique. If he could be spared these things, others could.”

Then as now Walsh directed the James Buchanan Brady Urological Institute, at Johns Hopkins. Slight, usually soft-spoken, and possessed of slim, delicate hands, Walsh graduated from the Case Western Reserve University School of Medicine in 1964 and trained as a surgeon for seven years in Boston and Los Angeles before coming to Johns Hopkins. His specialty was urology, the treatment of the reproductive organs in men and the urinary tract in men and women (though most urological patients are men). Urologists work on kidneys, bladders, testicles, and other parts of the body, but they are most often called upon to assist in the treatment of prostate disease. Radical prostatectomy, often the only available treatment for prostate cancer, was

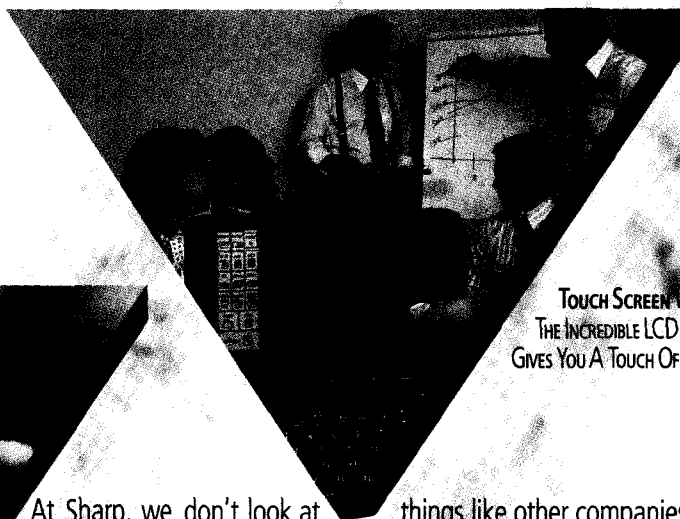
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a thoroughly unsatisfactory operation.

"You were working blind," Walsh told me. "If you thought about it, it would scare you out of your wits." The incision caused so much bleeding from so many sources that the cavity filled faster than suction tubes could drain it. In addition to endangering patients, the blood "prevented you from seeing what on earth you were doing in there." Surgeons had to cut out the prostate by feel.

Johns Hopkins has long been a center of urological research. Hugh Hampton Young, one of the first important American urologists, pioneered radical prostatectomy there at the turn of the century, and was probably the first doctor to call for routine prostate screening. Walsh went to Johns Hopkins with the intention of building on the school's tradition. A central problem, he was convinced, was that the anatomy of the prostate region was poorly understood. Walsh worked out the location of the veins and figured out how to pinch them off during surgery. That accomplished, surgeons began to see what they were cutting apart. It was as if

a whole new world had been revealed.

Halfway through the prostate, the urethra is joined by a second tunnel, the seminal duct, through which semen passes on its journey to the outside world. Small side tunnels carry the chemical products of the prostate to the urethra and the seminal duct. The whole structure is wrapped in what is called a capsule. One end of the capsule is ringed by the urethral sphincter, which surgeons had always sliced through—the principal cause of post-operative incontinence. Reducing the flow of blood let Walsh see well enough to cut out the prostate without damaging the sphincter.

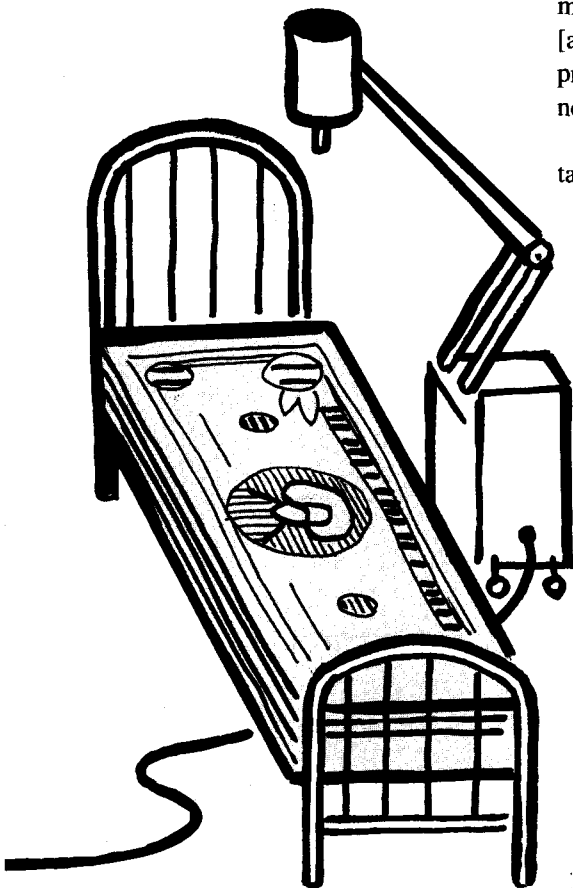
The operation still resulted in impotence, but Walsh didn't think he could do much about that. Then he remembered the patient who had an entirely normal sex life after a prostatectomy. Walsh had been taught in medical school that the nerves controlling erection ran, like the urethra, through the prostate, and thus that impotence was an inevitable by-product of removing it. The patient's experience sent Walsh back to his textbooks, which said little more than that the nerves were "small [and] difficult to follow." The medical profession had merely assumed that the nerves ran through the prostate.

Walsh looked for himself. The prostate was little studied, because it is surrounded by the kind of fatty tissue that does not survive embalming, and most anatomy research is performed on cadavers. In 1981 Walsh went to a medical convention in the Netherlands, where he met Pieter Donker, a retired urologist from Leiden. Donker had discovered that the ideal subjects for pros-

tate dissection are stillborn infants, because their nerves are relatively large and the surrounding fatty tissue is thin. The two men spent an afternoon at the table. Walsh observed, to his excitement, that the nerve bundles were *outside* the prostate capsule, held in place by a thin, almost translucent sheet called the pelvic fascia. Scalpels had been blindly cutting through them. Lifting away the fascia like a blanket from a bed would give surgeons a clear path to the prostate. Walsh's first attempt at doing this, in April of 1982, was successful: the patient, a fifty-two-year-old man, was sexually active within a year.

Good surgeons operate often, to keep their touch. Using what has been called the nerve-sparing technique, Walsh performed more than 600 radical prostatectomies from 1982 to 1988. (Walsh has not assembled complete data on the long-term outcomes of the surgery he has performed since then.) Some 92 percent of his patients achieved complete urinary control; 68 percent of those who were potent preoperatively remained so, with the figure higher for younger men. (A hundred percent success is not to be expected; by the time of surgery, some cancers have spread to the sphincter or the nerves.) By the middle of this year Walsh had performed more than 1,300 radical prostatectomies; just two patients died, and about 70 percent seemed to be cured of cancer, Walsh says. Similar results have been reported by other pioneering urological surgeons, such as William Catalona, of the Washington University School of Medicine, in St. Louis, and Thomas Stamey, of Stanford.

Walsh was pleased, of course. And he was pleased that the arrival of the nerve-sparing technique roughly coin-



JOHN WASSON SAYS THAT THE UNITED STATES IS RAPIDLY PUTTING THE CART BEFORE THE HORSE. "WE'RE USING AT AN EXPLOSIVE RATE A TECHNOLOGY THAT HAS NOT PROVEN ITSELF," HE SAYS.

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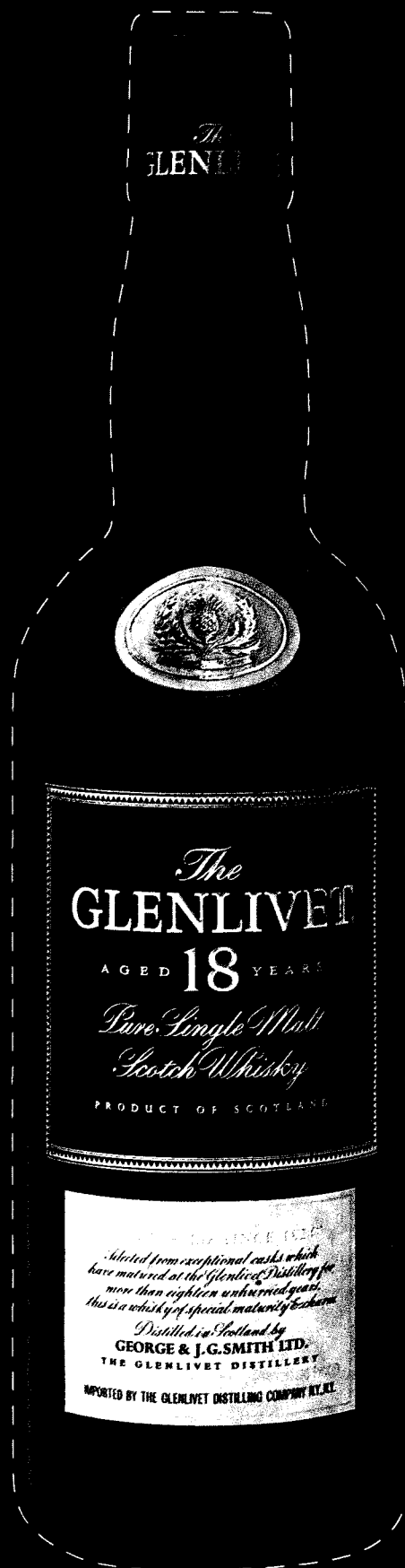
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cided with the arrival of the PSA test. The test, in his view, increased not only the likelihood of an accurate diagnosis but also the likelihood of diagnosis at all. Men as a group tend to avoid seeing their doctors, and even those who have annual checkups tend to refuse rectal exams. "Women have always had doctors poking at them," Walsh says. "It's unpleasant, but they recognize they have to do it. A middle-aged man isn't used to it, and often won't do it." PSA testing suddenly made the job easier—the doctor simply penciled in another X on the paperwork for the patient's blood tests. Walsh cautions, however, that one PSA reading is not enough to make a diagnosis. As many as a third of men with prostate cancer have low PSA readings, he says; a rectal examination is thus essential. Conversely, high PSA readings might not indicate cancer, and the test is often repeated over a period of months.

With the advent of more-effective diagnosis and treatment, Walsh says, men finally began to *talk* about prostate cancer. They compared PSA levels over lunch. Celebrity victims emerged: Michael Milken, symbol of Wall Street; Frank Zappa, nose-thumbing rock star. Jesse Helms on the right, Alan Cranston on the left. Robert Dole, whose cancer was discovered by a PSA test, endorsed a prostate advocacy group called Us Too. The King of Belgium discovered he had prostate cancer; Walsh operated on him. Billboards appeared in the United States, on which actors and sports personalities encouraged men over forty to see a doctor about prostate cancer. Schering-Plough, a drug company, distributed flyers about prostate trouble at doctors' offices and hospitals across the country. ("If you learn only one fact from this brochure," read a boldface paragraph, "let it be this: early detection of prostate cancer saves lives.") And Walsh himself, surgical mask at his throat like a cowboy bandanna, was featured in *The New York Times* in a full-page advertisement placed by Johns Hopkins to extol its medical work.

Which may be why Walsh was so distressed when criticisms began to ap-

pear, first in the medical journals and then in the popular press. On the day I visited him, he took two calls from newspaper reporters, growing increasingly vexed as he answered their questions. It was possible to discern the surgeon's temper beneath his affability. He replaced the receiver with some vehemence. The criticisms, he said, were "misleading and biased." They were "really a step backward." They were "irresponsible." The press coverage was all too often "confused." Men are dying of this disease, he said, and many of them can be helped. "I can't believe they're suggesting that we do nothing," he said. His hand hovered over the desk as though he were thinking of banging it on the wood. "I find that incredible."

Clear Costs, Unclear Benefits

A TEST that lets surgeons treat a fatal disease—who could possibly object to such a thing? But that is precisely what a growing chorus is doing. The attack gained volume last May, when the *Journal of the American Medical Association* published two articles by the Prostate Patient Outcomes Research Team. Taking the PSA test, the team's John Wasson said, would be pointless if no effective treatment existed for the prostate cancer it diagnosed, or if the treatment were worse than the disease. A well-known treatment for prostate cancer, radical prostatectomy, does exist; deciding whether it is effective turns out to be surprisingly complex. This means, Wasson argued, that the case for the widespread use of the test is muddy at best.

As any doctor knows, even the best treatment is not perfect. Aspirin, one of the safest and most effective drugs ever discovered, nonetheless managed to kill forty-five Americans last year (at least twenty-five of the deaths, however, were suicides). The trick is to ensure that the benefit of the treatment outweighs the cost. In the case of aspirin the decision is obvious. If taken by the right people, this inexpensive drug could prevent perhaps a quarter of

all first heart attacks, preventing thousands of premature deaths.

Radical prostatectomy for prostate cancer is a much harder call, because the cancer it removes may not be fatal, and because it takes a serious financial and personal toll: biopsy, surgery, hospitalization, possible major side effects, even death. A big, well-run, randomized clinical trial—thousands of people given surgery after a positive diagnosis, an equal number left untreated, the outcomes compared years later—would go far toward resolving the issue. Nobody has completed such a trial, although the Department of Veterans Affairs is considering undertaking one and another has recently begun in Sweden and Finland. These studies will produce no results for at least a decade. Thus the critics are right: the increase in screening for prostate cancer means that this country is embarking on a vast experiment without being certain that the outcome will be beneficial.

In the absence of results from a clinical trial, researchers have tried to estimate the consequences of measuring the PSA of every eligible man in the country. The value of such projections is limited by the lack of data and the need for simplifying assumptions—for instance, that PSA tests are never given without an accompanying rectal exam. But they give an idea of how health professionals try to establish the desirability of medical procedures that may affect the lives of millions of people. According to the 1990 Census, there are about 23.4 million American men from fifty to seventy-five, a time of life that has been described as the optimal screening years. Not every one of these men should be screened for prostate cancer, because some have diseases that are likely to be fatal before prostate cancer would be, such as heart disease and other types of cancer. Figuring out how many men have such diseases is difficult, but one can make a rough approximation by looking at the most widespread of them—heart disease. A long-term study based in Framingham, Massachusetts, has by extrapolation shown that at least 2.8 million men aged fifty to seventy-five are af-

flicted with severe cardiac problems. Subtracting these people from the total number leaves 20.6 million potential candidates for screening.

To estimate the results of administering PSA tests to this many men, researchers have used data from pilot experiments. In the biggest screening project yet undertaken, William Catalona and three colleagues from Washington University tested the PSA levels of 9,629 older men, all at least fifty but some over seventy-five, whose physical characteristics were reasonably similar to those in the population at large (reasonably but not entirely similar—the researchers did not screen anyone with a history of prostatitis). Of these men, 9.4 percent had elevated PSA levels, suggesting a problem. Further diagnostic tests were performed on these men, and about one in three had cancer. If Catalona's findings could be extended to all 20.6 million eligible men, a nationwide PSA test would pick up almost two million people with high PSA levels. After biopsies about 1.3 million of them would be told not to worry (although some of them would have cancer that would be picked up on subsequent screening). About 640,000 would learn they had cancer. Of these, some 235,000 would have advanced cases that many doctors would regard as inoperable. Thus universal PSA screening would find, according to this rough estimate, about 405,000 cases of cancer treatable by prostatectomy.

In the past most of these smaller carcinomas would not have been discovered, and hence would have remained untreated. After ten years about two thirds of them would not have spread outside the prostate, if one is to believe the results of the largest study to date on the subject, in which six Swedish researchers tracked for an average of ten years 223 men with untreated early-stage prostate cancer. (This is standard practice in Sweden, where state-run medical programs are chary of procedures that have not been proved useful.) These results suggest that a significant proportion of the 405,000 tumors that would be detected in a national

screening program would not spread in the patient's lifetime.

Because the individual patient cannot know whether he is one of the lucky men with a slowly progressing case, it is likely that most of those 405,000 men would undergo radical prostatectomy. What would happen? The conservative approach to this question is to find out the results obtained from operations in the past and project them into the future. According to the Prostate Patient Outcomes Research Team, which did just that using data on prostatectomies performed from 1981 to 1991, between 0.5 percent and two percent of all radical prostatectomies led to death within a month, with older men facing the most risk. More than five percent led to pulmonary embolism or some other serious complication in the hospital. At least 30 percent of the potent men who underwent prostatectomy in this period became impotent; seven percent lost all urinary control; many more had intermittent difficulties in both areas. And perhaps 20 percent were told that during surgery it was discovered that the tumor had already spread, and they would need further treatment (radiation, hormone therapy, or removal of the testicles). These figures imply that operating on all 405,000 men would result in 2,000 to 8,000 deaths, at least 20,000 cases of serious complications, at least 120,000 cases of surgery-induced impotence, about 28,000 cases of surgery-induced total incontinence, and more than 80,000 cases of cancer requiring more treatment, along with many other cases of lesser problems. Meanwhile, men with elevated PSA levels but no sign of cancer would be likely to have biopsies again and again, because of the red flag in their blood—a process one doctor jokingly calls "prostatectomy by installment."

THE effort would be very expensive. PSA tests and rectal exams cost about \$80 together; biopsies cost perhaps \$350. If 20.6 million men had PSA tests and rectal exams and two million had biopsies, the bill would be in the neighborhood of \$2.3 billion. The average cost of a prostatectomy is about

\$20,000, according to Kit Simpson, a health-policy specialist at the University of North Carolina at Chapel Hill; 405,000 of them would cost \$8.1 billion. Treating the impotence or incontinence caused by surgery can cost \$10,000 per patient. The total price of remedying such side effects would depend on how often they occurred, but in 1990 an economic study by a statistician and a urologist at the U.S. Army medical complex in Fort Sam Houston, Texas, projected that the extra expense for side effects might reach \$2.1 billion. At the time, the two men pointed out, the national bill for prostate cancer was \$255 million. An immediate nationwide program of screening all men in the proper age category, they said, would drive the price up to \$28 billion—a hundredfold increase. To critics, such figures suggest that a screening program could sentence hundreds of thousands of people to immediate and costly suffering in the name of avoiding a disease that will kill only a small number of them many years in the future.

Nobody I have spoken with thinks that the United States could examine and treat 20.6 million men cheaply and painlessly. But proponents of mass PSA screening argue that estimates like these are based on inaccurate data. Claims that side effects from operations in the future will be at the level of those in the past ignores evidence from surgeons like Walsh and Catalona that the nerve-sparing technique is an important advance. Instead of a death rate of one in a hundred, these surgeons report death rates of zero to one in 600. Walsh and Catalona say that instead of seven out of a hundred becoming completely incontinent, and many more having problems, not one of their first 1,200 patients lost all urinary control, and only six to eight out of a hundred had any problems whatsoever with incontinence. Although these figures should not be taken as national averages, using them in calculating the cost of treating side effects would change the projections drastically. Indeed, it was the publication of the pessimistic estimate by the Prostate Patient Outcomes Research Team, which made little allowance for

the improvement in surgical techniques, that caused the calls from the newspapers which so exercised Walsh during my visit.

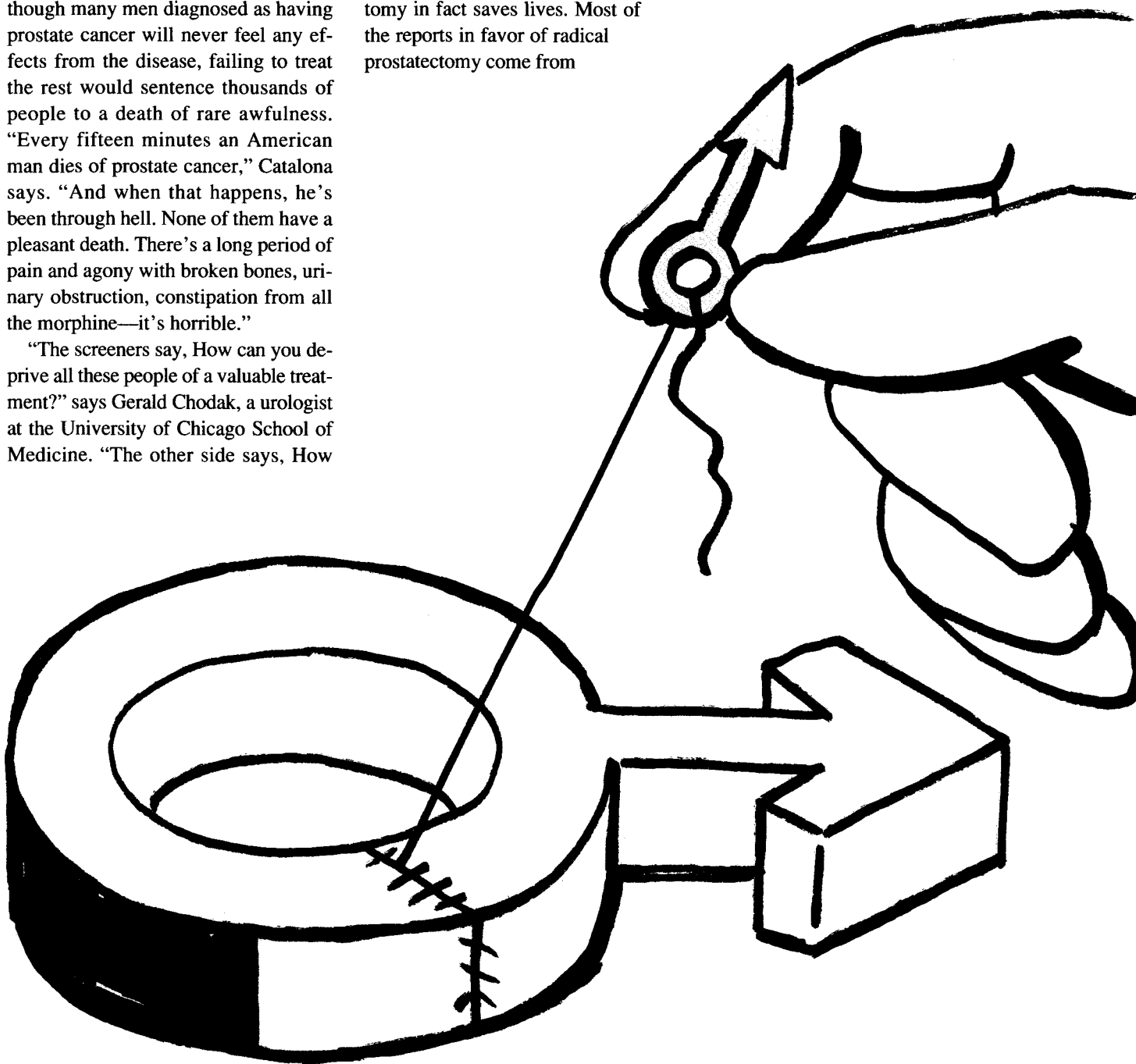
Proponents also accuse critics of skewing their figures by overestimating the costs (such as saying that many seventy-five-year-olds will have the operation) and underestimating the benefits (failing to include the avoided years of pain from bone cancer, for instance). A prostatectomy today may cost \$20,000, but treating that same cancer at a later, more advanced stage may cost \$70,000. Most important, although many men diagnosed as having prostate cancer will never feel any effects from the disease, failing to treat the rest would sentence thousands of people to a death of rare awfulness. "Every fifteen minutes an American man dies of prostate cancer," Catalona says. "And when that happens, he's been through hell. None of them have a pleasant death. There's a long period of pain and agony with broken bones, urinary obstruction, constipation from all the morphine—it's horrible."

"The screeners say, How can you deprive all these people of a valuable treatment?" says Gerald Chodak, a urologist at the University of Chicago School of Medicine. "The other side says, How

can you do all these things to people and not know if they really have any benefit?" It seems impossible to resolve the issue rationally, because the evidence is of such poor quality. The American Board of Urology and the American Urological Association have no idea, for instance, how many surgeons have been trained in Walsh's techniques. Surgeons like Catalona and Walsh assert that many of their colleagues know the new methods; outside observers like Wasson suspect that they don't.

Similar uncertainties dog the larger question of whether radical prostatectomy in fact saves lives. Most of the reports in favor of radical prostatectomy come from

surgeons like Walsh and Catalona, who collect data on their patients. Alas, these articles suffer from "publication bias"—the tendency for people with good results to publish their data more often than those with bad results. "You won't see articles written by people with poor results," Chodak says. "They're put out by honest people who are superb surgeons, but the problem is that they may be such excellent doctors that they are totally unrepresentative of



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the average doctor that the average Joe is going to face." The rosy reports, he believes, may lead patients without access to top-quality medical care to a falsely optimistic picture of the odds they face.

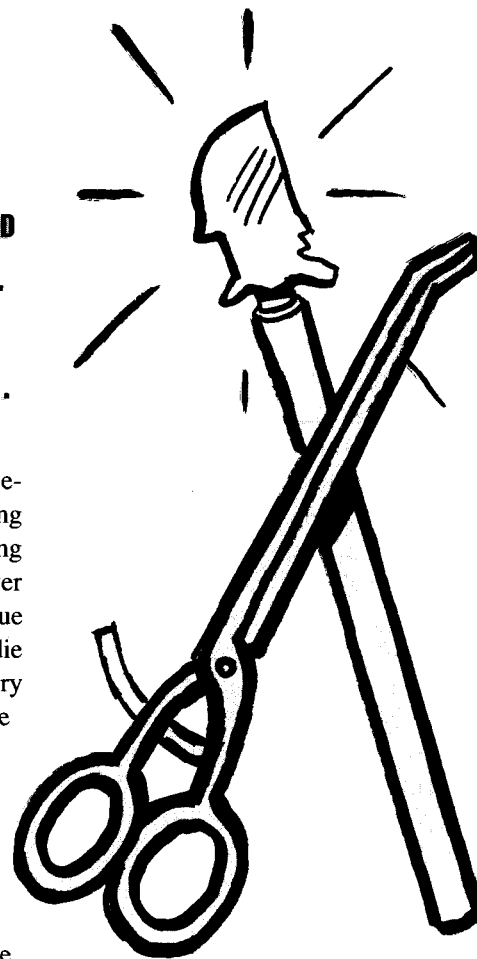
In the view of Brent Blumenstein, a medical statistician at the Fred Hutchinson Cancer Research Center, in Seattle, publication bias is merely part of a larger problem created by the lack of emphasis on research methodology during the surgical-residency period. Un-schooled, surgeons fall into many logical and statistical traps when they do research. Often, he says, they do not list the criteria they used in selecting patients for a study, invalidating their work from the outset. Several researchers have told me that data that call into question the use of surgery tend to come from studies with a disproportionately large number of old patients, who could be expected to have more side effects, and that data favoring it tend to come from studies with too many young patients. Carefully interpreted, such partial reports could be useful if they were put together with forethought. Unfortunately, they rarely are. Last May the Prostate Patient Outcomes Research Team reviewed more than 1,600 journal articles published since 1966 on the treatment of prostate cancer. Only 144—less than a tenth—were detailed enough to permit independent re-examination of their data. Of these only one clearly described the patients' ages, to what point their cancers had progressed, and other medical conditions, and also gave the number of people who failed to attend follow-up appointments, although such information is supposed to be standard in medical research.

To be fair, determining the value of

prostate surgery is a knotty matter. Because a majority of the men suffering from prostate cancer die of something else, the benefits of surgery, whatever they may be, for the most part accrue to the minority who would actually die of the disease. Even for them surgery may have little value. "If you have cancer that would kill you at sixty-nine, and you have treatment and then die at seventy of heart disease, you didn't gain much," Chodak says. Gains in lifespan are therefore most likely for younger, healthier patients—men under the age of sixty or seventy. Unfortunately, these are the very people who are most likely to live for many years without symptoms anyway. The benefits will show up only years later, assuming that the tumor would indeed have become life-threatening.

One way of cutting through the fog of competing statistics is to estimate the overall benefit from PSA screening on the basis of the most optimistic assumptions about the use of radical prostatectomy. If it is small, one might question the value of the test. Kit Simpson presented such an analysis at the annual meeting of the American Urological Association last May. Unsurprisingly, she found that the benefits were unevenly distributed, with most of them accruing to the fifty- to sixty-year-old men whose cancer would have spread quickly and whose lives would therefore presumably be lengthened by surgery.

Simpson tried to learn whether the gain for that group of people would be proportional to its price. When everything was added up, she concluded that a screening program would save society up to \$3 billion over the lifetime of the present generation of older men.



"You get a little bit of life saved and a small amount of money saved per man screened," she told me recently, adding that benefits to individuals could of course be considerable.

I asked if that \$3 billion savings merited investing in an enormous screening and treatment program for the whole country. Even in the most optimistic scenario the costs are high in the beginning, running to billions, and the benefits do not appear for years. "You'll spend more money each year until you find and treat all the cancers, and then you start saving money," she said. "The policy question is, can we afford to do that right now?"

What Men Should Do

IN some ways Simpson's question is moot. Although statistically each man obtains only a slight benefit from the test, those benefits are not distributed evenly—a man either receives them in full or he doesn't. The chances are quite good that if an otherwise healthy man who has just been diagnosed as having low-grade prostate

cancer ignores the news, his cancer will never trouble him and he will die of something else. Yet the penalty for guessing wrong is severe—and nobody plans to die of other causes. People focus on the problem at hand, and the argument that they should forget about prostate cancer because they might be felled by a stroke in five years carries little weight. As a result, men are willing to accept the possibility of deleterious side effects today to avoid an awful death in the future. Cost is rarely a factor to the individual, because his insurance will pick up most or all of the tab. On the broad societal level this may be the wrong choice, medically and fiscally. But the individual man doesn't care—his cancer will either stay dormant or kill him. As a result a de facto national screening program is taking place, good idea or no. Men are running pell-mell to measure their PSA levels, and those with positive cancer diagnoses are submitting themselves to radical prostatectomy in record numbers. It is a perfect example of why health-care costs are so difficult to control.

"What's good for the individual may not necessarily be good for the masses," Chodak told me. "It sounds like the moral of a *Star Trek* movie." Even William Catalona, a PSA enthusiast, would like to put some brakes on the prostatectomy express. Men over seventy-five should think twice about subjecting themselves to such a major surgical procedure as radical prostatectomy, he says. Even in the best of circumstances they are disproportionately likely to experience impotence and incontinence and to live no longer than they would have without the surgery. Therefore Catalona thinks the PSA test has considerably less utility for such men. Like every other researcher I have spoken with, he is dismayed by the recent explosion in prostate surgery in men older than seventy-five.

Fifty- to sixty-year-olds, though, are a different matter. Both sides, pro and con, believe that if benefits accrue from treatment, they are concentrated among such men. These men, Catalona says, should have their PSA levels checked once or twice a year. If the level is high

—above four nanograms per milliliter in the Hybritech test—they should have a rectal exam, an ultrasound exam, and a "quadrant" or "sextant" biopsy, which uses a computer-assisted needle probe to image each part of the gland, obtaining samples from suspicious areas. Men should not have a biopsy if they suffer from prostatitis, because the biopsy may induce a dangerous infection. "Take the antibiotic and come back," Catalona says.

If a carcinoma is discovered, the patient should learn its location and size. Is it still confined within the prostate, or has it spread to the capsule? In the former case the disease is unlikely to have metastasized, and hence may be a candidate for surgery. In the latter case there is some chance that metastasis has already occurred and that it is too late for prostatectomy to do any good. Size is an important proxy measure of the likelihood that the carcinoma has passed through the genetic steps necessary to become dangerous: a widely but not universally accepted standard is that tumors less than half a cubic centimeter in volume are probably not old enough to have acquired the ability to grow rapidly and spread. Because tumor size is hard to determine precisely with a biopsy, surgeons also give considerable weight to the degree of differentiation, which describes, so to speak, the "cancerlike" qualities of the carcinoma. "Well-differentiated" carcinomas are, despite the name, similar to the tissue surrounding them, and relatively unlikely to metastasize; "poorly differentiated" carcinomas are more likely to be advanced. All these factors play a role in determining the degree of threat. In general, surgeons consider poorly differentiated tumors that are still contained within the prostate to be the best candidates for immediate surgery.

Before submitting to a prostatectomy, Catalona says, men should choose their surgeon carefully. Ask surgeons if they know the nerve-sparing technique, how many prostatectomies they have performed, and at what rate their patients have experienced side effects. Avoid doctors who do not know the technique, who have performed fewer

than 150 prostatectomies, or who have patients with higher rates of incontinence and impotence than those reported in journal articles by surgeons from major teaching hospitals. "If your surgeon can't tell you those rates," Catalona says, "that's grounds to think about trying another one."

Although such precautions will surely minimize the chance of an undesirable outcome on the individual level, they do nothing for the likelihood of an undesirable outcome on the collective level—that is, the possibility that the nation's health-care spending will rise by billions to cover the cost of thousands of unnecessary operations. Indeed, as Kit Simpson says, "Surgery is expensive, justified or unjustified. The only truly cheap method of dealing with prostate cancer would be to prevent it."

Happily, prevention is what the National Cancer Institute is now examining. A number of laboratory reports suggest that prostate cancer is somehow linked to 5-alpha-reductase, the enzyme that converts testosterone to dihydrotestosterone, the hormone that induces prostate swelling. The relation between the enzyme and the genetics of cancer is unknown, but it is known that finasteride (Proscar) stops the enzyme from functioning. Last month the NCI was scheduled to begin a clinical trial to examine whether finasteride can prevent cancer. The nationwide trial, which is headquartered in San Antonio, will randomly divide 18,000 healthy men into two groups. Half will take finasteride for seven years; half will take a placebo. "It's a massive effort," says Brent Blumenstein, who assisted in designing the trial. "Whether this is the answer should come clear."

Blumenstein, like every statistician I have spoken with, is deeply skeptical of a national screening program. At forty-nine he is rapidly approaching the age group most likely to be screened. What would he do, I asked, if he learned that he had a relatively large carcinoma in the center of his prostate? His answer came quickly. "Personally," he said, "I would start talking to the best surgeon I could find." ☞

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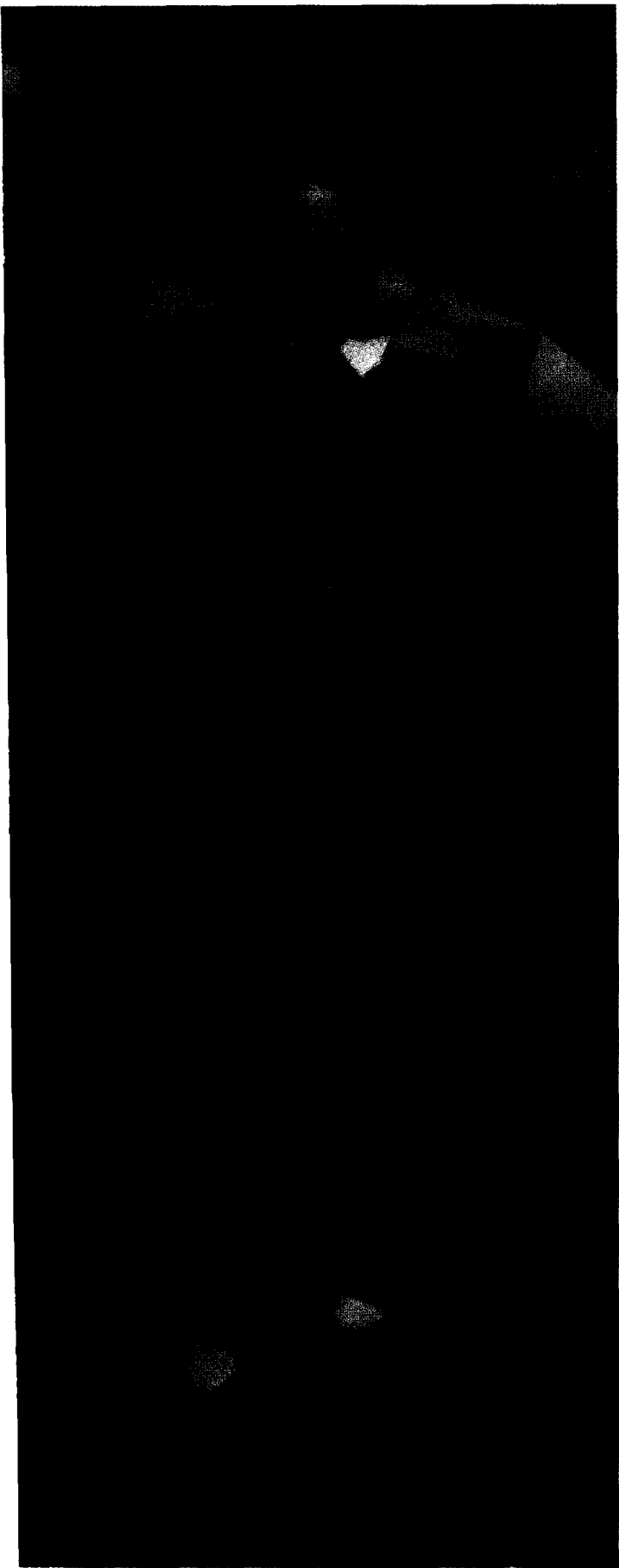
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Don Giovanni

by GARRISON KEILLOR

MARRIAGE takes too much out of a man, said the old seducer through a cloud of cigarette smoke. Marriage is an enormous drain on a man's time and energy; it produces continual deficits; it reduces him to silliness and servility; it is the deathbed of romance. Figaro, my friend, a man owes it to himself to stop and consider the three advantages of the single life.

One, if you're single, you can think. Two, you can act. Three, you can feel.

Probably there are other advantages, but those three surely are important, yes?

Think about it. There is never a substitute for freedom, and there is no prison so deadly as a life of unnecessities, which is what marriage is. A woman takes over a man's life and turns it to her own ends. She heaps up his plate with stones, she fills his bed with anxiety, she destroys his peace so that he hardly remembers it.

But even a married man knows what he should have done. You should find a cheap place to live—who needs a mansion? You put your money in the bank and you furnish your place as you please, with your own junk and great bargains from auctions. You come and go, you eat when you're hungry, you stay up late, you get drunk as it pleases you, and you have two or three terrific lovers who visit when you invite them and stay about the right length of time.

Enjoy yourself. That's what we're here for.

Some men should have two lovers, some three; it depends on the man, the Don said. Never limit yourself to one: monogamy leads to matrimony, and marriage, my boy, is pure struggle. Of course the single life has problems—having two lovers is a scheduling problem, and three is a real test of a man's organizational ability, and yet those are the

Figaro and the Don
debate marriage at a piano bar
in Fargo

very problems a man hopes for, Figaro. Living alone in a cushy old apartment with your friendly Jamaican housekeeper coming on Fridays to put a shine on things, the corner laundry delivering clean clothes on Wednesdays, and your girlfriends dropping in on various evenings, each of them crazy about you, anxious to please—you know how accommodating young women can be when they want to be. Think of having three like that at once, their eyes alight at the sight of you, their lips moist, the flush of desire on their cheeks. Sound good? My, yes. The Don smiled at the thought.

"No woman would accept such an arrangement. You would have to lie to her," Figaro said.

Yes, certainly, the Don said.

"To lie to three women at once? To keep inventing stories about where you went? Is that nice?"

The girls who share my bed want to share my life, the Don said, and that would leave me no life at all.

"But to be so selfish—what if everyone were? What if your parents had been?"

I am selfish, Figaro, because I have a larger capacity for pleasure than other people do. Pleasure is only a hobby to them, and to me it is a true vocation: the joy of eating a sumptuous meal in the company of a sharp-tongued woman who secretly adores me, who argues with me and ridicules my politics and my ideas, the things I don't care about, and who, in a couple of hours, will lie happily next to me, damp and drowsy, smiling—this is to me the beauty of the male existence. As for my parents, what they did wasn't my responsibility.

FIGARO had dropped in to see his old friend at the Sportsman's Bar in Fargo, where the Don was engaged for three weeks to play the piano. Figaro had moved to Fargo with Susanna shortly after their marriage, and he had not laid eyes on the Don since the Don had attempted to seduce Susanna on their wedding night—one of those cases of mistaken identity in dimly lit places, so Figaro bore no grudge.

The Sportsman's was an old dive near the Great Northern yards where the switching crews liked to duck in for a bump of whiskey on their coffee breaks. It was not a place you would bring a woman, Figaro thought, and any woman you might find in there you wouldn't want to know better. The little marquee out front said BBQ BEEF S'WICH \$1.95 HAPPY HOUR 4-6 TWO DRINKS FOR PRICE OF ONE D G'VANNI IN HUNTERS LOUNGE NITELY. When Figaro stepped into the gloom, the cloud of beer and smoke and grease, he heard someone playing "Glow Worm," and recognized the Don's florid glissandos, the tremors and trills, the dips, the big purple chords rising, the mists, the Spanish moss, the grape arbor in the moonlight, the sighs, the throbbing of the thrush. The Don sat all big and glittery at the keyboard in the rear of the deserted room, in an iridescent silver jacket that picked

up every speck of light from the sixty-watt spotlight overhead. The silver threads went nicely with the Don's flowing bleached-blond hair and the gaudy rings on his fingers, chosen for maximum sparkle. Six rings and six chunks of diamond, a bolo tie, a silver satin shirt with pearl buttons, and silver-and-turquoise earrings.

He looked much the worse for wear, Figaro thought, as if he had been living in these clothes for a number of days, including some rainy ones, but he was full of beans, as always. He told Figaro he would soon be back in New York, where a big recording contract was in the offing, a major label, large sums of cash which he was not at liberty to disclose—he rubbed his fingers together to suggest the heavy dough involved. The people were secretive types, *you* understand, the Don said.

"And you? How are you? Have you found a wife yet?" Figaro asked.

The Don laughed. It was their old joke.

MARRIAGE looks very appealing until you are in the company of married people, and then the horrors of the institution cry out to you, the Don said. Marriage is for women, Figaro, ugly women. It makes no sense for men. It never did.

The married guy has to have an airtight explanation for everything he does by himself. If he wants to go for a *walk around the block* alone, he has to invent an excuse for not taking his beloved with him. To get up out of his chair and go into the kitchen and run a glass of tap water, he has to announce this to his wife, like a child in the third grade, or else she will say, "Where are you going? To the kitchen? For a glass of tap water? Fine. Why can't you say so? Why do you *always just wander away without saying a word*? You wouldn't treat anybody else that way. How do I know if you're going to the kitchen or going to New Orleans for a week? And it would've been nice if you'd offered to bring *me* something from the kitchen. If you loved me, you'd think of these things. But no. You just get up and walk away. I could be sitting here dying and you'd never notice." And then she bursts into tears, grieving for herself and her future death. This is marriage, Figaro.

A single guy can walk around without explaining it to anyone. He can also go to New Orleans. This gives a man a dignified feeling, knowing that you could, if you wanted to, drive somewhere. Or drive *nowhere*, just cruise around with the top down, soaking up rays and laying down rubber. Married guys can't go nowhere. There always has to be a plan, a list of errands, a system, a destination. Alone, your life is intuitive, like poetry. With a woman, it's a form of bookkeeping.

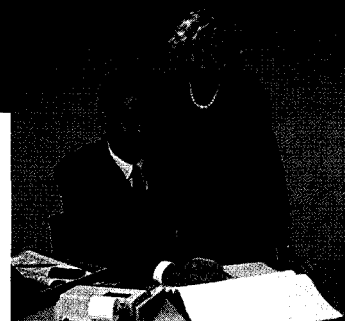
SO—how long are you in town?" Figaro asked, trying to change the subject, but the Don had more to say.

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A HOME belongs to the oldest woman inhabitant, no matter what. Every day a man has to get her permission to come in, to use the toilet, to draw oxygen from the air, to keep his things in the closet. The permission is always conditional, and some of her rules are never explained: some secret rules (No Loitering, No Unnecessary Conversation, No Putting Things There, No Whistling, No Guests, We Reserve the Right to Change the Terms of This Agreement) are kept for emergencies.

And a married guy is responsible for *everything*, no matter what. Women, thanks to their having been oppressed all these years, are blameless, free as birds, and all the dirt they do is the result of premenstrual syndrome or postmenstrual stress or menopause or emotional disempowerment by their fathers or low expectations by their teachers or latent unspoken sexual harassment in the workplace, or some other airy excuse. The guy is responsible for every day of marriage that is less than marvelous and meaningful.

"Why don't we ever make love anymore?" That is the No. 2 all-time woman's question in the world. No. 1 is "Why don't we ever talk to each other?" Now, there's a great conversational opener. You're ensconced on the couch, perusing the funny papers, sipping your hot toddy, feeling mellow, and she plops down, full of anger and premenstrual uproar, and says, "Why don't we ever talk to each other? Why do you treat me as if I don't exist?"

You take her hand. "What do you want to talk about, my beloved?"

"You and your utter lack of interest in communicating with me, that's what," she snaps, yanking her hand back.

WHAT I DID ON A RAINY DAY

Breathed the fog from the valley
Inhaled its ether fumes
With whittling eyes peeled the hills
to their own blue and bone
Swallowed piercing pellets of rain
caught cloudsful in one colorless cup
Exhaling stung the earth with sunlight
struck leaf and bristle to green fire
Turned tree trunks to gleaming pillars
and twigs to golden nails
With one breath taken into the coils
of my blood and given again when vibrant
I showed who's god around here

—MAY SWENSON

"My love, light of my life, my interest in you is as vast as the Great Plains. Please. Share with me what is in your heart so that we may draw close in the great duet of matrimony."

But she didn't want to converse, of course, she only meant to strike a blow. "Humph," she says, standing up. "I know you. You're only saying that." That is marriage, Figaro. A boy's constant struggle to maintain his buoyancy.

"Some of what you say, I suppose, is true," Figaro said, "but a guy needs a wife, someone who cares if you've collapsed in the shower with your leg broken."

Well, your chances of collapsing in the shower are sharply improved by being married, the Don said. Helpless rage is a major cause of falls in the home.

No, marriage is a disaster for a man; it cuts him up and broils his spirit piece by piece, until there is nothing left of him but the hair and the harness.

An unhappy man with heavy eyelids appeared in the doorway to the lounge, hands on hips, chewing a mouthful of peanuts. He appeared to be an owner or a manager of some sort. "You on a break right now, Giovanni? Or is the piano busted?"

The Don turned with the greatest disdain and said, Oh, Cy. *I thought* it was you.

"I hired you as a piano player, Giovanni, not a philosopher. I'd like to hear less thinking and more tinkling. A word to the wise." The man turned and disappeared.

The Don looked down at the keyboard, plunked a couple of notes, got up from the bench, and motioned toward a table in the corner. We can sit there, he said.

A LIFE without a woman is the loneliest life I can imagine," Figaro said with a sigh. "I would be miserable without Susanna."

Life is lonesome, the Don said, and lonesome isn't bad, compared with desperate. But, of course, a man should not live without women. Luckily, marriage is not a requirement. Nobody needs monogamy except the unenterprising. Hungry women are everywhere! Lonely housewives who advertise on recipe cards pinned to a bulletin board in the Piggly Wiggly; wistful ladies at the copier, putting flesh to glass, faxing themselves to far-off officedom; fervid women sending out E-mail invites; hearty gals working out on the weight machine who drop a note in your street shoes; cocktail joints along the freeway, wall to wall with women whose lights are on and motors are running! Figaro, they're out there! Free. No legal contract required. What could be better?

Figaro shook his head. "The life of a libertine ends badly," he said. "You get old, your teeth turn yellow, you smell like a mutt, and you have to pay women to look at you. Much better to marry, to be faithful, to build a deeper partnership that will hold together through the terrible storms of old age."

My dear Figaro, seduction is an art, to be learned, prac-



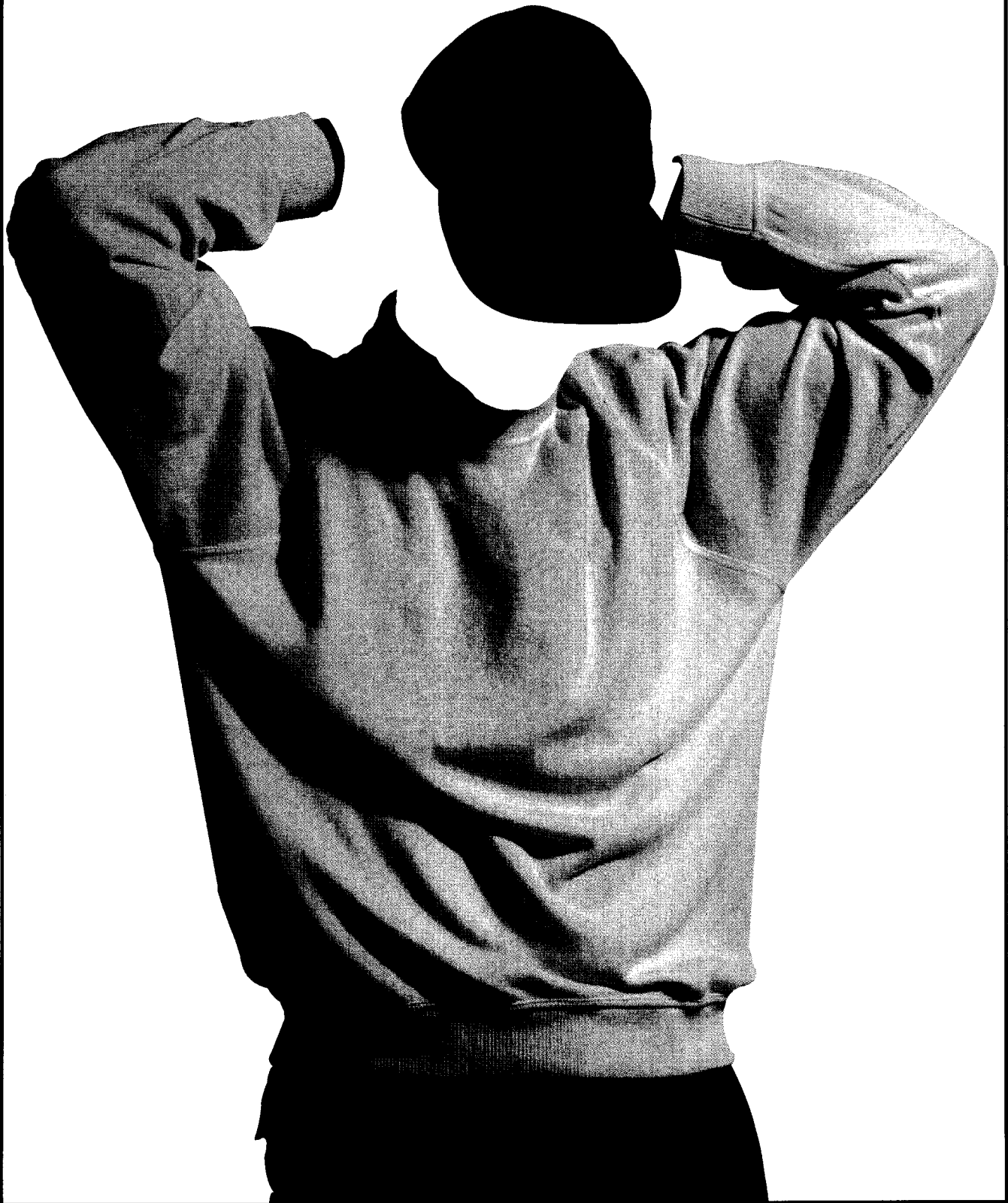
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ticed, adapted, and improvised according to the situation, and, like other arts, it will not desert you late in life.

"Seduction is a lie, and as we get older, we get tired of lies," Figaro said. "We know them all, and they're not amusing anymore."

Seduction is a sweet story, and if the listener wants so much to hear it, then it is no lie. Seduction is a mutual endeavor in which I conspire with a woman to give her an opening to do what she wants to do without reminding her that this goes against her principles. A woman's principles and her desires are constantly at war, and if there were no one to seduce a woman, she would have to figure out how to do it herself. Her principles call for her to remain aloof and uninterested until she meets a man who makes her faint. Her desires are otherwise. She wants to say, "That man, there. Unwrap him and send him over here so he can love me." She cannot say this. So I try to help her. I say, *Zerlina, I would like to hold your hand for two minutes and then you can shoot me and I will die a happy man.*

She laughs, but she does not turn away. She rolls her eyes. She says, "Oh, phoo." She gives me her hand.

I say, *The greatest tragedy is to be cut off from intimacy, from touch, which is the most human of languages, Zerlina, and the most honest. There is no lie in a touch, a caress, never. The language of the body is a language of the purest truth.*

She is amused. I put my other hand on her shoulder. She turns and leans against me. "You're something," she says.

Zerlina, I say, there's a bottle of champagne waiting on ice at the Olympia Hotel, and a couple dozen oysters. When we get there, we'll order up a big salad in a wooden bowl, with basil and spinach and fennel and cilantro and radicchio, and we'll have it with olive oil and vinegar and pepper and garlic. Then a steak tartare, with chopped onions and an egg yolk. And then we'll undress quickly without shame, as adults, and jump into the big bed and amuse each other as only adults can do. And afterward we'll eat an omelet. And then do it again.

Her hand twitches in mine, and I guess that I have touched a chord—*This is the best time of year for oysters, I say in a low voice, and one should never eat them without erotic plans for later.*

She tells me to be real, but even so, she is reaching for her purse, putting on her coat, checking her lipstick. "You're outrageous," she says, and now we are almost to the hotel, and then in the room she says, "I can't believe I'm actually doing this." But she is. She is. A wonderful occasion, Figaro. The sort of evening that someday, as you lie dying, you will remember, and it will bring a smile to your lips.

"You slept with her? Zerlina? But she is married to Masetto," Figaro said. "I can't believe this!"

I may have slept with her, I may not have slept with her; I only mention her as an example. Zerlina, Marilyn, Marlene—what's the difference? *A woman.*

"Having an affair is not the same as marital happiness," Figaro said.

You are right. Marital happiness is briefer and it has a sword hanging over its head. The happiness in marriage is fitful, occasional. It is the pleasure one gets from the absence of the pain of not conforming exactly to the wishes of your wife. A married man walks into the room and his wife looks up and smiles—he is dressed and groomed exactly as she has trained him, his gait is perfect, his personality is champion quality, and he is prepared to converse on topics of her liking, a neat trick it took her years to teach him—and for the duration of her smile he is happy. But her smile is brief. She spots the flaw: the spiritual emptiness in his eye. She has warned him against emptiness, but there it is. "Why are you sitting and staring at me?" she hisses. "You look as dim as a dodo." And his happiness is now over for a while. He must think of a way to fill up his spirit.

THE man with the heavy eyelids reappeared in the door, an envelope in his hand. "Time to go, Giovanni," he said, setting his big hand on the table. "Yer outta here. You broke the deal. Yer history. The job's over. Move it."

The Don sneered. What a relief to get out of this mausoleum, he said. I am, he said, the greatest romantic pianist of all time. But a romantic pianist in Fargo is like an All-Star shortstop in Paris. Not a priority item.

"Go to hell," the man said, and he stamped his foot on the floor. Figaro looked down. The man had hooves instead of shoes.

The Don stood up. Gladly, he said. It would be better than looking at your ugly face.

The man strode to the back door by the piano and opened it, and Figaro saw the orange glow of flames in the basement, fingers of flame licking the doorsill.

"Stop!" he cried. "No! Giovanni! Repent!" He took the Don by the arm. "It's not too late. *Repent!*"

The Don put a hand on Figaro's shoulder. Believe me, he said, it's easier simply to go. And compared with marriage, it isn't that bad. Farewell, *mon ami*. He took off his great silver jacket and gave it to Figaro and walked to the stairs, put his hands on the doorframe, and then, with a mighty cry, plunged down into the fiery abyss.

"Your hair smells of smoke," Susanna said to Figaro when he arrived home. "Where were you? In a bar? You stopped in a bar on your way home? I thought you had outgrown that, darling. And what are you going to do with that hideous jacket? My gosh. You can put it in the garage. It reeks of shellfish. I don't want it in the house. Go on. Take it out of here."

So he did. He put the silver jacket on a hanger and hung it on a nail next to the rakes and shovels, and it stayed there for years. Twice she threw it in the trash and twice he retrieved it. ♣

REVERSE RACISM

or

HOW THE POT GOT TO CALL THE KETTLE BLACK

by STANLEY FISH

In America "whites once set themselves apart from blacks and claimed privileges for themselves while denying them to others," the author writes.

"Now, on the basis of race, blacks are claiming special status and reserving for themselves privileges they deny to others. Isn't one as bad as the other? The answer is no"

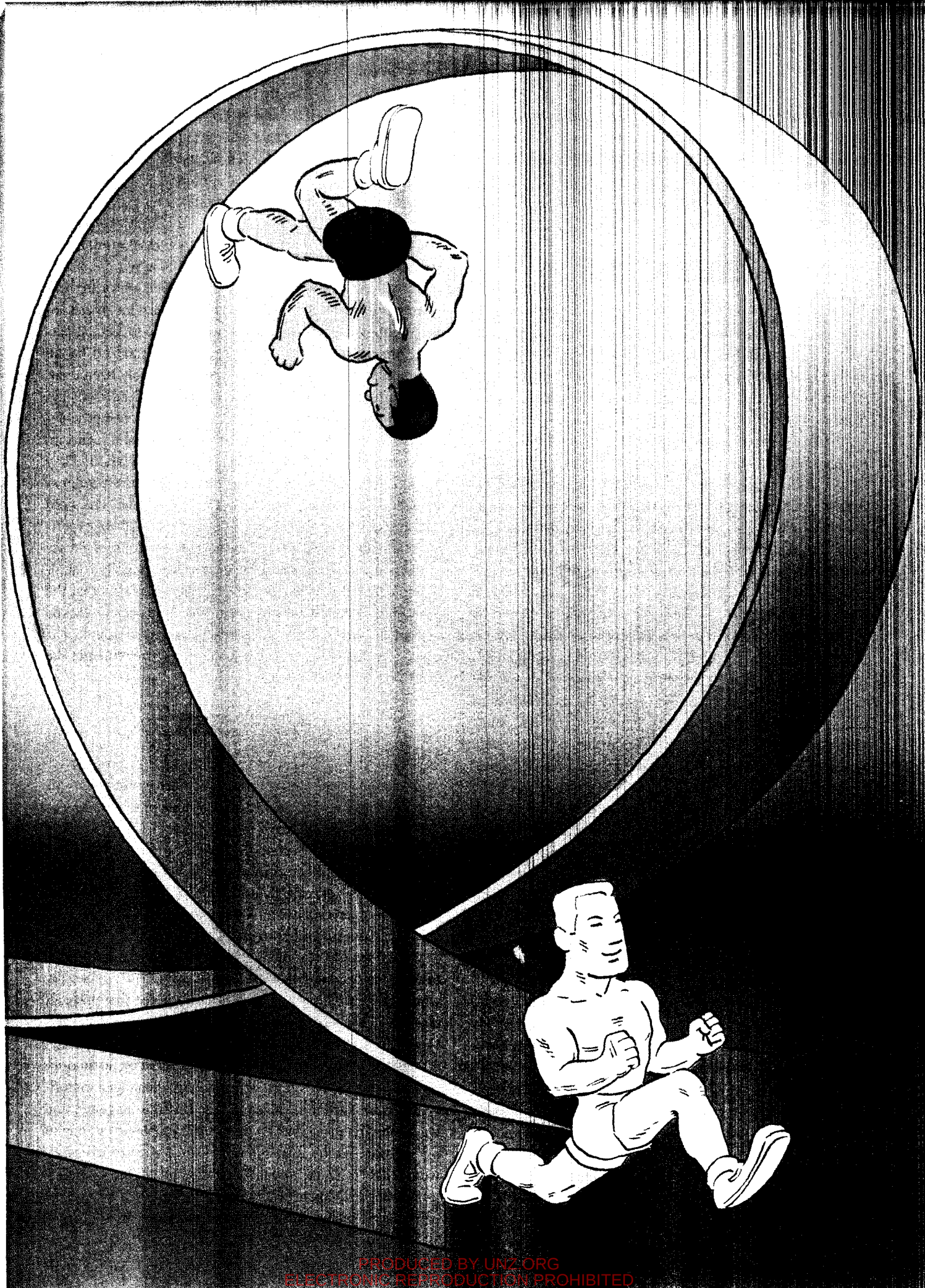
I TAKE my text from George Bush, who, in an address to the United Nations on September 23, 1991, said this of the UN resolution equating Zionism with racism: "Zionism . . . is the idea that led to the creation of a home for the Jewish people. . . . And to equate Zionism with the intolerable sin of racism is to twist history and forget the terrible plight of Jews in World War II and indeed

throughout history." What happened in the Second World War was that six million Jews were exterminated by people who regarded them as racially inferior and a danger to Aryan purity. What happened after the Second World War was that the survivors of that Holocaust established a Jewish state—that is, a state centered on Jewish history, Jewish values, and Jewish traditions: in short, a Jewocentric state. What President Bush objected to was the logical sleight of hand by



which these two actions were declared equivalent because they were both expressions of racial exclusiveness. Ignored, as Bush said, was the *historical* difference between them—the difference between a program of genocide and the determination of those who escaped it to establish a community in which they would be the makers, not the victims, of the laws.

Only if racism is thought of as something that occurs principally in the mind, a falling-away from proper notions of universal equality, can the desire of a victimized and terrorized people to band together be declared morally identical to the actions of their would-be executioners. Only when the actions of the two groups are detached from the historical conditions of their emergence and given a purely abstract description can they be made interchangeable. Bush was saying to the United Nations,



"Look, the Nazis' conviction of racial superiority generated a policy of systematic genocide; the Jews' experience of centuries of persecution in almost every country on earth generated a desire for a homeland of their own. If you manage somehow to convince yourself that these are the same, it is you, not the Zionists, who are morally confused, and the reason you are morally confused is that you have forgotten history."

A KEY DISTINCTION

WHAT I want to say, following Bush's reasoning, is that a similar forgetting of history has in recent years allowed some people to argue, and argue persuasively, that affirmative action is reverse racism. The very phrase "reverse racism" contains the argument in exactly the form to which Bush objected: In this country whites once set themselves apart from blacks and claimed privileges for themselves while denying them to others. Now, on the basis of race, blacks are claiming special status and reserving for themselves privileges they deny to others. Isn't one as bad as the other? The answer is no. One can see why by imagining that it is not 1993 but 1955, and that we are in a town in the South with two more or less distinct communities, one white and one black. No doubt each community would have a ready store of dismissive epithets, ridiculing stories, self-serving folk myths, and expressions of plain hatred, all directed at the other community, and all based in racial hostility. Yet to regard their respective racisms—if that is the word—as equivalent would be bizarre, for the hostility of one group stems not from any wrong done to it but from its wish to protect its ability to deprive citizens of their voting rights, to limit access to educational institutions, to prevent entry into the economy except at the lowest and most menial levels, and to force members of the stigmatized group to ride in the back of the bus. The hostility of the other group is the result of these actions, and whereas hostility and racial anger are unhappy facts wherever they are found, a distinction must surely be made between the ideological hostility of the oppressors and the experience-based hostility of those who have been oppressed.

Not to make that distinction is, adapting George Bush's words, to twist history and forget the terrible plight of African-Americans in the more than 200 years of this country's existence. Moreover, to equate the efforts to remedy that plight with the actions that produced it is to twist history even further. Those efforts, designed to redress the imbalances caused by long-standing discrimination, are called affirmative action; to argue that affirmative action, which gives preferential treatment to disadvantaged minorities as part of a plan to achieve social equality, is no different from the policies that created the disadvantages in the first place is a travesty of reasoning. "Reverse racism" is a cogent description of affirmative action only if one considers the can-

cer of racism to be morally and medically indistinguishable from the therapy we apply to it. A cancer is an invasion of the body's equilibrium, and so is chemotherapy; but we do not decline to fight the disease because the medicine we employ is also disruptive of normal functioning. Strong illness, strong remedy: the formula is as appropriate to the health of the body politic as it is to that of the body proper.

At this point someone will always say, "But two wrongs don't make a right; if it was wrong to treat blacks unfairly, it is wrong to give blacks preference and thereby treat whites unfairly." This objection is just another version of the forgetting and rewriting of history. The work is done by the adverb "unfairly," which suggests two more or less equal parties, one of whom has been unjustly penalized by an incompetent umpire. But blacks have not simply been treated unfairly; they have been subjected first to decades of slavery, and then to decades of second-class citizenship, widespread legalized discrimination, economic persecution, educational deprivation, and cultural stigmatization. They have been bought, sold, killed, beaten, raped, excluded, exploited, shamed, and scorned for a very long time. The word "unfair" is hardly an adequate description of their experience, and the belated gift of "fairness" in the form of a resolution no longer to discriminate against them legally is hardly an adequate remedy for the deep disadvantages that the prior discrimination has produced. When the deck is stacked against you in more ways than you can even count, it is small consolation to hear that you are now free to enter the game and take your chances.

A TILTED FIELD

THE same insincerity and hollowness of promise infect another formula that is popular with the anti-affirmative-action crowd: the formula of the level playing field. Here the argument usually takes the form of saying "It is undemocratic to give one class of citizens advantages at the expense of other citizens; the truly democratic way is to have a level playing field to which everyone has access and where everyone has a fair and equal chance to succeed on the basis of his or her merit." Fine words—but they conceal the facts of the situation as it has been given to us by history: the playing field is already tilted in favor of those by whom and for whom it was constructed in the first place. If mastery of the requirements for entry depends upon immersion in the cultural experiences of the mainstream majority, if the skills that make for success are nurtured by institutions and cultural practices from which the disadvantaged minority has been systematically excluded, if the language and ways of comporting oneself that identify a player as "one of us" are alien to the lives minorities are forced to live, then words like "fair" and "equal" are cruel jokes, for what they promote and celebrate is an institutionalized unfairness and a perpetuated inequality. The playing field is already tilted,

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Dr. Robert Greenberg is Chair of the Department of Music History and Literature and Director of the Adult Extension Division of the San Francisco Conservatory. He is the recipient of numerous composition awards, including three Nicola de Lorenzo prizes. He is creator and lecturer of the San Francisco Symphony Discovery Series.



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and the resistance to altering it by the mechanisms of affirmative action is in fact a determination to make sure that the present imbalances persist as long as possible.

One way of tilting the field is the Scholastic Aptitude Test. This test figures prominently in Dinesh D'Souza's book *Illiberal Education* (1991), in which one finds many examples of white or Asian students denied admission to colleges and universities even though their SAT scores were higher than the scores of some others—often African-Americans—who were admitted to the same institution. This, D'Souza says, is evidence that as a result of affirmative-action policies colleges and universities tend “to depreciate the importance of merit criteria in admissions.” D'Souza's assumption—and it is one that many would share—is that the test does in fact measure *merit*, with merit understood as a quality objectively determined in the same way that body temperature can be objectively determined.

In fact, however, the test is nothing of the kind. Statistical studies have suggested that test scores reflect income and socioeconomic status. It has been demonstrated again and again that scores vary in relation to cultural background; the test's questions assume a certain uniformity in educational experience and lifestyle and penalize those who, for whatever reason, have had a different experience and lived different kinds of lives. In short, what is being measured by the SAT is not absolutes like native ability and merit but accidents like birth, social position, access to libraries, and the opportunity to take vacations or to take SAT prep courses.

Furthermore, as David Owen notes in *None of the Above: Behind the Myth of Scholastic Aptitude* (1985), the “correlation between SAT scores and college grades . . . is lower than the correlation between weight and height; in other words you would have a better chance of predicting a person's height by looking at his weight than you would of pre-

FOR THE TAKING

And always, the damp blonde curls
on her temples
and bountifully down to her shoulder blades,

the rich loose curls all summer mixed with sand
and sweat,
and the rare, voluptuous double

curve of her nether lip—most children lose
that ripeness before
they can talk—and the solemn forehead,

which betokens thought and, alas
for her, obedience, and the pure, unmuddled line

of the jaw, and the peeling brown shoulders—
she was always
a child of the sun . . . This

was his sweet piece of luck, his
find,
his renewable turn-on,

and my brown-and-golden sister at eight-
and-a-half
took to hating her body and cried

in her bath, and this was years,
my bad uncle did it
for years, in the back of the car,

in the basement where he kept his guns,
and we
who could have saved her, who knew

what it was in the best of times
to cross
the bridge of shame, from the body un-

encumbered to the body on the
block,
we would be somewhere mowing the lawn

or basting the spareribs right
outside, and—how
many times have you heard this?—we

were deaf and blind
and have
ever since required of her that she

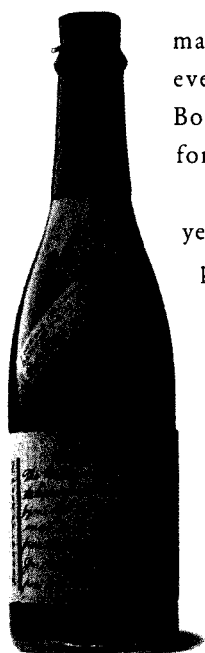
take care of us, and she has,
and here's
the worst, she does it for love.

—LINDA GREGERSON

THE SMALL BATCH BOURBON STORY.

WHISKEY AS IT USED TO BE. WHISKEY AS IT WAS MEANT TO BE.

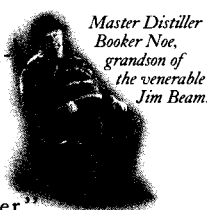
The roots of small batch bourbon go back through several generations. To a time when each family had its own recipe that was painstakingly distilled in small batches. Today, small batch bourbons stand above other bourbons because they're still made the same way — in small batches using time-honored recipes that ensured distinct flavor and character. The Kentucky Bourbon Circle seeks out exemplary bourbons — those with one-of-a-kind flavor, body and smoothness. To help acquaint you with a few of the finest, we provide this guide. But please keep in mind that with bourbon this exceptional, what matters most is your personal taste.



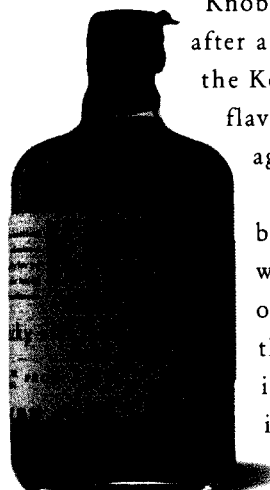
Booker Noe, grandson of Jim Beam, makes the absolute best bourbon you'll ever find. It is called simply Booker's Bourbon, and until recently, was reserved for his private stock.

Booker ages his bourbon six to eight years. Only when the bourbon meets his personal taste test is it bottled by hand, straight from the barrel, uncut and unfiltered, at its natural proof of 121 to 127. You'll find the bourbon's precise age and proof hand-stamped on the bottle.

We suggest you enjoy Booker's straight or as Booker does, "over ice or with a splash of branch water."



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Booker Noe,
grandson of
the venerable
Jim Beam.



Knob Creek is a rare bourbon named after a tiny stream flowing deep in the Kentucky hills. It offers a full flavor mellowed by nine years of aging in specially charred barrels.

During those nine years, the bourbon "marries" with the caramelized oak sugars beneath the barrel's charred inner surface, blessing it with a rich, amber color, a perfect balance



At the cooperage, white oak barrels are slowly seared then flash-fired for deeper, more enriching aging.

to the robust flavor of the grain.

Easing the cork from a bottle of Knob Creek leads you to deep, rich flavor followed by a deliciously warm afterglow—a sign of exquisite bourbon.

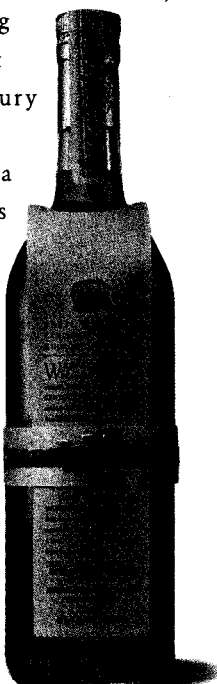
KENTUCKY BOURBON Circle

When Basil Hayden began distilling bourbon in 1796, he probably did not know that he was founding a two-century legacy. But his recipe calling for more small grains (rye and barley) delivers a sweet, light flavor that many of today's bourbon drinkers favor as the mark of a fine whiskey.

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Basil Hayden's uses a higher percentage of small grains (rye and barley) for sweeter flavor.



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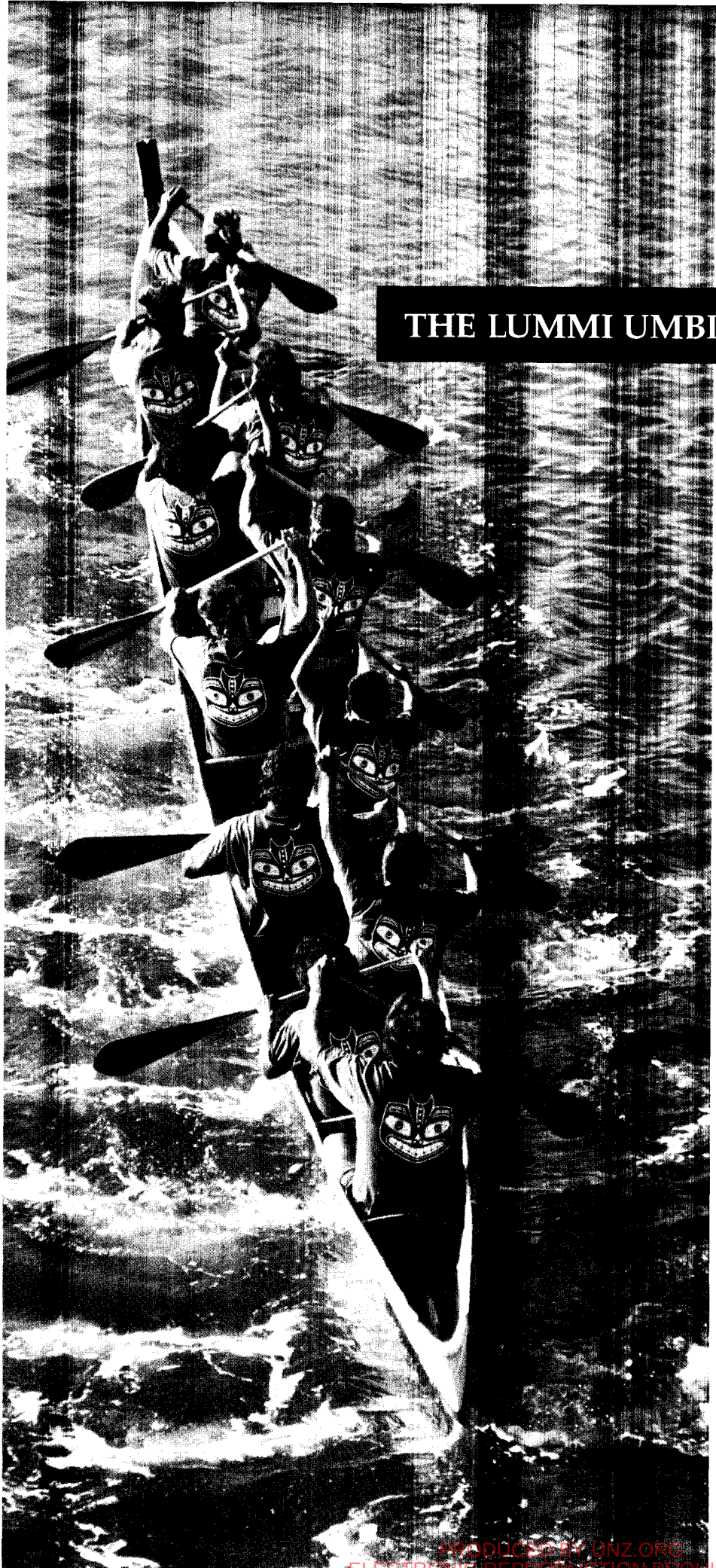


The generations-old strain of jug yeast that Baker keeps safely protected at home.

Baker's particular strain of yeast helps produce a full, balanced flavor that softens and matures through seven years of aging. To discover more of Baker's bourbon secrets, let just a touch sit on your tongue, savor it with water or enjoy it however you take your bourbon.



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Canoe makers of the Lummi tribe
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moving the
log, several for carving it, and another
that begins when the war canoe slides
into the water and doesn't end until it
is carried out. A ceremony forces the
Lummi to consider what they're doing
to the earth, how their actions will
affect the next seven generations. They
believe a ceremony is like an umbilical
cord to Mother Earth, and only a fool-
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dicting his freshman grades by looking only at his SAT scores." Everywhere you look in the SAT story, the claims of fairness, objectivity, and neutrality fall away, to be replaced by suspicions of specialized measures and unfair advantages.

Against this background a point that in isolation might have a questionable force takes on a special and even explanatory resonance: the principal deviser of the test was an out-and-out racist. In 1923 Carl Campbell Brigham published a book called *A Study of American Intelligence*, in which, as Owen notes, he declared, among other things, that we faced in America "a possibility of racial admixture . . . infinitely worse than that faced by any European country today, for we are incorporating the Negro into our racial stock, while all of Europe is comparatively free of this taint." Brigham had earlier analyzed the Army Mental Tests using classifications drawn from another racist text, Madison Grant's *The Passing of the Great Race*, which divided American society into four distinct racial strains, with Nordic, blue-eyed, blond people at the pinnacle and the American Negro at the bottom. Nevertheless, in 1925 Brigham became a director of testing for the College Board, and developed the SAT. So here is the great SAT test, devised by a racist in order to confirm racist assumptions, measuring not native ability but cultural advantage, an uncertain indicator of performance, an indicator of very little except what money and social privilege can buy. And it is in the name of this mechanism that we are asked to reject affirmative action and reaffirm "the importance of merit criteria in admissions."

THE REALITY OF DISCRIMINATION

NEVERTHELESS, there is at least one more card to play against affirmative action, and it is a strong one. Granted that the playing field is not level and that access to it is reserved for an already advantaged elite, the disadvantages suffered by others are less racial—at least in 1993—than socioeconomic. Therefore shouldn't, as D'Souza urges, "universities . . . retain their policies of preferential treatment, but alter their criteria of application from race to socioeconomic disadvantage," and thus avoid the unfairness of current policies that reward middle-class or affluent blacks at the expense of poor whites? One answer to this question is given by D'Souza himself when he acknowledges that the overlap between minority groups and the poor is very large—a point underscored by the former Secretary of Education Lamar Alexander, who said, in response to a question about funds targeted for black students, "Ninety-eight percent of race-specific scholarships do not involve constitutional problems." He meant, I take it, that 98 percent of race-specific scholarships were also scholarships to the economically disadvantaged.

Still, the other two percent—nonpoor, middle-class, economically favored blacks—are receiving special attention on

the basis of disadvantages they do not experience. What about them? The force of the question depends on the assumption that in this day and age race could not possibly be a serious disadvantage to those who are otherwise well positioned in the society. But the lie was given dramatically to this assumption in a 1991 broadcast of the ABC program *PrimeTime Live*. In a stunning fifteen-minute segment reporters and a camera crew followed two young men of equal education, cultural sophistication, level of apparent affluence, and so forth around St. Louis, a city where neither was known. The two differed in only a single respect: one was white, the other black. But that small difference turned out to mean everything. In a series of encounters with shoe salesmen, record-store employees, rental agents, landlords, employment agencies, taxicab drivers, and ordinary citizens, the black member of the pair was either ignored or given a special and suspicious attention. He was asked to pay more for the same goods or come up with a larger down payment for the same car, was turned away as a prospective tenant, was rejected as a prospective taxicab fare, was treated with contempt and irritation by clerks and bureaucrats, and in every way possible was made to feel inferior and unwanted.

The inescapable conclusion was that alike though they may have been in almost all respects, one of these young men, because he was black, would lead a significantly lesser life than his white counterpart: he would be housed less well and at greater expense; he would pay more for services and products when and if he was given the opportunity to buy them; he would have difficulty establishing credit; the first emotions he would inspire on the part of many people he met would be distrust and fear; his abilities would be discounted even before he had a chance to display them; and, above all, the treatment he received from minute to minute would chip away at his self-esteem and self-confidence with consequences that most of us could not even imagine. As the young man in question said at the conclusion of the broadcast, "You walk down the street with a suit and tie and it doesn't matter. Someone will make determinations about you, determinations that affect the quality of your life."

Of course, the same determinations are being made quite early on by kindergarten teachers, grade school principals, high school guidance counselors, and the like, with results that cut across socioeconomic lines and place young black men and women in the ranks of the disadvantaged no matter what the bank accounts of their parents happen to show. Racism is a cultural fact, and although its effects may to some extent be diminished by socioeconomic variables, those effects will still be sufficiently great to warrant the nation's attention and thus the continuation of affirmative-action policies. This is true even of the field thought to be dominated by blacks and often cited as evidence of the equal opportunities society now affords them. I refer, of course, to professional athletics. But national self-congratulation on this score might pause in the face of a few facts: A minus-

cule number of African-Americans ever receive a paycheck from a professional team. Even though nearly 1,600 daily newspapers report on the exploits of black athletes, they employ only seven full-time black sports columnists. Despite repeated pledges and resolutions, major-league teams have managed to put only a handful of blacks and Hispanics in executive positions.

WHY ME?

WHEN all is said and done, however, one objection to affirmative action is unanswerable on its own terms, and that is the objection of the individual who says, "Why me? Sure, discrimination has persisted for many years, and I acknowledge that the damage done has not been removed by changes in the law. But why me? I didn't own slaves; I didn't vote to keep people on the back of the bus; I didn't turn water hoses on civil-rights marchers. Why, then, should I be the one who doesn't get the job or who doesn't get the scholarship or who gets bumped back to the waiting list?"

I sympathize with this feeling, if only because in a small way I have had the experience that produces it. I was recently nominated for an administrative post at a large university. Early signs were encouraging, but after an interval I received official notice that I would not be included at the next level of consideration, and subsequently I was told unofficially that at some point a decision had been made to look only in the direction of women and minorities. Although I was disappointed, I did not conclude that the situation was "unfair," because the policy was obviously not directed at me—at no point in the proceedings did someone say, "Let's find a way to rule out Stanley Fish." Nor was it directed even at persons of my race and sex—the policy was not intended to disenfranchise white males. Rather, the policy was driven by other considerations, and it was only as a by-product of those considerations—not as the main goal—that white males like me were rejected. Given that the institution in question has a high percentage of minority students, a very low percentage of minority faculty, and an even lower percentage of minority administrators, it made perfect sense to focus on women and minority candidates, and within that sense, not as the result of prejudice, my whiteness and maleness became disqualifications.

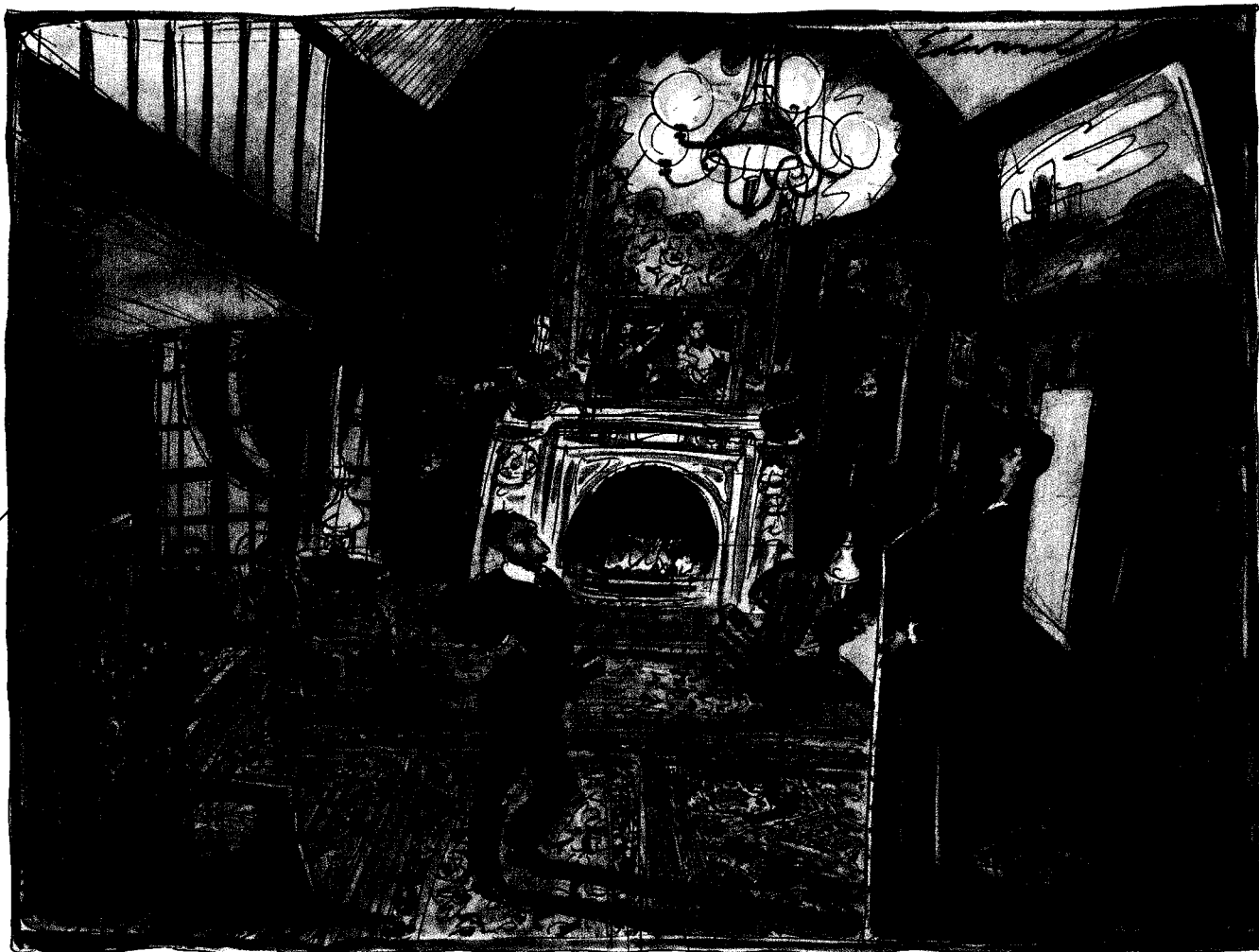
I can hear the objection in advance: "What's the difference? Unfair is unfair: you didn't get the job; you didn't even get on the short list." The difference is not in the outcome but in the ways of thinking that led up to the outcome. It is the difference between an unfairness that befalls one as the unintended effect of a policy rationally conceived and an unfairness that is pursued as an end in itself. It is the difference between the awful unfairness of Nazi extermination camps and the unfairness to Palestinian Arabs that arose from, but was not the chief purpose of, the founding of a Jewish state.

THE NEW BIGOTRY

THE point is not a difficult one, but it is difficult to see when the unfairness scenarios are presented as simple contrasts between two decontextualized persons who emerge from nowhere to contend for a job or a place in a freshman class. Here is student A; he has a board score of 1,300. And here is student B; her board score is only 1,200, yet she is admitted and A is rejected. Is that fair? Given the minimal information provided, the answer is of course no. But if we expand our horizons and consider fairness in relation to the cultural and institutional histories that have brought the two students to this point, histories that weigh on them even if they are not the histories' authors, then both the question and the answer suddenly grow more complicated.

The sleight-of-hand logic that first abstracts events from history and then assesses them from behind a veil of willed ignorance gains some of its plausibility from another key word in the anti-affirmative-action lexicon. That word is "individual," as in "The American way is to focus on the rights of individuals rather than groups." Now, "individual" and "individualism" have been honorable words in the American political vocabulary, and they have often been well employed in the fight against various tyrannies. But like any other word or concept, individualism can be perverted to serve ends the opposite of those it originally served, and this is what has happened when in the name of individual rights, millions of individuals are enjoined from redressing historically documented wrongs. How is this managed? Largely in the same way that the invocation of fairness is used to legitimize an institutionalized inequality. First one says, in the most solemn of tones, that the protection of individual rights is the chief obligation of society. Then one defines individuals as souls sent into the world with equal entitlements as guaranteed either by their Creator or by the Constitution. Then one pretends that nothing has happened to them since they stepped onto the world's stage. And then one says of these carefully denatured souls that they will all be treated in the same way, irrespective of any of the differences that history has produced. Bizarre as it may seem, individualism in this argument turns out to mean that everyone is or should be the *same*. This dismissal of individual difference in the name of the individual would be funny were its consequences not so serious: it is the mechanism by which imbalances and inequities suffered by millions of people through no fault of their own can be sanitized and even celebrated as the natural workings of unfettered democracy.

"Individualism," "fairness," "merit"—these three words are continually misappropriated by bigots who have learned that they need not put on a white hood or bar access to the ballot box in order to secure their ends. Rather, they need only clothe themselves in a vocabulary plucked from its historical context and made into the justification for attitudes and policies they would not acknowledge if frankly named. ☼



Edgar Degas and Mary Cassatt

by NANCY CALDWELL SOREL

AFTER the Civil War it became the fashion for young American women to go off to Paris to study art. This was no ticket to bohemia. The aspiring *femme peintre* lived with family friends, was prodigiously chaperoned, and after a year or two returned home.

Mary Cassatt was not of that mold. In Paris she studied, she observed, she painted; she visited Italy for more of the same. She had no intention of returning to America. In 1872 one of her pictures was accepted by the Salon—almost unheard of for a young American of either sex. Two years later Edgar Degas saw her portrait *Ida* there and felt an instant affinity; she, in turn, would press against an art-shop window admiring his pastels.

By 1877 Cassatt's work had become more and more Impressionist and was twice rejected by the Salon. It was, Degas thought, time to call. In her studio, at the edge of Montmartre, he found himself treading on Turkish carpets, peering at paintings hung against tapestried walls and lit by a great hang-

ing lamp. It was an ambiance he loved. Before he left, he invited her to exhibit with the Independents. "Most women paint as though they are trimming hats," Degas said. "Not you."

Thus began a forty-year relationship. At first they were seen everywhere together. Degas produced a series of pastels, drawings, and etchings of Cassatt at the Louvre: viewed usually from behind, slim and elegant, she is absorbed in the art before her. It was a condition he understood, as she understood his perfectionism: when a model could not get the particular gesture he was after, she would place the desired hat on her own head and pose for him herself. On occasion they quarreled, reconciled, quarreled again—never as lovers, which they were not, but always as fierce independents. Degas was not above making Cassatt the butt of jokes about women painters. But she had the last word. Late in his life she arranged for their work to hang together in New York to benefit a cause that she knew he would never have sanctioned—women's suffrage. ☞



Scanning the Dial

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and popular music*

IN the troubled cultural marketplace of classical music, two ideas have suddenly gained acceptance. Many critics and orchestra managers agree that concerts should mix high-art and popular music to reach a broader audience. They assume, furthermore, that the young—in classical music

by David Schiff

that means anyone under fifty—will automatically flock to classical concerts with that magical programming blend. As quick fixes in an ailing field these ideas are extremely seductive. The snobbery that mindlessly elevates some forms of music above others is morally offensive, and doesn't even balance the

orchestra's budget. The standard sequence of overture, concerto, and symphony has become a stale routine, and so has ritual concert decorum. My students at Reed College, in Portland, Oregon, who are anything but underprivileged, have anxiety attacks about applauding at the wrong time and not being appropriately dressed.

But like most listeners—and like my students—I have surprisingly intense and often unaccountable feelings about music, feelings that cut through convenient political categories and marketing strategies. Music mirrors our identity, so we care about it with narcissistic devotion. The connection between musical taste and identity is most noticeable in young people, but it continues well into middle age. Consider my own love-hate relationship



with the "seek" button on my car radio. I like to believe that in an instant it transforms me into Walt Whitman: no matter where I drive, I hear America singing. My heart swells as I embrace the vox populi. Like Walt, I can celebrate the panorama of American music, sprawling and varied, with equal wattage for all—country, rock (AM, FM, even, if I'm within reach of a college station, "alternative"), classical, Cuban (my current favorite), and "easy listening" (easy for whom?).

But then I realize that this is less America singing than America selling. The pounding rhythms and sexy lyrics are cynically calculated by the station to take the listener from one sales pitch to the next—and, on classical stations, so are the randomly chosen movements from baroque trumpet concertos. Radio's

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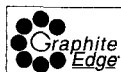
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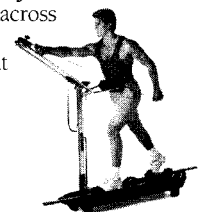
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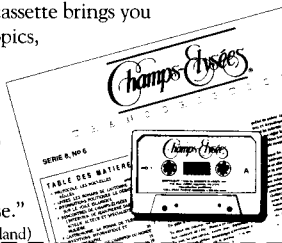
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diversity is deceptive. The radio dial is a commercial battlefield where only the kinds of music that sustain advertising or public funding are represented. Not many American cities have a jazz station; some public stations are decreasing their classical offerings; and avant-garde music, be it classical, jazz, or rock, is ghettoized on campus stations. Farewell, Walt Whitman: I'm turning into Theodor Wiesen- grund Adorno, the cultural Jeremiah of the Frankfurt School of social theory, who saw all pop music as a conspiracy by the "culture industry" to sedate and infantilize the public.

Astonishing how a single button can put me on an emotional roller coaster of cultural criticism. These conflicting feelings are the rewards and punishments for living in a culturally disordered society. They testify, moreover, to the power of music to give form to our quirkiest, most problematic ideas and feelings. Is it possible to steer a course between the lulling Scylla of Whitmanesque acceptance and the foaming Charybdis of Adornian rage? Last year, in an attempt to come to a better understanding of the themes underlying our cultural disorder, I sharply revised the course I give at Reed on contemporary music. This used to be a high-art course, a narrowly blinkered survey of the classical avant-garde from Schoenberg to Stockhausen. I had come to feel, though, that this approach was not just "high" but increasingly unreal. It ignored most of the music that people actually listen to, in both classical and nonclassical venues. I decided to teach a broader cross-section of the music of the past twenty-five years, and I renamed the course Music Since 1968 to give it political cachet. Although I included only music I really like (and this meant including music written a few years before 1968), some might accuse me of giving in to the prevailing Pied Piper wisdom of appealing to students through cultural conglomeration. Certainly the word of mouth that I was giving a Jimi Hendrix course didn't hurt enrollment, and it brought in a few students who might not otherwise have taken a music course.

THE reactions of my students challenged all my preconceptions about their responses to high-art and popular music. Here is the assigned listening for the first two weeks of the course:

Aretha Franklin, *Lady Soul*
 Berio, *Sinfonia*
 Beatles, *White Album*
 Bernstein, *Songfest*
 Ellington, *New Orleans Suite*
 Shostakovich, *Symphony No. 14*

All these works date from the late sixties to the mid-seventies. The Luciano Berio *Sinfonia* sets texts of graffiti written during the revolutionary "Paris spring" of 1968. They are sung (really scat-sung) by the Swingle Singers over an arrangement of the third movement of Mahler's Second Symphony, which is overdubbed with fragments of masterpieces of twentieth-century music from Strauss to Boulez. In its many-layered stylistic collage the *Sinfonia* has always struck me as a brilliant technical tour de force, a huge Joycean funeral pyre for the stringent aesthetic of modernism, out of which rises the eclecticism of the postmodern.

I thought my students would similarly hear the music as an image of their own eclectic tastes. Nothing of the kind. They didn't recognize the Mahler or the quotations from *La Valse* and *Le Sacre du printemps*, they had never heard of the Swingle Singers (why should they have?), and they had only the vaguest notion of *les événements*. To them, the piece wasn't postmodern, it was illegible—or, as they put it, "elitist." My students were hardly the sophisticated cultural synthesists that American orchestras are pinning their hopes on. They were, to put it uncharitably, ignorant, and they had learned to hide their ignorance with the smokescreen accusation of elitism. It turned out, though, that when we discussed the music they did know, they felt free to exercise their own forms of snobbery. They had as much contempt for the vox populi of the radio dial as the most mandarin of cultural critics, and were proud that the music they knew and loved best could never be played on the radio. Their two most damning phrases were "AM radio" and "elevator music."

Happily, though my students were ignorant of almost all classical music, they were not antagonistic toward it. Having failed to connect them with the complex splendors of Berio, I retrenched to an easier example—the opening of Shostakovich's Symphony No. 15. It begins with repeated notes on bells and a perky little figure in the flute, *tata ta-ta-ta*. They smiled and then caught themselves. "Is it

supposed to be funny?" they asked, assuming that no classical piece would ever intentionally be funny. At first they said that it reminded them of cartoon music—they still assumed that the joke had to come from accidental associations with an unrelated cultural universe, and could not possibly be in the music itself.

After four or five hearings, however, they began to break the music into motives, rhythms, and instrumentation. What made the music funny was that all these elements sounded familiar but they were mismatched. The rhythm of the flute motive belonged on a drum; giving the rhythm to the flute flipped its connotations. The music made jokes because it spoke a familiar language.

Through its manipulation of musical syntax to tell jokes, Shostakovich's symphony created the illusion that there was a person—a joker—behind the music. The musicologist Edward T. Cone has called this illusion the "composer's voice," though it is not necessarily the composer whose voice we think we hear when we imagine that a piece of music speaks to us. When we listen to Aretha Franklin sing "Chain of Fools," we hear not just sounds but a person embodied in the sounds, who may or may not be the actual Franklin. Gospel and blues, the sources of her music, are forms of ritual speech. Like symphonic music, they convey communal experience. The voice we hear in the music focuses the experience. And there need not be an actual voice: the instrumental lines in Shostakovich or Ellington speak as powerfully as Franklin's deep moan.

THE stylistic barriers that separate the different kinds of music I assigned began to fall as the class focused on the way music, in various styles, can conjure the illusion of a speaker behind the music. As they talked about music, it became clear that they judged it on various grounds of authenticity. Like classical concert audiences and jazz fans, they were constantly on guard against the phony, the spurious, the commercial—not because of any political agenda but because they wanted to believe that the music connected them to another human being rather than just to a creature of marketing. Their judgments were often cruel and arbitrary. They dismissed M. C. Hammer as a commercial rip-off while

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awarding N.W.A a gold badge of authenticity. Hammer, they all agreed, was a cynical tool for manipulating ghetto youth; N.W.A was an authentic voice of protest. Since they were all white and had grown up in places like Palos Verdes, not South Central, this absolute moral distinction was not based on any inside knowledge. Yet I found the passion with which they judged the music reassuringly similar to my own loves and hates.

My students' concern for authenticity, however illusory, was familiar to me from a very different setting. In 1971, as a graduate student at Columbia, I was in Lionel Trilling's famous seminar on sincerity and authenticity. Trilling, whose interest in the subject may have stemmed from his fascination with Whittaker Chambers, began the class by noting that in the Bible no one ever asks if Abraham is sincere; the question is unthinkable. Then he traced, through Odysseus' lies, Hamlet's feigned madness, Don Quixote's cultivation of madness, and Oscar Wilde's defense of lying, the decline and fall of sincerity. Its death was taken to be a symptom of the death of the integral self. Trilling pointed out that although we felt comfortable with the self-questioning that had taken the place of sincerity, when we heard Polonius's words "This above all: to thine own self be true," we instinctually agreed with them, despite everything we knew about Polonius. Others might be terminally insincere; we, in our heart of hearts, remained authentic.

Our confusion about authenticity is reflected in a parallel confusion about music—and I found that my students and I had similarly irrational responses. For me, classical music of the sixties, like Berio's *Sinfonia*, created a fascinating image of a splintered self (not unlike the view of the self to be found in Fellini and Antonioni movies of the same era), but popular music still told me that all you need is love and the answer is blowing in the wind. Postmodernism's stylistic jumbling mirrored my own confusion, while the voice of our Polonius, Bob Dylan, reassured me of older certainties. Dylan may have looked like a rebel, but he appealed to many because he seemed to have infallible instincts about right and wrong. I found that my students, too, liked ambiguity at the same time that they sought moral reassurance—but they exchanged musical genres. They liked rock

with a strong, artsy, postmodern feeling (they all liked Laurie Anderson, for instance), whereas their taste in classical music, as it developed, was much more along conservative, Polonius-like lines.

In much music, however, high-art or popular, confusion and certainty are all mixed up. The class listened to the *White Album*, *Songfest*, and Shostakovich's Symphony No. 14. All three are anthologies, bringing together a surprising variety of poetic texts and musical styles. They were models of stylistic diversity two decades before the term "diversity" became politically charged. The Beatles, whose music was always broader in its range than that of most rock bands (they even recorded "Till There Was You," from *The Music Man*), here mimic their rivals, the Beach Boys and the Rolling Stones, as well as themselves, and extend their range to calypso and the British music hall. Bernstein, in the name of doing something grandly American for the nation's bicentennial, echoed Broadway, bebop, gospel, and salsa for poems chosen, like the bomber crew in a Second World War movie, to represent all the significant minority groups. Shostakovich set an assortment of Spanish, French, German, and Russian poems on the subject of death in harshly contrasting styles: a tarantella, a malaguena, a military march.

My students did not celebrate the stylistic diversity of these works. Like many music critics, they confused diversity with insincerity, and were suspicious of the composers' motives. Conversely, when they trusted the artistic motives of a work, they ignored diverse elements. They liked the *White Album* uncritically because it was familiar. They liked the Shostakovich because they found it powerful, but had trouble talking about it in detail. They simply hated the Bernstein: it was phony, cheesy, bogus.

MY students had, in a remarkably short time, evolved from the blankest of slates to the most conventional-minded of critics, so it was time to throw them a few curves. Their concern for sincere expression was a version of what literary critics call the intentional fallacy. They assumed that each work was a direct expression of the composer's sincere intentions. If the music sounded phony, it was because the composer was phony. I tried to provoke a more critical

response. Weren't the Beatles creatively worn out by the time of the *White Album*, resorting to pastiche out of creative desperation? Wasn't Bernstein being vulgarly manipulative when he set Whitman's "To What You Said," a scandalous poem about kissing men on the lips, the "new American salute," to music that sounds like it should accompany the credits for the bomber movie? In Shostakovich's symphony wasn't the one Russian poem, "O Delvig, Delvig!"—an assertion that poetry would outlive villains, fools, and tyrants—set to cloying music, in the gooey key of D-flat major, which was no match for the acerbic death rattle heard in the other movements? Didn't all three works fail where we still expect music to succeed—in the reassurance that it is embodying a direct emotional experience of someone's "true self"?

I had them write a paper about authenticity in these works, so that they would have some time to listen and think—and, sure enough, they clung obstinately to their instinctive belief that the music was either authentic or counterfeit. In response I gave them a little talk about irony. Perhaps the composers were devious. I suggested that the bathos of Bernstein's Whitman setting was a deliberate provocation, that he wanted the listener to squirm at the contrast between a musical style suited to John Wayne and poetry as far from the Duke as possible. The music could be heard as a parody of the kind of Americanism that opposed everything the poem was saying. They were not buying—the homosexual theme of the poem and the sensibility of the music were hard for them to talk about, and they lurched between keeping a safe distance and expressing a well-intended but generic sympathy—so I backed down. I then suggested that the "Delvig" movement of the Shostakovich was an expression not of Shostakovich's sincere beliefs about poetry, as they all fervently believed, but of the poet Wilhelm Küchelbecker's pathetic delusions about his own ability to overturn the powerful through his verse. The music wasn't sentimental; it was a clinically drawn portrait of sentimentality. They *really* didn't buy that. There was no way of fighting their belief in the redemptive value of artistic suffering, so I backed down again. Disillusionment would arrive without my help.

Their reaction to the Beatles, though,

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The Background of the Boycott.

The Arab states try to make the world believe that their hostility toward Israel is based on Israel's "occupation" of "Arab lands", which came under Israeli administration as a result of the 1967 Six-Day War. But the Arab boycott of Israel goes back even further—to 1946, two years before the state of Israel even existed.

How the Boycott works. The boycott works on several levels. The primary boycott

prohibits Arab people and Arab states to do any business—with and in Israel. The

secondary boycott attempts to prevent businesses anywhere in the world from any economic activity with Israel and threatening them with economic retaliation if they do not conform. It is a very potent weapon, since most countries and most businesses are well aware that the large Arab market and its enormous oil wealth make it most unattractive to get into the bad graces of the Arabs. Little consideration is given to the fact that the boycott is a gross violation of international law. The U.S. is the one shining exception to the almost universal acceptance of this economic blackmail. There is also the tertiary boycott that punishes firms that deal with blacklisted businesses. And perhaps the most damaging aspect is the so-called "voluntary boy-

cott", by which companies, and in some cases entire countries, refrain pre-emptively from doing business with Israel in order to avoid retaliation by the Arabs.

The boycott also applies to international shipping, aviation and tourism: Most ships and airplanes calling on Israel are barred from Arab ports; airplanes enroute to and from Israel cannot overfly Arab countries. Israelis or any travelers with Israeli visas in their passports may not enter most Arab countries.

The Arab Boycott Office maintains a

blacklist, which at last count included over 6,300 entries in 96 countries. In the United States

alone, over 12,000 firms each year receive requests from Arab firms for boycott compliance. In Europe and Asia, where, in contrast to the United States, boycott compliance is usually legal, the numbers are probably much higher.

The Cost of the Boycott to Israel. The primary damage of the boycott to the Israeli economy is that it prevents or considerably hampers investments in the country. That loss is estimated to be on the order of \$500 to \$600 million per year. The loss of potential trade with the Arab countries alone is on the order of over \$500 million per year. Because of the boycott, Israel's commercial exports are at least 10% less than they would otherwise be—a loss of about \$1.2 billion per year!

The Arab boycott is undisguised economic warfare against Israel. The boycott is totally unrelated to any territorial dispute the Arabs may have with Israel, since the boycott started over twenty years before any such territories came under Israeli administration. Its purpose is the strangulation of Israel—to achieve by economic means what the Arabs, despite many tries, have been unable to achieve by military means. But the greatest losers of the boycott may well be the Arabs themselves. Blinded by their hatred of Israel they have prevented the Middle East from becoming an area of growth and prosperity exceeding even the Asian Pacific Rim countries. Rescinding the almost 50-year old boycott would be an encouraging signal to the world and to the Israeli public. Their not bringing even such a gesture does give a clue that the intentions of the Arabs are not peaceful and that Israel is justified in proceeding with greatest caution in any peace negotiations.

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unsettled me most, because it insulted my vanity. Students today think of the Beatles as their parents' music. "My mom loves this album" was the constant refrain. (Did your mom and I share a joint at Woodstock?, I wondered.) Having imbibed the songs since early childhood, they could take no objective position, ask no critical questions. Now it was time for me to wallow in nostalgia. Somehow, still, the Fab Four speak in a convincing and comforting voice—at least to those who were there at the time. Their own mythic personalities allowed them to bridge the gaps between styles. Even their parodies were loving celebrations of their own musical selves, not gestures of irony or anger. To give myself some distance from their charms, I tried to tell myself that these mythic selves, so powerful in their illusion of personal integrity, had been carefully manufactured and marketed. Even I didn't buy that. Although I could demonstrate to myself that their songs endure because of superior melodic construction and innovative forms, I had to echo my students' own standard of judgment: the songs endure because they speak to me, because I can hear the people behind the music. For the students, however, the Beatles were merely an emblem of another generation. Pop music lives and dies in the present, even when we want to think of it as classic.

Though the class could not find one common thread in all these works, I decided that what they really share is a deep but troubled traditionalism. Those who were there will recall that by 1969 the Beatles were already old hat, and Bernstein and Shostakovich were not taken seriously as modern composers—they were reactionaries, we believed. What made all three seem dated was their overt appeal to a broad audience, their claim not just to speak but to speak for us all. Their use of mask and pastiche indicates how this traditional stance needed to be hidden. The center could no longer use its own voice. Twenty-five years later the authenticity of these works, in the very compromises it makes, has its own poignancy.

THE course went on to works by Britten, Sondheim, Carter, Crumb, Reich, Glass, Adams, the Ramones, Talking Heads, Meredith Monk, John Zorn, Zwilich, Wynton Marsalis, Pärt, Schnittke, Gorecki, Corigliano. For several show-

and-tell classes students brought in their own favorite records, most of a genre descended from King Crimson, Fred Frith, and Brian Eno, which I call "sophomore rock." It is pursued avidly, primarily on college campuses. I found most of it too self-consciously arty, full of once avant-garde electronic gurgles—but I reminded myself that for my students rock functioned as art music as well as pop, and so there was nothing wrong with artiness. Unfortunately, the students were disappointingly but not surprisingly inarticulate about the music they liked best. Most people are.

At the end of the term I asked them to list their ten favorite and ten least favorite works from the course. The results ranged all over the map, but I was glad to find no indifference and few claims that one kind of music alone would have better deserved scrutiny (one student did take on the role of classical curmudgeon, which I had refused to play). Just to put me in my place, they were condescending about any rock that was old enough for me to know it (the sound was really "cheesy" back then, they would say). If any pattern emerged, it was a tendency to bounce back from initial rejections of just about anything unfamiliar to a preference for pieces that were edgy and eccentric (like many of the students themselves). The students were impressed with their own ability to assimilate the thornier kinds of music. They were surprisingly unanimous in their enthusiasm for the abstract, fractured, and often violent String Quartet by the great Polish composer Witold Lutoslawski.

I did not set out to convert my students to classical music. Some might never attend a classical concert, others might devote their lives to some esoteric corner of music history—but none needed a marketing lollipop to make them care about music. As an audience the students were very much like their parents, and probably like their grandparents as well—passionately opinionated, as young people are when they begin to know a subject, eager to experience novelty but essentially conservative in their long-term attachments. I came to see that their non-negotiable demand that music speak to them in simple emotional terms was more than a sign of naiveté. It showed that they value music just as highly as people always have, and it reminded me why I care so passionately about music. ♪



Jim Copp and His Things

Songs for children which are the quirky products of a real imagination—the surest antidote to Barney

ONE day I dropped my son at nursery school and went to do some errands in another town. After I had driven about twenty miles, I realized with horror that I had forgotten to eject my son's Raffi cassette from the car's tape player. For nearly thirty minutes I had been listening to "Baby Beluga" without a child present. A half hour of potential adult in-car listening enjoyment had been irretrievably lost! I felt angry and resentful. But I got over it after a while.

by David Owen

The characters shown here were created by Jim Copp and used on the cover of his first album, Jim Copp Tales (1958). Pictured above is Kate Higgins.

More recently I discovered some children's tapes that I actually play on purpose when I am alone in my car. What's more, my children like them as much as I do. The recordings were made from the late fifties to the early seventies by a man named Jim Copp, with the help of a friend of his, Ed Brown. Copp did all his own recording, on three Ampex portable tape recorders. His stories and songs are funny, sophisticated, uncondescending, and dark, and they ought to be rescued before they disappear.

When Copp's first record for children came out, in 1958, he was compared (in a brief notice in *The New Yorker*) to the young Walt Disney, but there is nothing

remotely Disneyish about him. His stories and songs—with titles such as "The Dog That Went to Yale," "The Hen With the Low I.Q.," and "Who Stole My Nose?"—are like those of no other children's performer I can think of, and certainly not like those of the creator of Mickey Mouse. If Copp reminds me of anyone, it is Preston Sturges, who had a similar ability to make intelligent jokes at which one actually laughed, as opposed to merely nodding smugly.

Copp's characters include a feeble-minded old man named Mr. Hippity, who believes that his chicken pull toy is dying; an eight-year-old bride named Jennie Saucepan, who wears her wedding cake on her head to make herself look taller; an unpleasant talking pancake, who persuades an inch-tall girl named Teenytiny to climb onto him while he is frying; a pair of bumpkins named Rik and Gik, who hold a picnic in the middle of a highway and argue about whether to rescue a woman who is sinking in quicksand; and the Glups, a poor Maine farming family whose misadventures fill two albums. The Glups are representative Copp creations. At the beginning of their first album they learn that they have inherited a thousand dollars and that they must travel to San Francisco immediately in order to collect it. They set out in their jalopy, taking with them their precocious two-year-old son, Glue, and their cow, Bossy, who rides in the front seat with Mr. Glup. Somewhere in Indiana the Glups lose Bossy. They push on to Chicago, where Mr. Glup suggests that they visit the stockyards. "What are stockyards, Papa?" asks young Glue. "Stockyards are where the animals go to be slaughtered, so we can eat them," Mrs. Glup replies cheerfully, and Mr. Glup adds, "Maybe it will take our minds off losing Bossy Cow."

My children, who are eight and five, can now recite long stretches of Copp's recordings from memory, and so can I. Copp's song lyrics and stories in verse are deft and understated. In "School-mates" two children (played by Copp and Brown, it turns out) become embroiled in grade-school one-upmanship.

"Bet you don't speak French."
"I can, and two words in I-tal-ee-an."
"I had my tonsils out."

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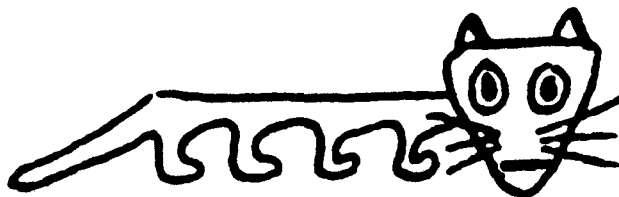
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"More lies."
"And had the flu."
"I've had it twice. I caught hayfever from a cow."
"I've had the mumps."
"I have them now."

In "Cloudy Afternoon," Copp tells of a childhood excursion to the park with a nanny named Zella,

she, waddling; and in the lead,
me, on my velocipede.
The clouds were fleecy white that day.
The month was March—or was it May?
And was I three? Or was I four?
Or was I two? Or was I more?
I pedaled on, and up ahead
I saw the pond, and Zella said,
"You must be tired, pedaling that.
And here's a bench. Let's sit." She sat.

Zella falls asleep and begins to snore. The fleecy clouds turn black. The little boy anxiously lingers a while and then pedals through the park, is told to wipe his nose by some girls skipping rope, passes a fountain, is frightened by a katydid, visits the carousel, falls in the mud, and, in pouring rain, heads out into the busy streets of the city, where, terrified, he is nearly run over by a bus. Suddenly someone grabs him by the arm. It's Zella.

"Oh, saints preserve us, child," she said,
"Your Zella is a blunderhead.
Thank heavens—wicked child! That shirt!
Where have you been, all mud and dirt?"
She shook me. "Answer!—where'd you go?"
But all I said was "I don't know."

Unlike many children's performers who allegedly appeal to adults, Copp is never coy or painfully clever; you don't get the feeling that he is winking at you over the heads of your children. When my wife and I went out to dinner with another couple recently, we played "East of Flumdidle" in the car on the way home from

the restaurant and ended up driving around in circles for half an hour so that we could hear the whole thing. At Christmas, I gave a

set of the tapes to my sister's children. They love them, and so does my sister, who listens to them on her way to work. Copp's recordings contain none of the creepy moralizing of *Mister Rogers' Neighborhood* or—I shudder even to type the name—Barney. His stories and songs don't sound like self-help seminars for tots. Like good stories for grown-ups, Copp's are woven through with conflict and death and folly and friendship and abandonment and loathing and love.

I WOULD know nothing at all about Jim Copp if not for my wife, who loved his records when she was a child. Last year her brother copied several of the old albums onto cassettes and sent them to my children. I despaired of ever finding any others, and assumed that Copp must be dead, until my wife came across a small advertisement for some of his recordings. When she called to order tapes, the phone was answered by a man who turned out to be Copp himself. I called him back later and asked why he hadn't made any records after *The Sea of Glup*, which came out in 1971.

"I made all those recordings in my parents' house, here in Los Angeles," he said. "I used the kitchen for the voices, and another room for the piano, and the bathroom for some of the sound effects, and so forth. When my father died, my sister wanted to sell the house, so we did, and I moved over to Ed Brown's house, and after that I didn't really have a place to record. Ed's house was all carpeted, so the sound wasn't live enough. And my tape recorders were all worn out, and I sold the microphone. I didn't want to make any more records at that point, but Ed did, and he probably would have



talked me into it if he had lived a little longer. He died on February 15, 1978. He had a pancreas thing. He left me his house, and that's where I live now."

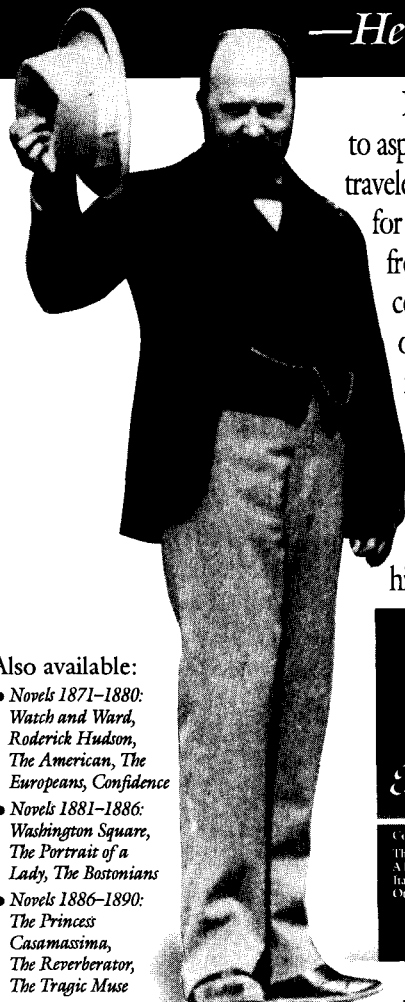
Copp is in his seventies. He was born in Los Angeles and grew up there, in Washington, D.C., and in Montgomery, Alabama. Something of a piano prodigy, he was invited to play a Mozart piano concerto with the Los Angeles Philharmonic when he was fourteen, but he was terrified by the idea and conveniently came down with pneumonia. He went to Stanford, where he edited the student humor magazine, and to Harvard graduate school, where he studied creative writing. In 1939, on a dare, he entered an amateur-talent competition at a hotel in Chicago, where he was visiting friends. He sang funny songs and told stories at the piano, and much to his surprise, he won. The next day he was hired by an orches-

MR. HIPITY



*"Try to be one of the people
on whom nothing is lost."*

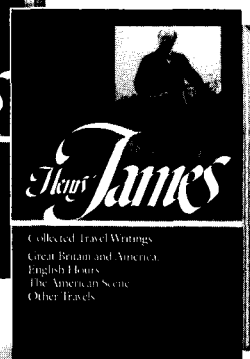
—Henry James



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tra that was performing at the same hotel, and immediately he went off on tour.

Copp briefly was a nightclub sensation in New York, sharing billing with Lena Horne, Art Tatum, Teddy Wilson, Pete Johnson, and Billie Holiday, among others. He wore a tweed suit and was introduced as "James Copp III and His Things." He was drafted in 1942. He took part in the Normandy invasion and became the commanding officer of an intelligence unit. After the war, tired of nightclubs, he moved back to Los Angeles, where he wrote a newspaper column. At about that time he bought a wire recorder and began playing around with sound effects and humorous routines for his family and friends. He sent a sample to Capitol Records. Capitol loved the material and bought a story called "The Noisy Eater," which was later recorded by Jerry Lewis, but had no interest in recording Copp himself. Copp bought more recording equipment, enlisted the help of Ed Brown, and began to make records on his own.

Copp was a painstaking recording engineer. He would often wake up in the middle of the night with an idea and rush down to the kitchen to set up his equipment, or haul it into the living room and begin banging on the piano. "One time I needed to record a fire," he said. "It was for a story called 'The Carpenter and the Duck,' which is about a duck that learns how to talk just in time to tell the carpenter his house is on fire. I couldn't record out of doors, because of the sounds of traffic and so on, so I decided to build a fire in my shower stall. I got paper and kindling and sticks, and set them on fire, and then I climbed in with my microphone. The results weren't very sensational—just some crackling—but the sound you hear is the sound of a real fire."

Copp's records sold well, and he developed a loyal following. The *Saturday Review* said Copp "may have opened up a new medium of expression." *Time* described one of the records as "genuine magic on microgroove." The records were sold exclusively through F.A.O. Schwarz, I. Magnin, Bloomingdale's, and other fancy stores. With the proceeds Copp and Brown bought some property in Hawaii, among other things, and began spending part of each winter in Honolulu.

In 1971 Copp's father died, and Copp lost interest in making records. Seven years later Brown died. Copp had contin-

ued to sell records after his father's death, but when Brown died, he told all the stores that he was out of business. He worked down his inventory by filling a small number of mail orders from his house, but he did no promotion. Then, in 1991, he got a phone call from a young man named Ted Leyhe, who had been a fan as a child. After several months of searching Leyhe had managed to track Copp down through a local record store. Leyhe began promoting and advertising Copp's nine records (which are all now available on cassette); he will soon bring out a CD. Copp's sales picked up considerably, though they are still very small. (The address is Playhouse Records, Box 36061, Los Angeles, California 90036, and the telephone number is 213-935-4654.)

I asked Copp whether he was ever tempted to make another record. "Oh, no," he said. "Every so often I'll have an idea for something that I wish I had done, but it's too late for that now. I wish I hadn't sold my microphone, though. I had a friend, a younger fellow, who has since become very famous as a recording man. He bought all my equipment from me, but the thing he really wanted was the microphone. He later used it to record Frank Sinatra and people like that."

I asked him if he had ever made any records for adults. "Well, quite a bit of the material on the children's records is straight from the nightclub routines," he said. "There was a company back in the forties called Liberty Music Shops, and they made some seventy-eights for adults, but I found out they weren't paying me all the royalties they were supposed to. I told them I wouldn't sue them if they would turn the masters back over to me, and they did. I still have them someplace, although I don't know what kind of shape they're in. But, you know, I was never very interested in records just for adults. Back in those days the Hit Parade was very big, and the popular tunes of the week were very important to people, but those tunes didn't last very long. I had written all these things and I didn't want them to die right away. I knew if I put them out as popular songs, they wouldn't last a minute. But I thought that if I did them for children, they wouldn't be at the whim of people who go for the latest tune. I thought that potentially they might go on and on." ☼





Goddess of Reason

Hard on others, harder on herself

by Phyllis Rose

**THE BEGINNING
OF THE JOURNEY:
The Marriage of Diana
and Lionel Trilling**

by Diana Trilling.
Harcourt Brace,
\$24.95.

A FRIEND who reached the age of enthusiasm around 1960, like me, came to New York from the Midwest intoxicated by literature and, just to feel close to them, looked up Lionel Trilling and Alfred Kazin in the New York phone book. They were there!

These gods were listed in the phone book! My friend felt awed and privileged to be in the same city. It was still the golden age of the New York Jewish intellectual. Deconstructionism had not yet arrived to unsettle forever our sense that art has something to tell us about life. The name Derrida had not sounded in the land. Novels were serious matters, and equally serious was criticism, which acted as a clearinghouse for values in literature, endorsing some, rejecting others. The religion of literature spread out from New York, inspiring, uplifting, disturbing, complicating, and Lionel Trilling was, if not its god, one of its high priests.

The widow of the critic of our innocence, Diana Trilling, a notable critic herself, has written a combination autobiography, biography, and memoir of her marriage. It's impressive in its clarity, stunning in its candor, heroic in its composition (she is eighty-eight and virtually blind), and startling in its picture of this earlier generation of reigning intellectuals. Ending in 1950 but focused largely on the thirties, Trilling's account gives new resonance to the term "the Great Depression"—because the intellectuals she describes do not sit around discussing great ideas in some Upper West Side version of Boccaccio's house party, amused,

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Both born in 1905, Diana Rubin and Lionel Trilling, children of immigrant Jewish families in New York, were introduced to each other soon after college by Polly and Clifton Fadiman, who were inspired by the sound of their names, Lionel and Diana, Li and Di. It's a sign of the fresh emphasis Trilling brings to her story that she gives names their due. Where did Lionel get that incredible name? His mother, who was born in England, came up with the anglicization of his Hebrew name, Lev (Leo, Leon), and married his childhood thereby. He longed to be Jack or Mike; the "unmanly mellifluousness" of his name set him apart from the rough-and-tumble life of the streets. Later the Trillings suffered accusations that Lionel, in changing his name, had turned his back on his Jewishness. But neither he nor his father had changed the family name, which as far back as anyone could trace in Russian Poland was Trilling.

They met and largely courted in a speakeasy. They drank bullfrogs and brandy Alexanders through long nights of conversation. "We drank too much but we and our friends . . . are not to be confused with characters in a novel by Hemingway. No Jew I know has ever drunk with the abandon and virtuosity of the people in Hemingway." Hemingway and his characters run through the memoir as a leitmotif of libidinal expressiveness, creativity nourished by bohemian abandon the likes of which moderate, responsible, superego-driven Jewish intellectuals—especially Lionel—had to renounce.

If Hemingway was to some extent Lionel's anti-self, Mary McCarthy may be Diana's. McCarthy's is the name Trilling invokes to counterpoint the innocence and timidity of her own sex life. The flamboyant, adventuresome McCarthy, only seven years younger, boasted of having had sex with a different man daily in her early years in New York, whereas Diana went to bed with Lionel only six months in advance of their wedding and considered that "going to bed with a man before marriage was the most courageous

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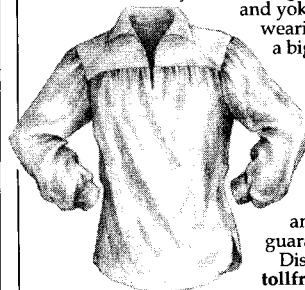
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act of my life." As she acknowledges repeatedly, Trilling's sense of woman's lot was comfortably pre-feminist.

In the early years of their marriage Lionel taught at Hunter and then at Columbia while publishing his first work in a Jewish publication, the *Menorah Journal*. Diana, who had been an art-history major at Radcliffe, did nothing but take care of the house—and did not do even that for long: she fell seriously ill as a newlywed, and for some weeks Lionel had to take on all the housework. She had the thyroid disorder Graves' disease, which is often treated fairly quickly these days with the help of radioactive iodine, but which in Diana's case required protracted surgery. When she got over her physical illness, she began developing other problems, panic attacks, which made her wholly dependent on Lionel. She is astonishingly frank about their cause: she wanted Lionel to be more commanding than he was, more like her father. She reduced herself to jelly in despair—or was it in support?—of his strength.

Lionel himself, as one would never suspect from his essays and reputation for public geniality, was given to severe recurrent depressions. He was continually in treatment, but kept this hidden from his colleagues and friends. He passed his afternoons in movie theaters, telling his wife he had gone to the library. His writing became blocked, a problem that got even worse late in life. Then he could take a day to change one colon to a semi-colon. He took almost a year to write his essay on Keats, which reads as though it floated to birth on a river of honey. He raged against Diana. Five or six times a year he indulged in "annihilating verbal assaults" on her: she was the worst person he'd ever met; she had ruined his life. She eventually learned to deflect these outbursts by leaving the room.

Trilling's assessment of their early years is harsh.

For more than a decade Lionel and I squandered life not in pleasure but in fearfulness. We were afraid to be fully grown up and to be in command of ourselves and others, even children. Ours was a successful marriage on the score of this shared impediment as well as on the score of more attractive features. It was one of those unconscious conspiracies between a man

and a woman which make a successful marriage so remarkable an accident.

But they were harsh years. In 1932, as an instructor at Columbia, Lionel made \$2,400, of which he felt compelled to give half to his father, whose business had failed. In 1936 Columbia fired him, on the grounds that as a Jew, a Freudian, and a Marxist, he could not be happy there. He fought back, regaining his post, and some time later President Nicholas Murray Butler announced at a white-tie dinner at which the women wore white gloves (the industrious Diana called both *Vogue* and Bonwit's to ascertain proper dress) that Columbia recognized merit, not race. Lionel was the first Jew to be tenured in the English department.

Their friends were competitive, arrogant, frequently unpleasant, and often given to depression. Trilling recalls a man who moved from one friend's house to another "leaving his gift of gloom, like a cat depositing a half-eaten bird at the feet of its master." They were witty, but they were not, she insists, fun-loving. Nor did they place a high value on happiness. Americans were desperate and hopeless, and the Trillings and their friends believed they should try to do something about that. Whereas intellectuals in the twenties had defined themselves by their aloofness from public affairs, intellectuals from the thirties on felt they had to be committed, engaged.

Diana's first job was a volunteer position with a Communist-front organization, the National Committee for the Defense of Political Prisoners. Her disillusionment with the Party was swift. She was asked to send out a letter over her own signature soliciting funds for food for the families of the Scottsboro boys. When, in addition to lots of contributions, she received an accounting by the State of Florida of all the food it had supplied to the defendants' families through its relief office and an accusation of mail fraud, she felt she had been misused. She came to feel that the Party exploited American idealism, turning it to the Party's end, and she became definingly anti-Communist, even after Senator Joseph McCarthy made anti-communism as politically incorrect as indentured servitude.

She was deceived by heirs of Marx and Freud, because during this period she

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was continually in treatment with one analyst after another, and the treatment turned out to have been incompetent. After ten years of what she thought was analysis, her second analyst was hit by a car. (Her first had decided he needed more training and suspended his practice.) She went to a former head of the New York Psychoanalytic Institute for referral, and after some discussion he informed her that she was as innocent of analysis as on the day she was born. She—and apparently her early doctors—had thought that just talking about oneself was analysis. The distinguished man referred her to an analyst equally problematic—one who was morphine-addicted, frequently canceled sessions or disappeared, shopped by phone during Diana's sessions, and assured her that this unconventional treatment was what Diana's "rigidity" required. Only after that doctor died did Diana find genuine help, from Dr. Marianne Kris.

TRILLING displays a cool clarity about her childhood and links childhood to adulthood in this memoir with the skill of an A+ analyst. When as a child she expressed a desire to act, her father told her he would build her a stage "in the toilet." This mockery, she is convinced, instilled in her a fear of self-exposure which inhibited her creativity forever. In addition, she was brought up to defer to her brother because he was male and to her sister because she had a curved spine. Consequently, as an adult Diana was less competitive than she wanted to be and embarrassed about her own successes. When she started to write for *The Nation*, she wrote short, unsigned notices and also had the opportunity to do signed long reviews. She had no difficulty with the longer form but a lot of difficulty signing her name to the pieces.

If we can say that I was born with ten units of personal power, I never used more than five. What would have happened to my marriage if I had used all ten, I obviously cannot know. But I surmise that the marriage would not have endured as it did.

She is keenly attuned to inhibitions of creativity, including her own and especially her husband's. "Writers are what they write, also what they fail to write," she observes. What Lionel wanted to

write and failed to write were novels. He wrote one novel, *The Middle of the Journey*, which supplies Trilling with the title of her book, and several short stories, including the oft-anthologized "Of This Time, Of That Place." But fundamentally he wished he'd been a novelist, not a critic at all, and blamed his qualities of moderation and restraint. When he read Lillian Ross's famous *New Yorker* profile of Hemingway, with its account of the writer striding through the Metropolitan Museum swigging from a flask of whiskey, he said to his wife in a bitter voice, "And you expect *me* to be a novelist!"

If associating creativity with theatrical self-indulgence strikes you as surprisingly naive, Trilling agrees, yet she seems in her own way to do the same—associating creativity not with liquor but with sex: "I could have wished him to have a thousand mistresses were this to have released him from the constraints upon him as a writer of fiction." And if you find that remark suggestive of a controlling temperament, a temperament in itself not conducive to bringing out the best in a mate, Trilling is right there ahead of you blaming herself. "I was surely not the right wife for someone with Lionel's conscience, or perhaps I mean his stern self-prohibitions. I was myself too much burdened by superego and by the need to keep a firm rein on instinct." Robert Lowell's epithet for her, "a housekeeping goddess of reason," was, she notes, a courtly insult.

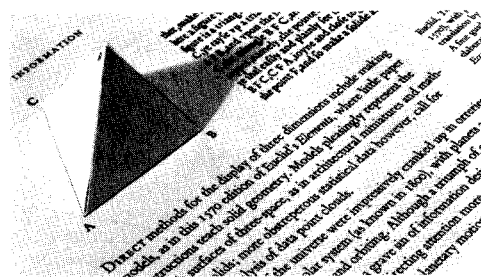
I've always admired Trilling as a critic, but she certainly was hard on people—often moralistic, always judgmental. In this book, endearingly but also sadly, she turns that tendency to blame on herself. She makes me want to invoke the maxim of therapists of a later and looser age: "Don't be so hard on yourself." Her life was objectively difficult. She had her first and only child at forty-three. Money was always a problem. She never had her own study; she worked at a living-room desk until her husband died. He died in 1975, and she has suffered the loneliness that tends to be the lot of women at the end of life. ("Everyone knows that any man who wants a wife can have one, younger than himself if that is what he looks for. No man, whatever his age, need be alone.") People begrudged her recognition, for whatever reason. Lionel thought it was that she presented herself as married. She herself thought that more than one writer

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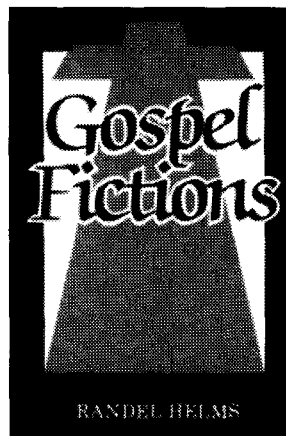
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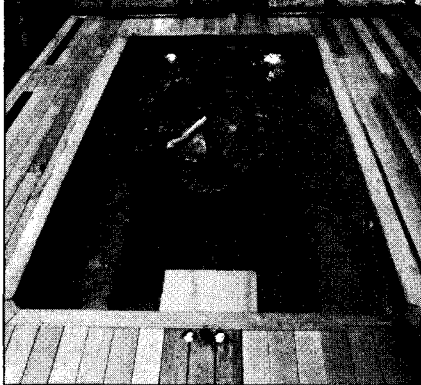
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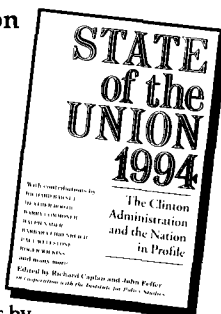
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The Man Who Invented California

by **David M. Kennedy**

**A BLOC OF ONE: The
Political Career of Hiram
W. Johnson**

by *Richard Coke Lower.*
Stanford University Press,
\$45.00.

BELYING its reputation as a sun-blessed land of dreamy lotus-eaters, California has produced some strikingly cold-blooded and combative public figures. From the crusty *Los Angeles Times* publisher Harrison Gray Otis, ruthless buster of unions and rustler of Owens Valley water, to Richard Nixon, calculating hunter of "Reds" and compiler of "enemies lists," the Golden State has nurtured a particularly pugilistic breed of political animal.

No one better exemplified—or did more to shape—the peculiar political culture of California than Hiram W. Johnson. In California he stands to this day as the most effective reformer and arguably the single most consequential figure in the state's political history. Beyond California, if he is remembered at all, it is for his

dogged campaign against the League of Nations at the end of the First World War and for his shrill and increasingly irrelevant isolationism as the Second World War approached. As Richard Coke Lower's carefully crafted biography suggests, much irony attends both those parts of his historical reputation.

Born in Sacramento in 1866, Johnson was a true native son in a state that even then was heavily composed of immigrants. His fellow Californians may never have loved the cantankerous Johnson, but they elected him twice to the governorship and five times to the United States Senate. He ran as Theodore Roosevelt's vice-presidential candidate on the Bull Moose ticket in 1912 and, but for his cranky refusal of Warren G. Harding's offer of the vice-presidency in 1920, would have been President. In a lifetime that spanned the era from the close of the Civil War to the end of another great war in 1945, he witnessed the pell-mell modernization of American society and the sweeping redefinition of America's international role. He found little to like in either development.

By temperament and principle Johnson was an unbending "aginner." He set himself implacably against the Southern Pacific Railroad and its influence over California's political life, against Woodrow Wilson's League of Nations, against Herbert Hoover's bewildered attempt to cope with the Great Depression, against Franklin Roosevelt's struggle to aid Britain in the battle against Hitler. In a characteristic curtain gesture, Johnson reiterated from his deathbed his opposition to the United Nations Charter.

To stand in his way was to earn his granitic hatred and his venomous scorn. For the sheer size of his spleen and bile ducts, and for the prolific exuberance of his vituperative vocabulary as well, Johnson surely had few rivals. He denounced Harrison Gray Otis as a victim of "senile dementia, with gangrened heart and rotting brain, . . . frothing, fuming, violently gibbering, going down to his grave in snarling infamy." He castigated Herbert Hoover as "timid, weak, vacillating, uncertain, ambiguous, indirect, deceitful, uncandid, and dishonest," and, for good measure, took to calling President Hoover "the Englishman in the White House." He branded unfriendly journalists "lick-spittles and prostitutes." His

colleagues on the Senate Foreign Relations Committee were "supine, subservient, miserable, contemptible lackeys of power." Secretary of the Interior Harold Ickes was "pigheaded," and Ickes's wife was "aggressive, militant, of the grenadier type." His fellow California senator William Gibbs McAdoo was a "groveling, crawling, lousy stooge." Small wonder that Johnson sustained few friendships and proved a fickle political ally. "Perhaps the Lord made me a normal rebel, perhaps I'm just an obstinate ass; but I just have to go my own way," Johnson confessed in a rare moment of self-reflection. He was quite literally, in the words of Lower's title, "a bloc of one."

REMARKABLY, Lower musters a measure of sympathy for his curmudgeonly subject. Much of Lower's admiration stems from the pivotal role that Johnson played in transforming California's politics at the outset of his career. Turn-of-the-century California civic culture emitted a venal stench that disgusted James Bryce and other foreign observers and prompted Frank Norris to write his

famous 1901 protest novel, *The Octopus*. Norris made the Southern Pacific Railroad, haughty corrupter of legislators and lord of all human creation in California, the central villain of his book. The railroad's dominion was no fiction. It was the state's biggest landowner and largest employer. Its power hung over Sacramento, San Francisco, and Los Angeles like a pall. Reformers ached to destroy it.

Johnson's crusade against the Southern Pacific entailed the first of the many personal estrangements with which his career was littered—in this case from his own father, Grove Johnson, a state legislator and sometime congressman widely known as a tool of the railroad. When Hiram and his brother Albert advised their father that his identification with the railroad rendered him unelectable for a second term in Congress in 1896, they opened a breach that never truly healed. George E. Mowry, in his classic *The California Progressives*, writes that at a political rally a few years later their father referred to his "two chief enemies down the street, one Hiram, full of egotism, and the other Albert, full of booze." This cru-

el candor proved prophetic, for Albert soon died an alcoholic's death and Hiram developed into a monument of ego—and was the faithful legatee of his father's penchant for vicious invective.

Hiram also inherited his father's beligerent streak. As a young lawyer he once exchanged blows with the Sacramento district attorney. As a special prosecutor in the celebrated San Francisco graft trials that began in 1907, he lunged wildly at a rival attorney, scattering and smashing courtroom furniture. That kind of frontier machismo was not uncommon in the still-raw Golden State. In fact, Johnson's big political break came when Francis J. Heney, the chief prosecutor in the graft trials, was shot through the head in open court in November of 1908.

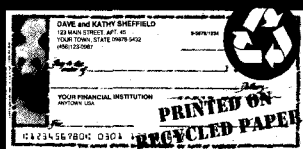
Taking over as Heney's successor, Johnson secured one major conviction and gained enormous visibility as a battler against corruption. Two years later, with the backing of progressive reformers on fire to purge the Republican Party and clean up the state's politics, he won his first electoral campaign, for the governorship of California. For the remain-

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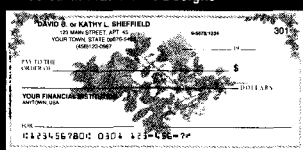
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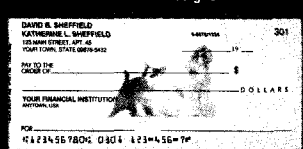
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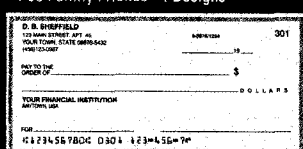
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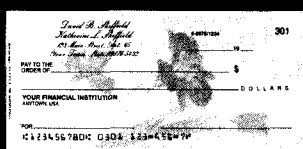
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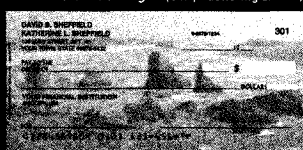
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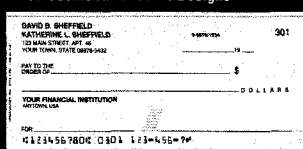
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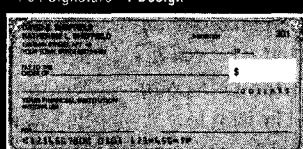
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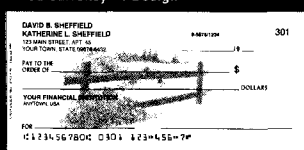
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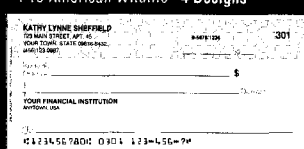
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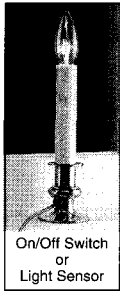
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ing thirty-five of his seventy-nine years he never left public office.

COUNSELED by Theodore Roosevelt and other prominent progressives, Governor Johnson devised a reform program for California around the principle of "direct legislation," designed to slay the Southern Pacific octopus by breaking its grip on the political parties, the legislature, and the courts. The elimination of the "party circle" on ballots (which facilitated straight-ticket voting), along with the adoption of the direct primary, undermined boss rule and significantly reduced the scope of machine politics. The initiative, the referendum, and, eventually, the direct election of U.S. senators shrank the political domain of the legislature. Judicial recall diminished the discretion of jurists. Corporate power was curbed by strengthening the regulatory bodies for both railroads and public utilities. In all, Johnson prodded the legislature to pass some 800 bills and twenty-three constitutional amendments in just eighty-five days, and he secured the electorate's approval of nearly all the amendments before the end of his first year in office. For this he is remembered as a progressive hero.

Johnson's reforms have been consistently hailed in the textbooks as representing a triumph for progressive democracy, and Lower generally shares in that appraisal. But accumulating frustration with the California political culture that Johnson created suggests that his crusade against the formal institutions of politics may have succeeded too well. Johnson and his progressive allies did indeed strip power from boss-ruled parties, the corrupt legislature, and the dread corporations, but they did not effectively relocate it elsewhere. Power dispersed and unusable has proved no less troublesome than power concentrated and abused. California today has some of the weakest political parties, and one of the least effective legislatures, in the United States. In the jargon of political handlers California is notorious as a "media state," where television counts for everything and party discipline for close to nil. With a population of some 30 million and an economy that ranks with those of the G-7 countries, California struggles in vain to govern itself with the direct-democracy devices that may have been obsolescing

even in Johnson's day. California voters may no longer be the pawns of political machines and the Southern Pacific Railroad, but they are today no less in thrall to the media barons who have displaced the party bosses as arbiters of political information and values, and to the myriad of well-heeled interest groups that have learned to manipulate the initiative and referendum processes so as to produce chronic political paralysis. Meanwhile, the legislature natters and machinates irrelevantly in Sacramento. It is scarcely surprising that a movement is now afoot in California to undertake an overhaul of the state's constitution as thorough as the one Johnson so spectacularly and consequentially effected nearly a century ago.

HIS triumphal success as a reforming governor made Johnson a natural running mate for Theodore Roosevelt on the Bull Moose ticket in 1912, but his temporary apostasy from the Republican Party vexed virtually all of his remaining political career. He ran successfully as a Progressive for re-election to the governorship in 1914, only to re-enter the Republican fold two years later when he stood for the U.S. Senate. His famous—and apparently inadvertent—snub of the Republican presidential candidate Charles Evans Hughes at Long Beach's Virginia Hotel in 1916 deeply alienated many traditional Republicans, who blamed Johnson for Hughes's narrow loss of California and hence of the presidency. His refusal of Harding's offer of the vice-presidency, in 1920, deprived him of the chance to make amends by playing the role of conciliator between the party's conservative and progressive wings; cost him the presidency on the occasion of Harding's death, in 1923; and condemned him to the influenceless fringe of the Old Guard-dominated party in the 1920s. Precisely because of Johnson's distance from the conservative Republican center, Franklin Roosevelt offered to appoint him Secretary of the Interior in 1933, as part of FDR's effort to co-opt progressive Republicans into a new, liberal political alignment. That position, too, he declined, and Lower rightly sees a pattern here. The consummate loner, Johnson "would not place himself in a position that might require him to subordinate his views to that of a superior."

Ironically enough, Johnson stepped

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onto the national stage with his swearing in as a U.S. senator on the day that Woodrow Wilson delivered his war message: April 2, 1917. Like Wilson, Johnson had had little interest in foreign relations when he first sought national office. But just as fate cast Wilson in the role of war-maker and diplomatist, so it dictated the script that Johnson felt compelled to read for the next three decades. Johnson chafed at many of Wilson's war policies, from press censorship to railroad administration to conscription, but it was in the battle against Wilson's League of Nations that Johnson found his lasting and most memorable role. As one of the "irreconcilables" who fought hammer and claw against the league, he established himself as perhaps the leading spokesman for isolationism, a position he held right through the Second World War.

THE isolationist Johnson has been damned from the scholarly pulpits for generations, just as the progressive Johnson has been praised, and it has been a puzzle for many analysts to reconcile those two political personas. Lower, however, sees a connection. He duly sees the taproot of Johnson's isolationism in his sense of American exceptionalism, but to this he adds an intriguing commentary on Johnson's opposition to the League of Nations because it loomed as a new "Holy Alliance," dedicated to restoring Old World colonialism and fastening conservative regimes on unwilling peoples. Johnson found proof of this suspicion in the eagerness of league proponents to support armed intervention in Russia at the end of the First World War. That willingness, Johnson said, presaged a policy of "war against revolution in all countries, whether enemy or ally." The league, in short, figured in his mind as a kind of tyrannical international octopus, no less noxious than the Southern Pacific monster he had subdued in California.

Lower also sympathetically explores Johnson's anxieties about the economic limits on America's international capacities, and about the implications of internationalism for the character of American civic life. He writes,

To those who contended that the United States could not escape the world, Johnson replied that it could not remake the world either, and that to try was not only futile but ultimately de-

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structive of the very uniqueness that defined the nation's life. . . . Few who argued for America's fuller participation in international affairs wished to dwell on the proposition that the contours of American society might be inwardly disfigured as a consequence. For Johnson, that inevitability seemed as clear as the fundamental axiom of American exceptionalism on which he premised his opposition.

In this post-Cold War era, amid the economic and moral wreckage wrought by two generations of "world leadership," his skepticism has a more poignant ring than it did for earlier generations.

Yet in the end even Lower's abundant if tempered sympathy cannot fully rehabilitate a figure so churlish and contrary as Hiram Johnson. His progressivism consisted in a limited protest against civic malfeasance and against the large-scale organizations that inhabit all realms of modern life, not just the private corporate sector; he proved incapable of adapting those views to the conditions of the post-First World War era and to the more supple and

realistic liberalism of the New Deal. And for all the retrospective appeal of some of his isolationist themes, history must judge him to have been unforgivably obtuse about the necessity of taking up arms against the menace of Hitler. Johnson was, in the last analysis, a figure from another era, one whose lessons cannot be ours.

Perhaps Johnson longed for an earlier era still—one in which corporate power did not exist, town meetings typified democracy, and America was snugly secure behind its ocean moats. George Mowry captured this essential truth. Of Johnson's brand of progressivism he wrote, "Looking backward to an older America, it sought to recapture and reaffirm the older individualistic values in all the strata of political, economic, and social life." That characterization might well serve to describe the core beliefs of another California politician—Ronald Reagan. In the final reckoning perhaps California is not, as so frequently alleged, the harbinger of the future but the peculiar home of those who are borne back ceaselessly into the past. ☞

BRIEF REVIEWS



Strange Pilgrims

by Gabriel García Márquez.

Knopf, \$21.00.

The twelve stories in this collection are somewhat closer to ordinary reality than is usual with Mr. Márquez's exuberantly baroque fictions, but only somewhat. The style is restrained, but ordinary reality constantly glides into an unreality that nevertheless reflects reality. Most of the stories have to do with some form of exile. A deposed political leader tries to maintain dignity and even hope while surviving on what amounts to the casual charity of strangers. The breakdown of a rented car leads to obliteration by a mindless bureaucracy. The loss of his interpreter leaves a light-headed but reason-

ably capable Latin American as isolated in Paris as a castaway on a desert island. Aside from one orthodox and therefore disappointing ghost story, the tales are all both interesting as stories and provocative for implications that reach beyond the immediate events they describe.

The Last Hunt

by Horst Stern.

Random House, \$18.00.

Mr. Stern's novel is set in an unidentified Eastern European country before the Communist disintegration. It has three protagonists: an elderly German financial wizard of international renown, a local guide and game warden, and a very large bear. They can be taken to represent the

power of capitalist development, the situation of the ordinary citizen under a Communist dictatorship, and the natural world, which stands small chance against either of them. An ideological reading does not detract from a good, suspenseful hunting story with ironic details concerning just why the German is allowed to hunt an exceptional bear and how the guide arranges that hunt—for the influential dignitary cannot be permitted to find no bear or to shoot the wrong bear. It is a grim adventure but compelling reading.

Decider

by Dick Francis. Putnam,
\$22.95.

In Mr. Francis's fictional world there are rarely motives for crime other than money and insanity. His narrator, a large and normally peaceable architect and builder, encounters both when he becomes involved with a titled tribe that has several dubiously normal members, a great deal of money, and a racetrack. Tribal members cannot agree on the future of that track, and things explode in a way highly satisfactory to connoisseurs of intricate misdoings.

Glad Tidings:

A Friendship in Letters

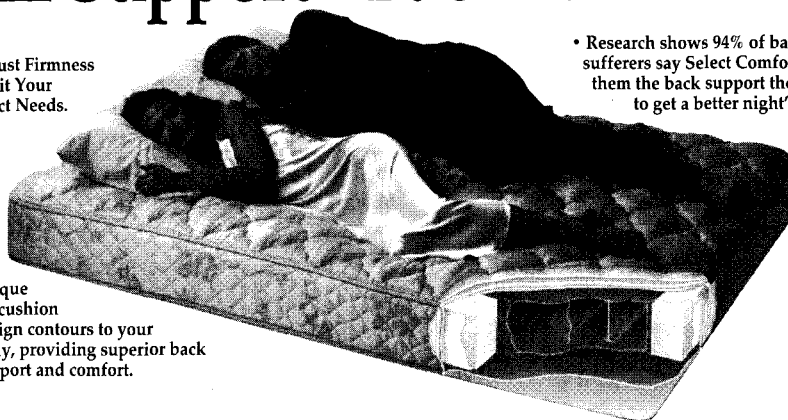
edited by John D. Weaver.
HarperCollins, \$25.00.

Mr. Weaver, a long-standing friend of the late John Cheever, shares his correspondence with that novelist. The two met in 1943, as sergeants making training films for the Army Signal Corps; took to each other; and remained in touch as long as Cheever lived. Because Mr. Weaver kept letters, whereas Cheever did not, the men are not equally represented—regrettably, for Mr. Weaver's letters (he eventually kept copies of them) are worthy of their recipient. It was a thoroughly amiable exchange, each participant intending to please and amuse the other with wit, gossip, news of mutual friends and enemies, shared memories, catchphrases, and old jokes. There were no political comments more profound than Cheever's report on the 1954 election: "This neighborhood—there are seven registered Democrats—is very quiet." The neighborhood was in Westchester County, and Cheever may have misstated Democratic strength, for he did not let

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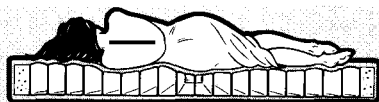
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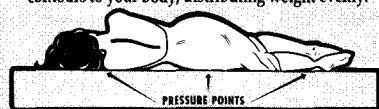
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PUZZLER CONTEST

Send your solved Puzzler "Fast Thinking" (page 162) to: *The Atlantic Monthly*, November Puzzler Contest, 745 Boylston Street, Boston, MA 02116. *The Atlantic* will randomly draw three names from among all correct entries received by November 8. The winners' names will be published in the January issue. In addition, each of the winners will receive a complimentary one-year subscription to *Tough Cryptics*.

Rules: Only one entry per person allowed. No purchase necessary. No entries can be returned. All decisions are final. *The Atlantic* is not responsible for late or lost mail. Contest open to residents of the U.S. and Canada, 18 years or older, except employees of *The Atlantic* and their immediate families. Winners will be notified by mail. Contest void where prohibited and subject to all state, federal, and local laws and regulations.

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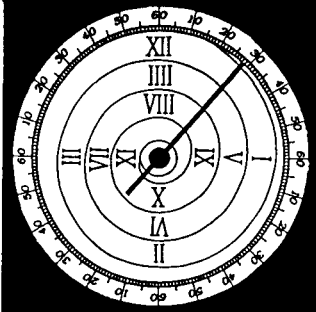
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mere fact interfere with a good line. There were no flights into literary aesthetics, but some vituperative complaints about editors and publishers. Cheever reports on a New Year's party of "about a hundred guests, . . . most of them about a hundred years old and they stand around looking like old Christmas trees that have lost their needles but not their ornaments." Mr. Weaver reports on hospital food "catered by an outfit that manages to make French toast out of shirt backings." They were, in short, having straightforward, unpretentious fun with their letters, which truly offer glad tidings to the reader.

Polar Bear

photography by Dan Guravich,

text by Downs Matthews.

Chronicle Books, \$27.50.

Both photographer and writer have long acquaintance with polar bears and succeed very well in conveying their admiration for these clever and beautiful animals. Mr. Matthews also reveals that a television documentary some years ago that showed a polar bear attempting to attack a cameraman protected by a steel cage was a fraud. The bear had taken no interest in the man until the cage was smeared with sardines, which were what he was looking for when he upset it. Should there be regulations requiring truth in nature photography?

The Ghost of the Executed Engineer

by Loren R. Graham.

Harvard, \$22.95.

The author is a professor of the history of science at MIT. His subject in this work is "Technology and the Fall of the Soviet Union," a discussion deriving from the career of Peter Palchinsky, an engineer whose ideas got him exiled by the czarist regime and executed by Stalin. It was something of a feat to have offended those disparate tyrannies. Palchinsky did it by maintaining that

the single most important factor in engineering decisions . . . was human beings. Successful industrialization and high productivity were not possible . . . without highly trained workers and adequate provision for their social and economic needs. An investment in education promoted industrialization



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more than an equivalent investment in technical equipment, since an uneducated or unhappy worker would soon make the equipment useless.

Palchinsky also advocated careful consideration of terrain, ecological effects, and future conditions of transport before any installation was sited. The Soviet hierarchy's childish demand for the immediate creation of the world's largest steel mill, longest railroad, and greatest number of atomic power plants ignored Palchinsky's principles, produced impractical and dangerous facilities, and contributed mightily, in Professor Graham's opinion, to the collapse of the Soviet Union. It is an interesting argument and, while not presented overtly as a warning to technologically minded societies, certainly implies a need for caution.

Fishing by Mail

by Vance Bourjaily and Philip Bourjaily. Grove, \$21.00.

The Bourjailys conducted "The Outdoor Life of a Father and Son" by letter, a correspondence touched off by a request that Philip, who writes for various sporting journals, contribute to an attempt "to provide insights into the character of the angler in today's society . . . what his act of fishing means to him—and what he thinks it means to the society in which he lives." Never having given a thought to that question, Philip was considerably taken aback. He consulted his father, who confessed to "a gentle stew of bemusement." The letters, however, continued, and developed into an exchange of fishing and hunting reminiscences that will surely delight honorable anglers and gunners. The Bourjailys are not trophy chasers. They are prone to broken hooks and missed shots, wretched weather, useless gillies, bottomless mudholes, and big ones that get away. They are also very good writers.

The Arabists: The Romance of an American Elite

by Robert D. Kaplan. The Free Press, \$24.95.

This book grew out of the August, 1992, *Atlantic* cover story, "Tales From the Bazaar."

—by Phoebe-Lou Adams

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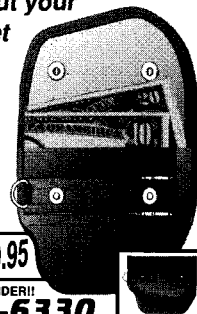
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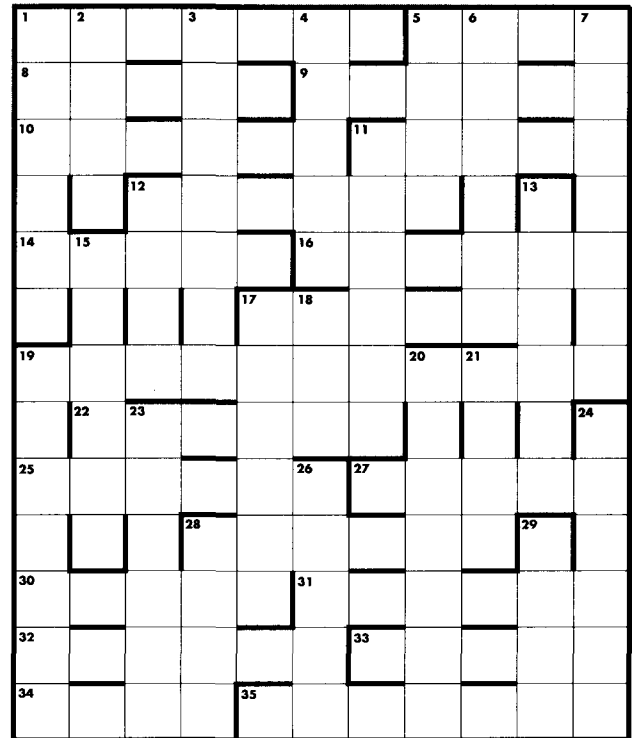


THE PUZZLER

by Emily Cox and Henry Rathvon

Fast Thinking

Sixteen clue answers are too long to fit into the diagram. By heeding the unclued phrase at 19 Across, solvers can make sense of this mess. Answers include seven proper nouns.



See page 159 for Puzzler contest details.
The solution to last month's Puzzler
appears on page 152.

Across

1. Suggest writing about waterway of Italy (7)
5. Bounced off, stung (7)
8. Managed horse, having to pull back (9)
9. "Free matinee!" Cap burst (10)
10. Through engaging our pitcher, e.g. (6)
11. Fool with Mom's hoard (5)
12. Catholic almost praised man's name (6)
14. I sing "California" in shower, creating a ruckus (11) (*two words*)
16. Reconciled, wearing cosmetics? (6) (*two words*)
17. Gets thinner recorders (6)
22. Produces tool carried aboard ship (6)
25. A gym permitted a little monkey (6)
27. Wilder, consuming one bottled spirit (5)

28. Outspoken clairvoyant's net income (6)
30. Susan Morrison the author, American historian (9)
31. Ignore monkeys around area (6)
32. Calls about more regressive chemicals (10)
33. Expanding second-rate farm, in westernmost Georgia (9)
34. Business degree described by jargon that's full of excitement (8) (*hyphenated*)
35. Entertainer laughs at filmdom's Harper (7)

Down

1. Arizona Indian has Dad on run (6)
2. Porter & I contrived a comic character (7)
3. Parisian's father collects burning volcanic glass (7)
4. Fluid half-dose, with liquor (5)
5. Paparazzi arrived right before preacher's last word (9)
6. Astraddle maturer ass (6)
7. Engineer despaired, maintaining A&P vanished (11)
11. Modifies spots around apartment (6)
12. Where some Arabs ride might make Mecca balk (9)
13. Vehicle running over one Italian composer (6)
15. Holds study group about piano (6)
17. Those who draw looms (6)
18. Gold cat, a 2,000-pound robot (9)
19. Strangely tetrasporic life form of the Jurassic (11)
20. Alarm about frigate's last cargo (7)
21. Rival tossed pen on top (8)
23. Rocky pile on Greek peak (6)
24. Asks about popular creatures (6)
26. Approximately under piece of tree trunk (5)
28. Marginally puzzling type of sleigh (4)
29. Traces very excited jailbirds (8)

Note: The instructions above are for this month's puzzle only. It is assumed that you know how to decipher clues. For a complete introduction to clue-solving, send an addressed, stamped long envelope to The Atlantic Puzzler, 745 Boylston Street, Boston, Mass. 02116.

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WORD HISTORIES

by Craig M. Carver



boon

Speaking of “telemedicine”—the use of communications technology to evaluate faraway patients’ symptoms by video, to transmit X-ray images, and the like—Kenneth E. Raske, the president of the Greater New York Hospital Association, commented recently to reporters: “It will be a tremen-

dous *boon* for the physician community here.” *Boon* (a blessing or a timely benefit) is rooted in the Indo-European **bha-*, meaning “to speak,” which became the Old Norse *bōn*, the Old English *bēn*, and then the Middle English *bone*, meaning “prayer” (“Ah lauerd god, her ure *bone*” [“O Lord God, hear our boon”]—*Lambeth Homilies*, c. 1175). The sense of “prayer” broadened to mean “a request or a command presented as a request” (“*Wid.: What you command, that rests in me to doe. King: But you will take exceptions to my Boone*”—Shakespeare, *Henry VI, Part 3*, 1590–1591), and then to mean “the object of the request or prayer.” The final transition, to “a good or fortuitous thing received,” was encouraged by a different word altogether: *boon* meaning “jolly, convivial” (“*Hight’nd as with Wine, jocond and boon*”—Milton, *Paradise Lost*, 1667). This word originates in the Latin *bonus* (good), which yielded the Old French *bon* (good) and was adopted into Middle English as *bone*. Still meaning “good,” it survives primarily in the expression *boon companion*.

gun

In a shocking nationwide survey publicized last July, 36 percent of the sixth- to twelfth-grade students who took part said that they were likely to die prematurely because of “the threat of being wiped out by *guns*.” There are two explanations for the origin of *gun*, one being that it derived from the Greek *manganon*, “a ballista,” or military engine for hurling stones. *Manganon* yielded the medieval Latin *mangonel-lum*, which became the French *mangonneau*. Middle English may have adopted *mangonneau* and shortened it to *gonne* (pronounced “gonna”), using it to refer to a new weapon that employed gunpowder (“*Went this foule trumpes soun / As swifte as pelet out of gonne / Whan fire is in the poudre ronne*”—Chaucer, *Hous of Fame*, c. 1384). A more likely explanation is that *gun* derives from *Gunnhildr*, a Scandinavian woman’s name. A 1330 munitions account at Windsor Castle records a ballista from Cornwall called Domina *Gunilda*. *Gunnhildr* was an apt name for a war machine in the four-

teenth century, because both *gun-nr* (from the Indo-European **guhen*, “to strike, wound”) and *hildr* meant “war.” Bestowing women’s names on engines of war is an old practice, the most famous modern example being the huge First World War artillery piece Big Bertha, named for the daughter of the arms manufacturer Fritz Krupp.



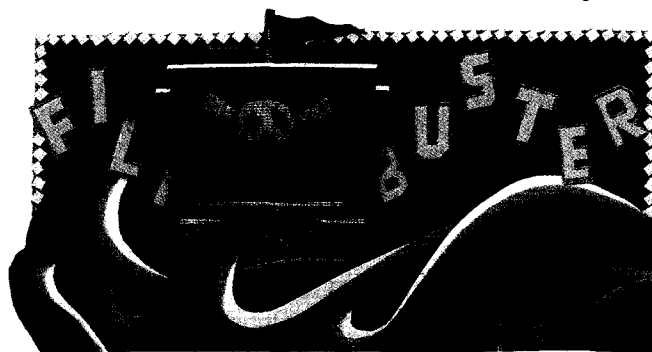
filibuster

In response to accusations last summer that Republican senators were obstructing President Clinton’s national-service bill by resorting to an old political tactic, Senate Minority Leader Robert Dole said, “It’s not a *filibuster*. It’s not gridlock. . . . It’s called negotiating.” *Filibuster* (an attempt by a minority of senators to delay or prevent a vote on legislation by speaking continuously on the Senate floor) originates in the Germanic roots that yielded the English *free* and *booty* (plunder) and their Dutch counterparts *vrij* and *buir*, which were combined in *vrijbuit* (robber, plunderer).

The English borrowed the Dutch compound as *fibutor*, later anglicizing it to *freebooter*, “a pirate or plunderer” (“*The ships there . . . fired several shot at me, mistaking me for a free Booter*”—George Shelvocke, *A Voyage Round the World*,

1726). The French probably borrowed *fibutor* and translated it as *flibustier*, which was in turn adopted by the Spanish as *filibustero* to describe a seventeenth-century pirate or adventurer who pillaged the Spanish West Indies. *Filibusteros* was adopted in

America in the mid-nineteenth century to refer to a group of Americans who fomented insurrection in the West Indies and Central America; the word quickly became *filibuster*. Most notorious of the group was William Walker, who led failed rebellions in Mexico and Nicaragua in the 1850s (“*Walker, the fillibuster, has been forced to capitulate*”—*Lawrence [Kansas] Republican*, 1857). The word spread and was used in broader contexts (“*The savages owned the country, and Columbus was a fillibuster*”—Charles Browne, *Artemus Ward; His Travels*, 1865), most notably to describe rebellious attempts to hold up legislation.



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